★ Jan. 22, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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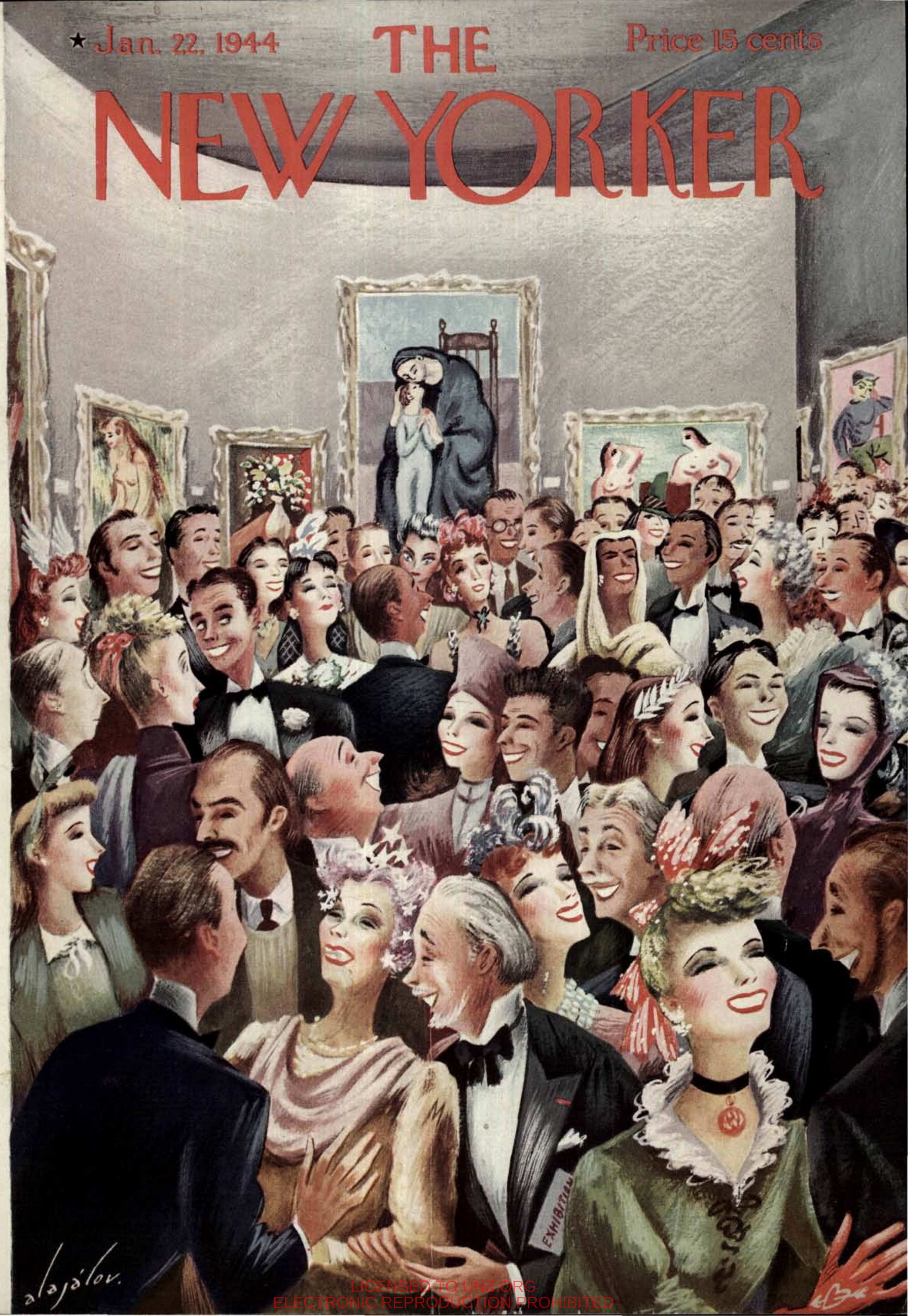
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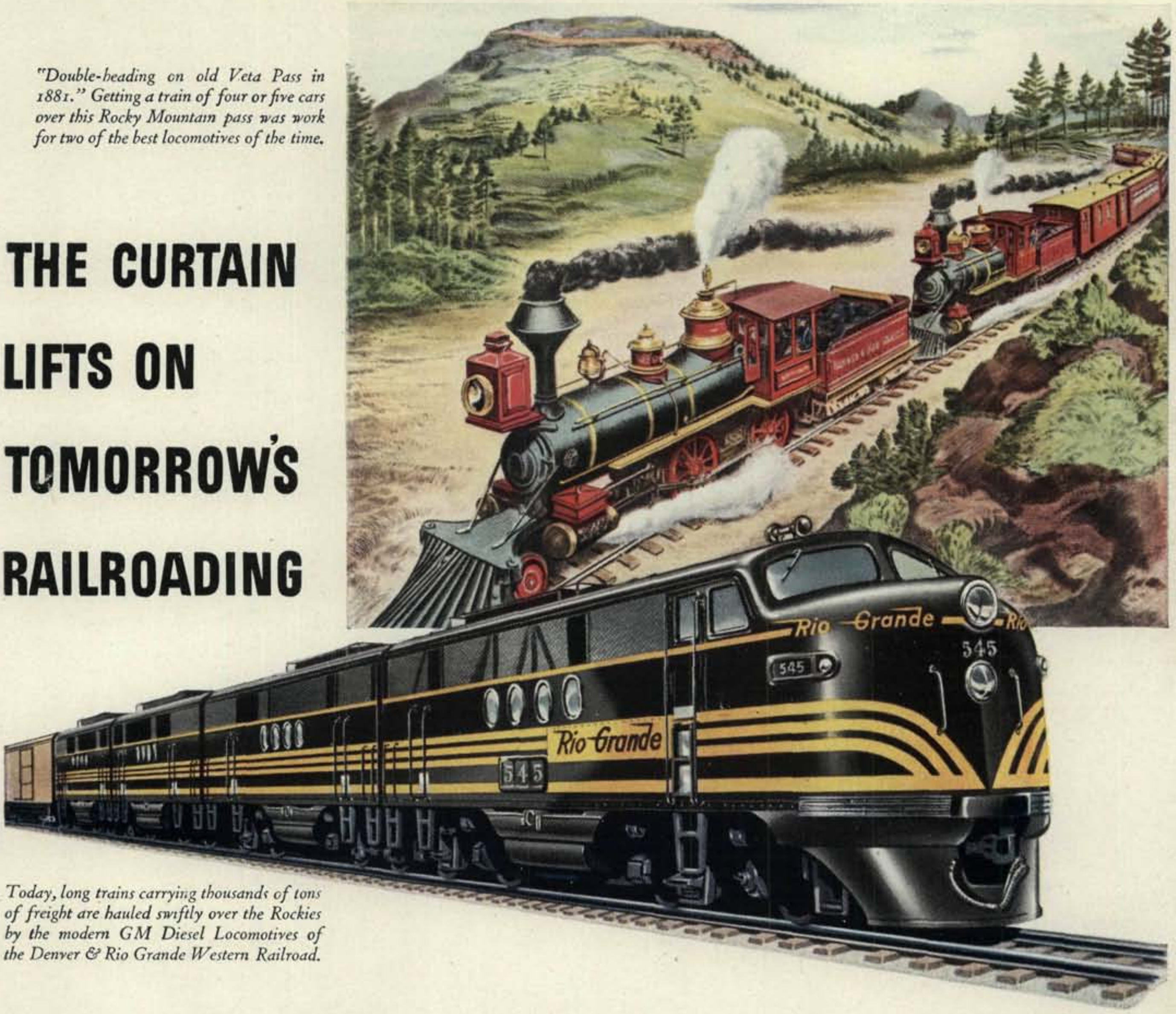

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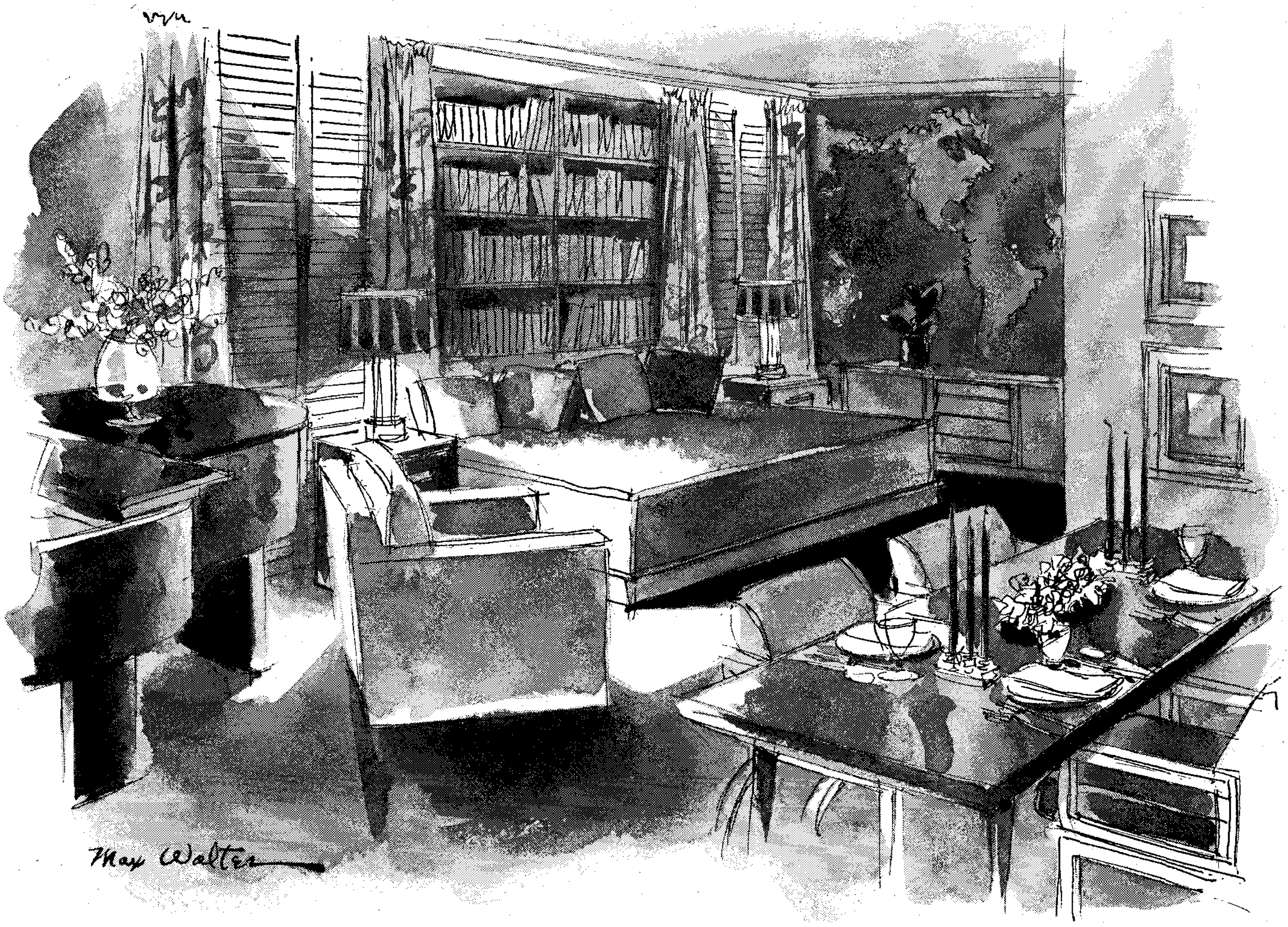
Best from JOE



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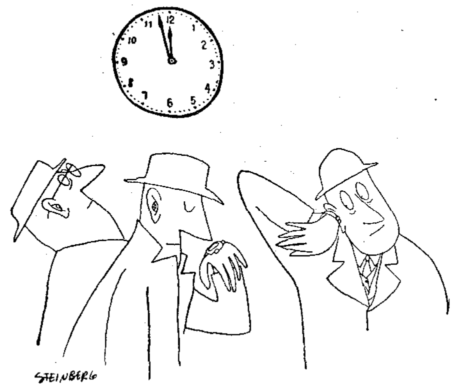

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is superb. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't much else to offer. Her supporting cast includes Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Visually, at least, Paul Robeson's Moor is perfect, and José Ferrer is a remarkable Iago. Among the others are Uta Hagen, James Monks, and Miss Webster herself. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon as Dorothy Parker in a comedy about an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really quite as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Storm Operation—A play, with several morals, about the fighting in Africa. No blank verse, but otherwise Maxwell Anderson is up to most of his old tricks. With Myron McCormick, Bramwell Fletcher, and Gertrude Musgrove. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Suds in Your Eye—Homely comedy about three character actresses who operate in a junk yard. Too elementary for most tastes, though Jane Darwell and Brenda Forbes do their best. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Moves on Sun., Jan. 23, to the Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are in the cast. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than two hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Corps. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has furnished the new libretto, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart success of 1927, with modern adjustments and one fine new song. A little disappointing, in spite of the effective performances by Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school. Richard Kollmar, Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it, and there is Fats Waller's music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Jackpot—Vinton Freedley, who has done some very good ones, offers a disappointing comedy about some Marines who win a girl in a lottery. Allan Jones, Nanette Fabray, and Jerry Lester head the cast; Guy Bolton, Vernon Duke, and Howard Dietz furnished the material. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Joan Roberts, Joseph Buloff, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. All very satisfactory. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Moves on Mon., Jan. 24, to the 46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Jan. 22.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a very large cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Moves on Tues., Jan. 25, to the Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35. Special Mat. Thurs., Jan. 20, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Duke in Darkness—A melodrama by Patrick Hamilton, with an all-male cast headed by Philip Merivale. Staged by Robert Henderson and produced by Alexander Cohen and Joseph Kipness. Opens Mon., Jan. 24. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Cherry Orchard—Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut in the Chekhov play. Translated by Miss Le Gallienne and Irina Skariatina, and staged by Miss Le Gallienne and Margaret Webster. Opens Tues., Jan. 25. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:35.)

Wallflower—A comedy by Mary Orr and Reginald Denham, with Walter N. Greaza and Mary Rolfe. Staged by Mr. Denham and produced by Meyer Davis. Opens Wed., Jan. 26. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark and June Havoc in a musical comedy by Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Cole Porter. Staged by Hassard Short and produced by Michael Todd. Opens Fri., Jan. 28. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANEOUS

New York City Center—"Our Town," with Martha Scott and Marc Connelly. Nightly at 8:40, through Sat., Jan. 22. Mat. Sat., Jan. 22, at 2:40. Engagement may be extended. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Ice Shows—Sonja Henie in her "Hollywood Ice Review." Nightly at 8:30, through Thurs., Jan. 27. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)... "Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Dance Recitals—Hanya Holm with her dancers, Sat., Jan. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.) . . . Pearl Primus and Valerie Bettis, Sun., Jan. 23, at 3:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sat., Jan. 22 and 29, and Fri., Jan. 28, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.). . . The Children's Theatre of the New School presenting "Bobino," Sat., Jan.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

22 and 29, and Sun., Jan. 23; and "Kings in Nomania," Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 26-27; at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. GR 7-8464.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's band and an ice show are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo is back, and there's also Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and dances by Pearl Primus.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier than the one in Rio. Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The new Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

EL Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A popular little place near Third Avenue. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For those who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Now receiving friends in its large new home. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band are still on hand.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Irwin Corey, Myrus, the mind-reader, and a dance team, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has John Hoysradt, pretending he's various people. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—The dinner-dance music in the Oval Room is, of course, sedate.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—An up-and-coming refreshment stand on the East Side. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is in the Wedgwood Room, and at the supper hour there is also a small show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan heads the show in this sequestered spot. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the entertainment here ranges from Russian songs to an imitation of the Andrews Sisters. . . . **la vie parisienne,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show, as well as the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a log fire, a view of the Park, and some unobtrusive music.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Val Olman's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band; Dwight Fiske turns up at the supper hour. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small ones; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **casbah,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **casablanca,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): blue shadows, palms, and Arabic writing on the walls; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **la conga,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Carmen Amaya and her kin folk. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

●

Mostly for Music—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just big enough for Roy Eldridge's orchestra and some admirers. . . . **kelly's stable,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins plays his saxophone and Clark Monroe leads the band in this midtown saloon.

ART

Alexander Archipenko—Thirty-five years of the sculptor's work: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A permanent collection of American ceramics, from the seventeenth century to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Clarence Carter—Paintings of the American scene: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Jon Corbino—Ballet subjects this year, instead of his usual circus scenes: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Ralston Crawford—Weather maps devised by this abstract artist for use in recent bombing missions, plus some peacetime paintings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

André Derain—Portraits, landscapes, and still lifes: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 7 P.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

James Ensor—First American show of paintings by a nineteenth-century forerunner of many modern trends: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

French—Abstract paintings by Braque, Mondrian, Miró, Léger, and other school-of-Paris painters: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 26.

Morris Graves—Recent work by an artist who paints sounds in the night and bird calls: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Groups—At the **american british art center,** 44 W. 56: nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Constantin Guys, Edgar Degas, Eugene Berman, Salvador Dali, and others; also, sculpture by Winifred Lansing. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22. . . . **durand-ruel,** 12 E. 57: selections from ten one-man shows of last year, including paintings by Marc Chagall, Charles Burchfield, Walt Kuhn, and Ossip Zadkine. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22. . . . **feigl,** 601 Madison, at 57: old and modern paintings by Corneille de Lyon, Pablo Picasso, Fred Nagler, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5. . . . **riverside museum,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: recent work by the League of Present-Day Artists, formerly called the Bombshell Group. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 13. . . . **knoedler,** 14 E. 57: Water colors by Edward Blompied, Eric Isenburger, William Thoeny, and other contemporary artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

Adolpho Halty-Dubé—Gauchos and modernized madonnas from a Uruguayan painter: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22.

Frederick Haucke—Nineteen recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

John Franklin Hawkins—New abstract drawings: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Earl Kerkam—Recent portraits in oil: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22.

Benjamin Kopman—Paintings and gouaches ranging from caricature to still lifes: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22.

Rico Lebrun—Drawings of figures in fantastic motion: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Israel Litwak—Hunting scenes, the African jungle, and Rockefeller Center, by a modern primitive: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22.

Henry Mark—Small abstract paintings in water color and pen and ink: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 7.

Fletcher Martin—Paintings and drawings of the North African campaign: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Oscar Miestchaninoff—Sculpture and drawings: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Feb. 6.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such abstractionists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

Georgia O'Keeffe—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

I. Rice Pereira—Paintings by one of the leading American abstractionists: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

Fernando Puma—Recent oils, mostly of the circus and the sea: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

Sculpture—At the **clay club,** 4 W. 8: small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **museum of natural history,** Central Pk. W. at 79: twenty figures, in as many rare woods, by Joseph Goethe. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Frederic Taubes—Portraits and landscapes done in the last year: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Bradley Walker Tomlin—Work since 1931 by this American cubist: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

Max Weber—Oils from 1907 to the present: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

Cady Wells—Southwestern subjects in an unusual water color technique: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Ossip Zadkine—Recent sculpture in stone and wood, as well as twenty-four new drawings: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.

Anders Zorn—The first comprehensive exhibition in about twenty years of work by this Swedish etcher: Harlow, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Jan. 20, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 21, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 23, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Jan. 27, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 28, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Jan. 29, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Bronislaw Huberman, violin, Jan. 20,

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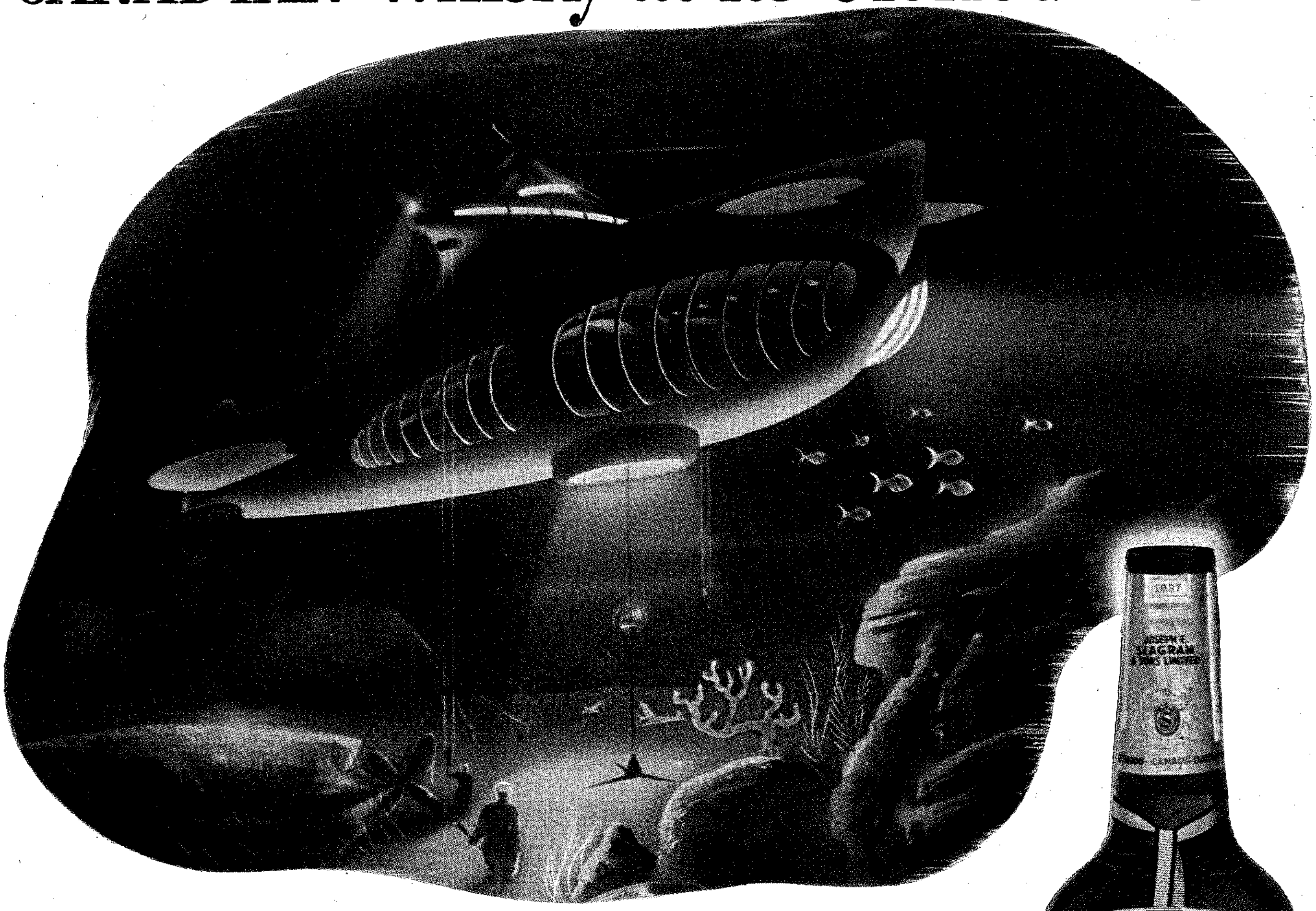

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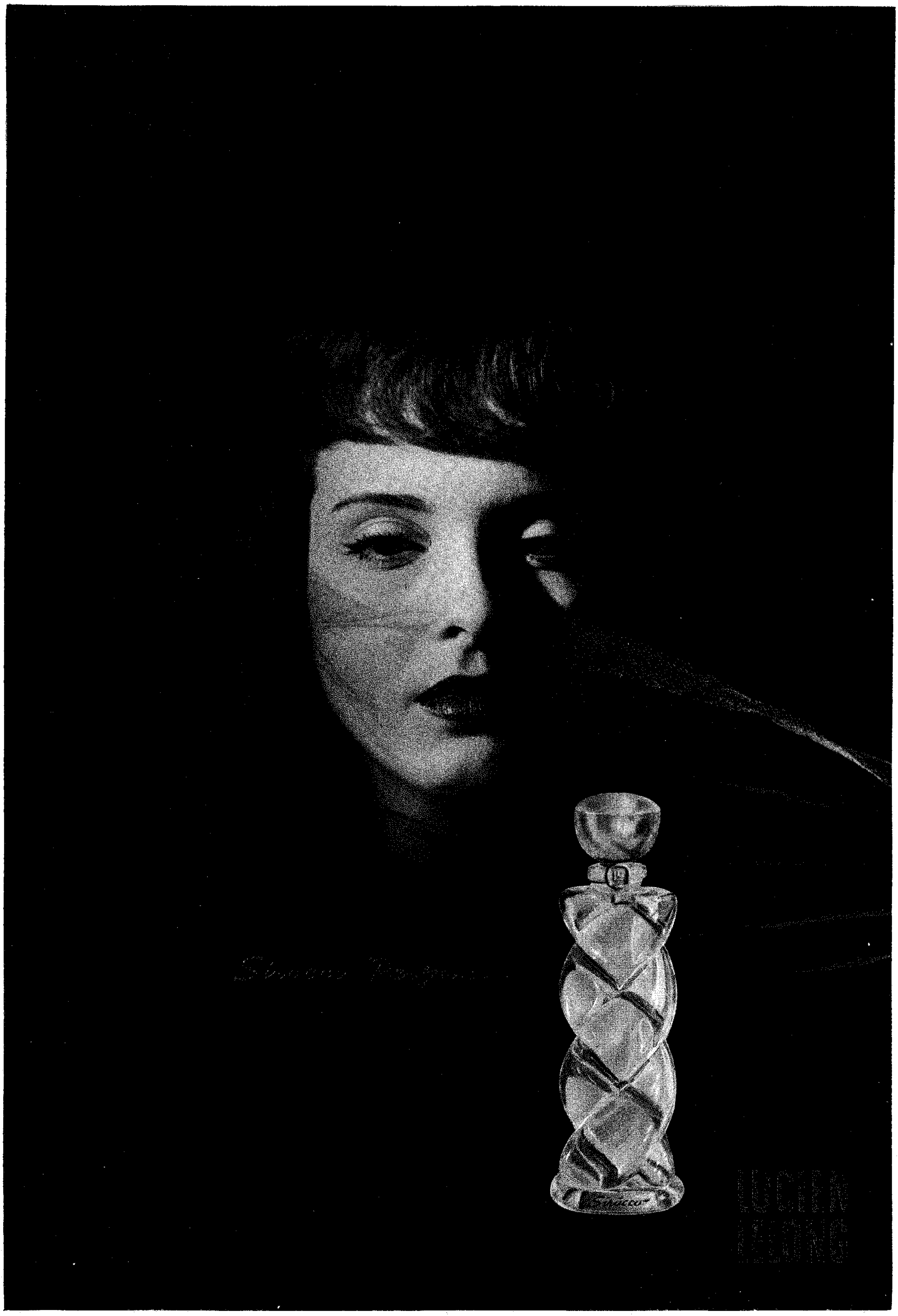
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

21, and 23; Vincent J. Abato, saxophone, Jan. 27-28; Leonard Rose, 'cello, Jan. 29.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Jan. 22, at 11 A.M.

ETHEL LEGINSKA ORCHESTRAL CONCERT—Miss Leginska conducting an orchestra made up of thirty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony. Sat., Jan. 22, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

MUSEUM CONCERTS—First programs of the annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., Jan. 22 and 29, at 4 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—With Zino Francescatti, violin, and the Westminster Choir; Eugene Ormandy conducting. Tues., Jan. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Norma," Fri. Eve., Jan. 21. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Aft., Jan. 22. . . . "The Magic Flute," Sat. Eve., Jan. 22. . . . "La Forza del Destino," Mon. Eve., Jan. 24. . . . "Pelléas et Mélisande," Wed. Eve., Jan. 26. . . . "Un Ballo in Maschera," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 27. . . . "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Aft., Jan. 29. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana," the Polovetzian Dances from "Prince Igor," and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Jan. 29. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

LENER QUARTET—Chamber music. Sat., Jan. 22 and 29, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

MARJORIE LAWRENCE—Soprano. Sat., Jan. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

LOTTE LEHMANN—Soprano. Sun., Jan. 23, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Kolisch Quartet and singers. Sun., Jan. 23, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

MARGUERITE NAMARA—Soprano. Mon., Jan. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ABRAM CHASINS—Piano. Wed., Jan. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

GEORGE COPELAND—Piano. Wed., Jan. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

CONRAD THIBAULT—Baritone. Wed., Jan. 26, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

MARTIAL SINGHER—Baritone. Fri., Jan. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

EGON PETRI—Piano. Sat., Jan. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

RUSSIAN CONCERT—Songs by members of the Russian Opera Company. Sat., Jan. 29, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, B'way at 119: Columbia vs. Army, Sat., Jan. 22; Columbia vs. Dartmouth, Sat., Jan. 29; at 8:30 P.M. . . . SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY, Park at 34: Manhattan All-Stars vs. Brooklyn All-Stars, and a game between two service teams, Wed., Jan. 26, at 8:15 P.M. (Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at special booths in all large department stores and banks.)

BILLIARDS—Willie Hoppe vs. Welker Cochran in the final games of a non-title match, Mon. through Wed., Jan. 24-26, at 3:15 and 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Billiard Club, 225 W. 57.)

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Sammy Angott, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

TENNIS—A series of all-star matches played by Alice Marble, Vincent Richards, Mary Hardwick, Mrs. Dorothy Round Little, John Kramer, and others, Fri., Jan. 28, at 7:30 P.M. (Seventh Regiment Armory, 643 Park, at 66. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at special booths in all large department stores and banks.)

TRACK—Metropolitan A.A.U. indoor track and field championships, Sat., Jan. 22, at 8 P.M. (Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Sumner Ave. and Jefferson St., Brooklyn.)

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years, mostly by American photographers: Photography Center of the Museum of Modern Art, 9 W. 54. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 13.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

AMERICANA—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

BENEFITS—The Polka Military Ball; for the Kosciuszko Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri., Jan. 21, at 9 P.M. (For tickets, call RH 4-7375.) . . . The President's Birthday Party; for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat., Jan. 29, at 9 P.M. (For tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Jan. 23, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sat., Jan. 22 and 29, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Jan. 23, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Jan. 23, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Carmen," with Lily Djanel and Raoul Jobin, Sat., Jan. 22; "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ezio Pinza and Bidu Sayao, Sat., Jan. 29; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Sammy Angott, Fri., Jan. 28, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, tapestries, and Georgian silver collected by the late George Blumenthal and others: Fri. and Sat., Jan. 21-22, at 2 P.M. . . . Books on art from the library of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Speiser: Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Utrillo, Modigliani, Picasso, and Matisse, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Speiser: Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 26-27, at 8:15 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Sixteenth-century Persian objects of art and Russian icons, from a private collection: Sat., Jan. 22, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA—A clear and dramatic documentary about Russia made by the U. S. Government, mostly from Soviet movies. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Sun. through Wed., Jan. 23-26.)

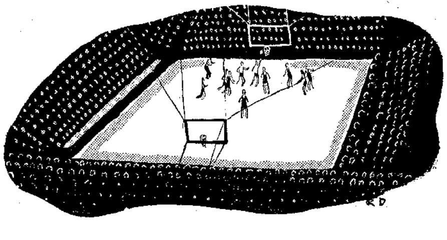
THE CROSS OF LORRAINE—An authentic story of life in a German prison camp, unfortunately somewhat scrambled toward the end. Jean Pierre Aumont, Hume Cronyn, and Gene Kelly. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Thurs., Jan. 20.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A screen adaptation that you may have heard about, notable for its suspense, acting, and exceptional Technicolor, if not for its political convictions. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Mon., Jan. 24.)

A GUY NAMED JOE—Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne are a couple of fliers, one of whom goes to heaven and keeps an eye on the other from up yonder. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," in this new version, turns out to be an ideal showcase for the talents of Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Sun. through Wed., Jan. 23-26.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock has set several people adrift in an open boat and given them some very realistic adventures. Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Walter Slezak, and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)



MADAME CURIE—Based on Eve Curie's biography of her mother, and nicely done for the most part. Greer Garson has the title rôle and Walter Pidgeon is her husband. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—The case for Russia is presented with a great deal of ineptitude in this screening of Mr. Davies' book, but it's a strong enough case to stand up by itself. Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, and Ann Harding play some of the important people involved. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24.)

THE NORTH STAR—A bit of the war history of a Russian village, splendidly conceived and pretty well executed. Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, and Anne Baxter are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

SAHARA—Excitement in the North African campaign, with Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, J. Carrol Naish, and no women. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Jan. 22.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney gives you a colorful lecture, with maps and animation, on the potentialities of bombing. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Jan. 24. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Fri., Jan. 25-28.)

REVIVALS

CHINA GIRL (1943)—International cops and robbers, with George Montgomery, Gene Tierney, and Victor McLaglen. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. Claude Rains. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Jan. 28.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 20.)

IN OLD CHICAGO (1938)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Jan. 21.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Jan. 20.)

LANCER SPY (1937)—Espionage in the Berlin of 1914-18. Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 25-27.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Jan. 20.)

LA MATERNELLE (1935)—Children in Montmarte. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 25-27.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—The early Capra comedy about a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Jan. 20. . . . 55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Fri. through Thurs., Jan. 21-27.)

PEARLS OF THE CROWN (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Thurs., Jan. 20.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 20.)

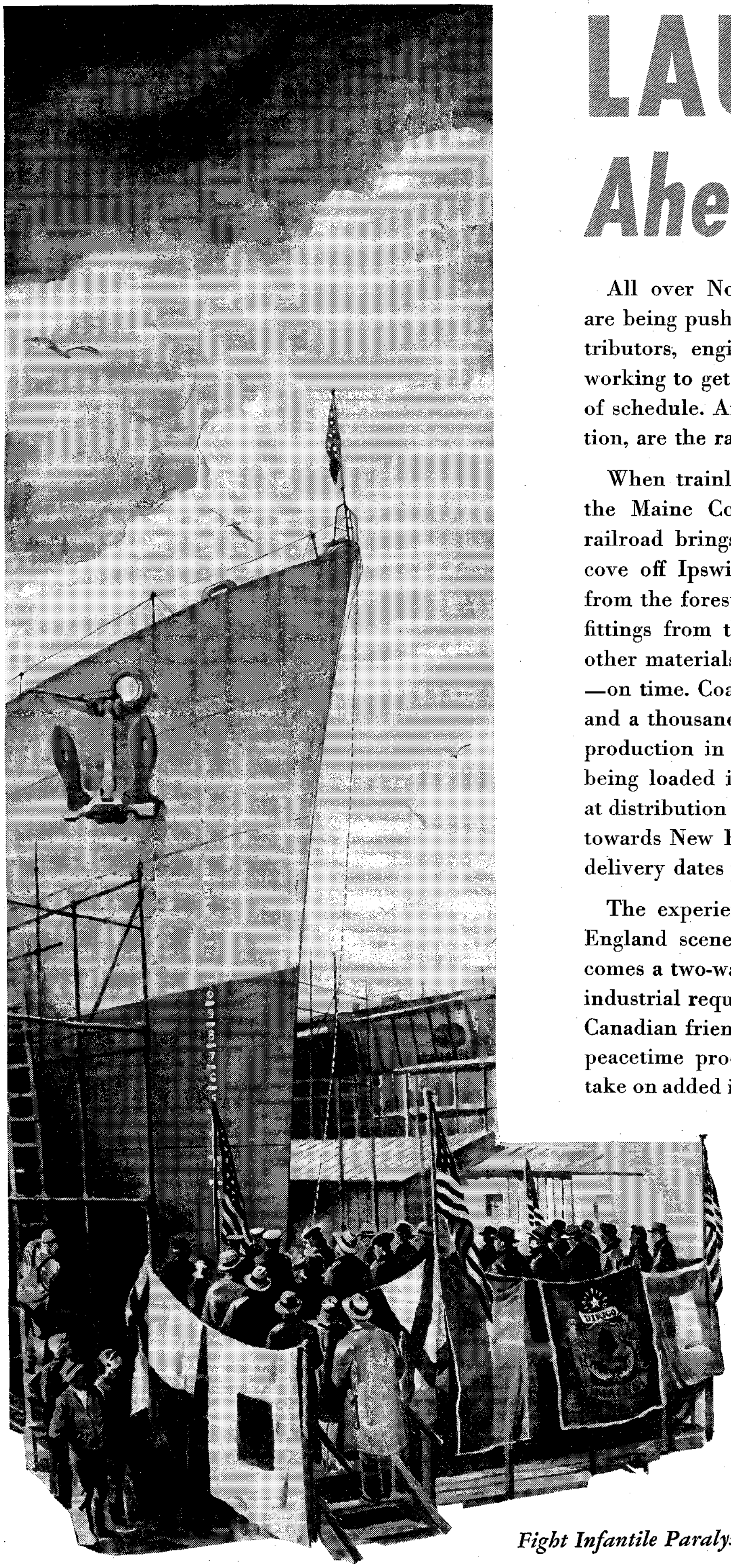
THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur miracle play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Jan. 28.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 25-27.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED (1940)—The old Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Fri. through Thurs., Jan. 21-27.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 20-21: "Cabiria" (1914), Italian film. SAT. AND SUN., JAN. 22-23: "Civilization" (1916), directed by Thomas H. Ince. MON. AND TUES., JAN. 24-25 (at 4 P.M. only): "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith. WED. AND THURS., JAN. 26-27: "Hearts of the World" (1918), with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. FRI. AND SAT., JAN. 28-29 (at 4 P.M. only): "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino.



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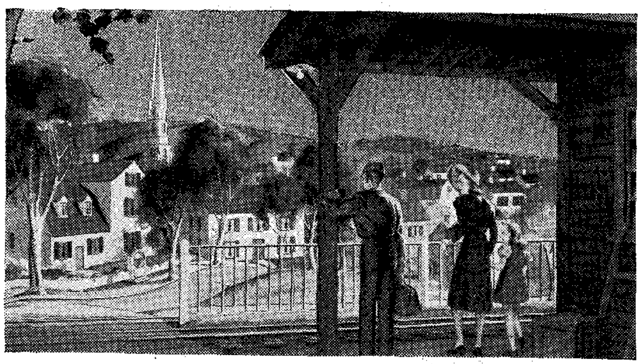

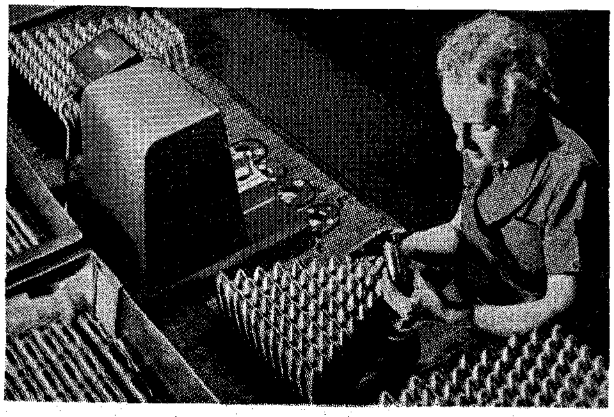

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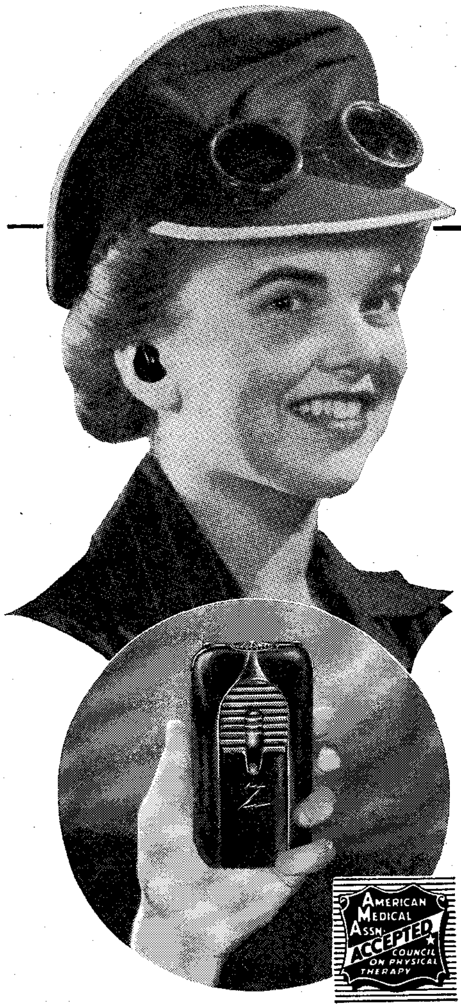
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Zenith recently started a revolution—to reduce the *cost of hearing*. After years of research and preparation, the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now offered to the public.

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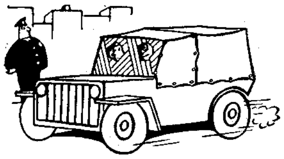
THE NEW YORKER

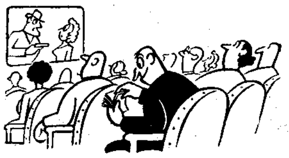
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WILLYS-OVERLAND, we hear, plans to resume business after the war by offering a civilian jeep for sale, thus getting the jump on other motorcar companies, who will have to spend long, exasperating months changing their factories over. Willys knows that farmers and sportsmen will want jeeps and suspects that lots of other people will succumb to the jeep's irresistible charm. Of course, the company will presumably introduce certain little improvements in the famous model. There is the matter of visibility, for instance—one thing about a jeep, the driver can see out of it in any direction, and this will naturally have to be corrected, even if it means taping up the windshield with adhesive except for a small peephole. We are at the moment engaged in a long, hard war in which soldiers have to see where they are going when they drive a car, but you can bet your shirt that when peace comes, a stop will be put to *that* sort of nonsense. American designers are not dead or asleep.



THE two kidnappers caught recently at a performance of "The Falcon and the Co-Eds" are merely the latest in a long line of criminals whose downfall was going to see a crime picture. The crime picture exercises a curious fascination on lawbreakers, equalled only by the fascination a decoy duck exercises on a real duck or a moose horn on a moose. Serious thinkers have devoted a good deal of attention to this problem and most of them have come forward with one of two explanations: either that the criminal wants to identify himself with the movie criminal and thrill to misdeeds he never got around to committing, or else that he wants to identify himself with the forces of the law and indulge in a righteousness he cannot attain in real life. We believe that both of these theories are far from the truth. Our own theory is that the criminal goes to the crime movie simply to rest, relax, and continue about his lawless business in relative safety. The audience is so wrapped up in the shadow world that the sight of a swarthy man in its midst, counting thousand-dollar bills or filing the serial numbers off an automatic, seems perfectly reasonable and excites no more comment than the sight of a man at a concert quietly beating time.

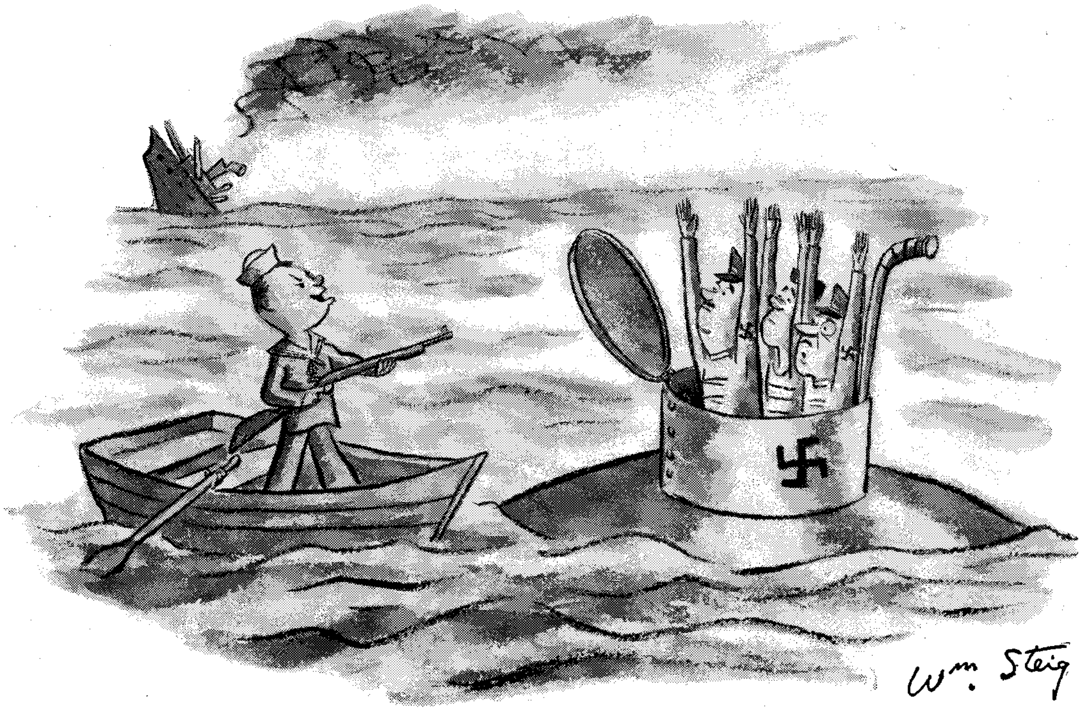


WE don't know why the Russians got so mad at Wendell Willkie's rather friendly article in the *Times* on American-Soviet relations, but we do know something else. The last sentence in Mr. Zaslavsky's attack in *Pravda* read, "The article is like pastry—the crust inspires confidence and the inside creates mistrust." One of the things disturbing the Russians, we would say, is that their pastry is pretty terrible.

WEARILY, more wearily than we can possibly say, we take up the cudgels in the latest struggle between might and right, which happens to be between Postmaster General Walker and the publishers of *Esquire*. It is no more than our duty to say, seriously and without reservation, that the Postmaster General is in the wrong and that his decision to revoke *Esquire's* second-class mailing permit is a capricious abuse of his official powers. No kidding, it's terrible. Whether we like it or not, *The New Yorker's* civil liberties are inextricably bound up with those of *Esquire*. We do not employ men with airbrushes to paint pictures of young ladies nine heads tall instead of the usual six, nor do we encourage writers to say "curves" when they mean "breasts," but we will fight to the death for *Esquire's* right to do so. That's what we said, to the death, and as we lie on our editorial deathbed, we will probably remember a pettish remark that a liberal friend of ours once allowed to escape him in a fit of gloom. "Seems to me," he muttered, "that every time I go to the mat on a question of principle, it's about something so useless that I look like a damn fool."

EASING soldiers and sailors back into civilian life is going to be easy (or at least not impossible) except for one habit they will all retain—writing "Free" in the top right-hand corner of an envelope instead of affixing postage. We suggest a six-month period of grace during which all civilian mail marked "Free" will be delivered; otherwise our postal system may collapse as the result of undelivered mail. There's a chance right there for the Postmaster General to win back some of the friends and admirers he has alienated.

THE editors of *Life*, a magazine which bears absolutely no resemblance to *Esquire*, have long fascinated us as the architects of the most poker-faced façade of omniscience in journalistic America, with the possible exception of *Time*, whose editors work in the same contagious ward. All-knowing and just a touch censorious, they point gravely to others' errors, then commit ones of their own with such utter confidence as to make detection seem something akin to lese majesty. Opening the January 10th issue at random (or practically at random), we read, in an article about Bernard Baruch, "Baruch is vain, as most great men are." Well, are most great men vain? Was Lincoln vain? Soc-



DREAMS OF GLORY

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rates? Jesus? Possibly a *Fortune* poll has clearly established the fact that most great men are vain. Is W. C. Fields vain? We doubt it, but the editors of *Life* have intimidated us through the years, and we can't be sure.

Having a certain command of schoolboy French, however, we can point out that the same issue of the magazine contains the perfect *Life* caption—observant, carping, knowledgeable, and embellished with precisely the type of error to which it calls attention. It accompanies a picture of an anti-Mosley demonstration, in which a placard states "Rats Spread Desease," and it reads, "Notice misspelling on biggest sign and the legs of Richard Couer de Lion's bronze horse in background."

Freedom Rings

WHEN it comes to art, we are like a child, and it was no coincidence that we felt completely at home last Thursday afternoon at the Holiday Circus, held in the Young People's Gallery on the third floor of the Museum of Modern Art. The idea of the Circus, which has been in town since early December and will run until the end of this month, is to make art familiar to the kiddies through participation rather than mere observation. We participated, along with a swarm of four- to twelve-year-olds and an assortment of inhibited parents, first passing into a large room with a blue Big Top affair hanging from the ceiling. To our right was Observation and its old-line facilities: two hand-operated peep-show machines containing vintage Keystone shorts, a mobile fish by Calder, a mobile clown by Hughes, a mobile horse by Anonymous, and a series of modern paintings, including such works as "Before Entering the Ring," by Bombois. To our left was Participation: long workbenches, bottoms-up butter tubs for sitting on, and drawing boards, brushes, clay, and paints for come-what-may.

"My name is Henry and I want to go home," announced a small, unattended character with a gnomelike face. "See the pretty fish," said an elderly guard, tickling the Calder. Henry cast a cold glance at the fish and walked over to Participation, where he picked up a gob of clay and heaved it at a blonde of about eight who was drawing a circus tent. Most of the small artists, however, soon settled down at the workbenches and began to express themselves freely with paint and brush. We looked over the shoulder of one young lady, whose easel was rapidly filling up with purple splotches. "Anything in particular?" we asked. "It's a design," she said, "but I don't think you would understand it."

Taking a turn around the room, we ran into Mr. Victor D'Amico, a short, boyish-looking gentleman who is director of the Gallery and also head of the Department of Fine Arts at Fieldston School. Mr. D'Amico took us into a corner and told us that parents cause ninety per cent of his headaches. "Just the other day a mother insisted that her child stop drawing a house because she had read in some fool book that houses symbolize mother hatred," he said sadly. D'Amico feels that the definite tendency of parents is to gum up the works by fussing with their children's work. It is D'Amico's theory that they do this because they are in competition with the other parents present. "A child starts to paint a pink sky," he says, "and the parent blushes and says, 'You know sky isn't *pink*.' " Leave a child alone, D'Amico says, and you'll get a colorful, normal expression, unrestrained by adult conceptions. "If they want to draw a house and show the inside, forgetting about the front wall," he says, "they draw a house and forget about the front wall, and that's O. K." To support his point, D'Amico pulled out some of the Circus products—still lifes, abstractions, war scenes, and so on. We particularly liked a series of blobs labelled "Man Leading a Dog Which He Wants but Doesn't Have" and a violent sea battle titled "Mine Layrer and Frigter." "Now, this 'Mine Layrer and Frigter' was drawn by a small boy who had been crying while his mother was here," D'Amico said, "and he drew this virile piece when she went outside." Girls between ten and twelve, we learned, tend to draw pictures of older girls, complete with sweaters, bracelets, rings, and the like, while boys over ten, inflamed by news of the war, generally stick to dive bombers, flak, and portraits of high-ranking officers. This is wish fulfillment. Generally, the young artists audibly identify themselves with their work, saying, for instance, "Boom-boom-boom" while drawing a gun or going "Glub-whoosh-glub-whoosh" while drawing a ship. The artists' titles and signatures are frequently integral parts of the composition, we gathered from our own observation, noting especially the artistic creation of one small girl which bore the lettering "Rainbow Sally Ten and One Half."

We left Mr. D'Amico and made a brief tour of the gallery, noting, for one thing, that Henry, who had wanted to go home, had completed a life-size clown's head in clay and was currently engaged in mauling another piece of clay into something vaguely suggesting a Brussels sprout. A girl who looked about ten beckoned to us. "My brother doesn't know how to draw an elephant," she said, pointing to an intense workman at the next table. She sounded like a parent to us, and to avoid getting involved with her we quickly excused ourself and took our departure.

Song

A LADY has been telling us about life on a light cruiser, as described in her husband's letters. One of the things they do on her husband's particular light cruiser, which is now seeing action in the Pacific, is sing a special song every time an admiral or other notable person comes aboard. Nobody is sure how the song started, but everybody agrees it must have been launched by somebody from Toledo. Anyway, this is the song:

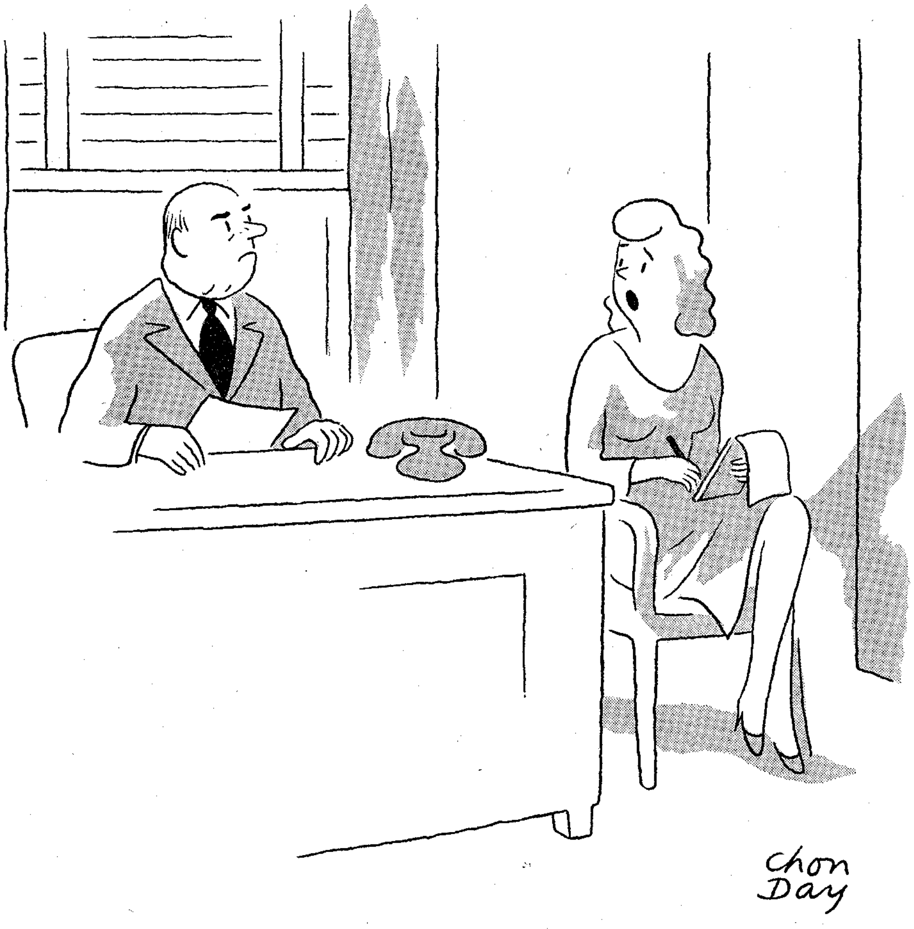
Hurrah for the Jones Junior High School;
It's the best Junior High in Toledo!
Its colors are purple and white,
Purple for purity,
And white for FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT!

Aldridge

PAUL ROBESON's success in "Othello" has inevitably reminded theatrical historians of Ira Frederick Aldridge, the first Negro actor to tackle the rôle. Aldridge's dates are 1805-1867. He was a protégé of Edmund Kean, the English tragedian, and, like Robeson, first played Othello in London. Beyond that, the resemblance more or less fades away. Aldridge's interpretation was, to judge by the contemporary critiques, nothing much. Nevertheless, he toured the British Isles for twenty years, his repertory largely consisting of Shakespeare, and then went on to greater popular triumphs on the Continent. After his first performance in St. Petersburg, the audience unhitched the horses from his carriage and drew him through the streets. He married an Englishwoman of some wealth, and after her death married again, this time a Swedish baroness. Decorations, medals, orders, and the like were heaped upon him, and he got a good deal of solid cash, too, judging from the fact that he played five months in Berlin for seventy-five pounds sterling a week, plus expenses. His most successful plays were "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Richard III." Exercising the prerogative of a successful star, he stuffed a particularly dull and nasty play down his admirers' throats and made them like it; in his case, it was Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus," which hadn't been done for the preceding two hundred years.

One staggering fact about Aldridge is that he never was a slave and was not a descendant of slaves. His grandfather was chief of a branch of the Senegalese tribes of Africa, the Fulah. The chief, an early exponent of globaloney, advanced the dreamy idea that warring tribes should exchange prisoners instead of killing them or selling them to blackbirders. His subjects registered their view of this proposal by killing him and all his family, with the exception of Ira's father, who escaped with the aid of an American missionary and wound up in New York City, where he married a colored woman and settled down. The details of Ira's education are lacking, but he was brought up with the idea that he would be a missionary. One story says he attended the University of Glasgow, another that he went to Schenectady College. Anyway, he was later working as a carpenter in New York (we'd guess a stage carpenter) when he met Edmund Kean. He and Kean hit it off right away, and when Kean went to England he took Aldridge with him as his servant. Aldridge soon graduated from the dressing room to the stage, and his "Othello" was produced in 1826.

Aldridge's acting and the reactions of his audiences seem both to have been variable and unpredictable. There's a story that once, while playing "Othello" in Berlin, he so frightened his Desdemona during the smothering scene that she ran screaming from the stage. A different picture is presented by Theophile Gautier, who wrote that "He smothered Desdemona in the most considerate manner, and roared with decorum." Also, Gautier was fascinated by the fact that Aldridge "made up" as a white man for all non-Negro rôles, except that he left his hands black. Aldridge wasn't the singer that Robeson is, but he appeared in a few musical shows and occasionally interpolated songs in his dramatic rôles. One song, "Negro Boy," was written for him, and he also revived a folk song, "'Possum up a Gum Tree." There's no record of Aldridge's having acted in the United States, but a deal was supposed to have been afoot when he died. He had three



"On this beef to Washington, do you want the usual copies sent to the newspapers?"

children by his second wife, the Baroness Amanda Pauline Brandt. His daughter Amanda was a pupil of Jenny Lind. She taught voice to Roland Hayes and Robeson in London, and may well be living today.

The records show a fundamental affinity between dramatic critics of different centuries. Most of the reviews of Aldridge's "Othello" said that, whatever its faults, no white actor would ever again dare to play Othello.

Tailored

TWO young ladies who had about them the suave air of Central Park South were coming out of Sherry's early one afternoon last week, apparently deep in discussion of a third young lady. "Just the same, she's chic," one said. "Why, do you know that her shoulder holster was specially made for her in London?"

Same Old Deal

A SPOT check by one of our representatives indicates that the twenty-eight business firms in this city bearing the name "New Deal" are too flustered by wartime exigencies to be worried about the fact that President Roosevelt has discarded "New Deal" in favor of "Win the War." The proprietor of the New Deal Uniform Company, which is impudently located right across the street from the *Herald Tribune*, set the keynote. "I ain't got time to say anything," he said to our man, "except that a waiter's uniform will always be a waiter's uniform, no matter what happens." Our man called next at the premises of the New Deal Steam and Hot Water Heating Company, up on West Ninety-ninth Street, and was informed by Mr. George Di Liso, a member of the firm, that personal rather than political considerations had dictated the choice of the name. "I'd had plenty of raw deals before I set up in business for myself," he explained, "so I said, 'What the hell, it's going to be a new deal from now on.' " It turned out that this was not the first time that a journalist had approached Mr. Di Liso about his firm name. Six years ago, the late *Literary Digest* sent a gadfly around to make inquiries. "I finally told him if he didn't like the name to give me the money and I'd have a new sign made," Mr. Di Liso said. The *Digest* man, as he recalled, left hurriedly, without contributing anything, and the *Digest* went out of business a couple of months later.

Mr. B. Rosenberg, who does business as the New Deal Cleaners, with headquarters on West Ninety-fifth Street, was eating lunch off his pressing table when approached by our inquiring reporter. It developed that Mr. Rosenberg hadn't heard about the President's decision, and when our man told him about it he remained unruffled. He's been New Deal for the last six years, he said, spearing a carrot; before that, he was just Cleaners. "Might be I'll change tomorrow," he added. "Might be I'll keep it till that sign falls down. Right now, though, my mind doesn't tell me anything." Mr. George Glende, manager of the New Deal Garage, operates in the Republican stronghold of East Seventy-third Street and has had his troubles with the name, which he adopted ten years ago. Lots of neighborhood stalwarts assured him that unless he became the Rugged Individual Garage, or the Hoover Garage, they'd take their Cadillacs elsewhere. Glende didn't budge an inch and the fire-eaters cooled off on their threat. He was epigrammatic on the subject of the President's change. "I just figure they're shuffling the cards for a *new* new deal," he said. He doesn't think it a particularly good idea, being something of a conservative. He believes in keeping Roosevelt in the White House, Dewey in Albany, and MacArthur in Australia.

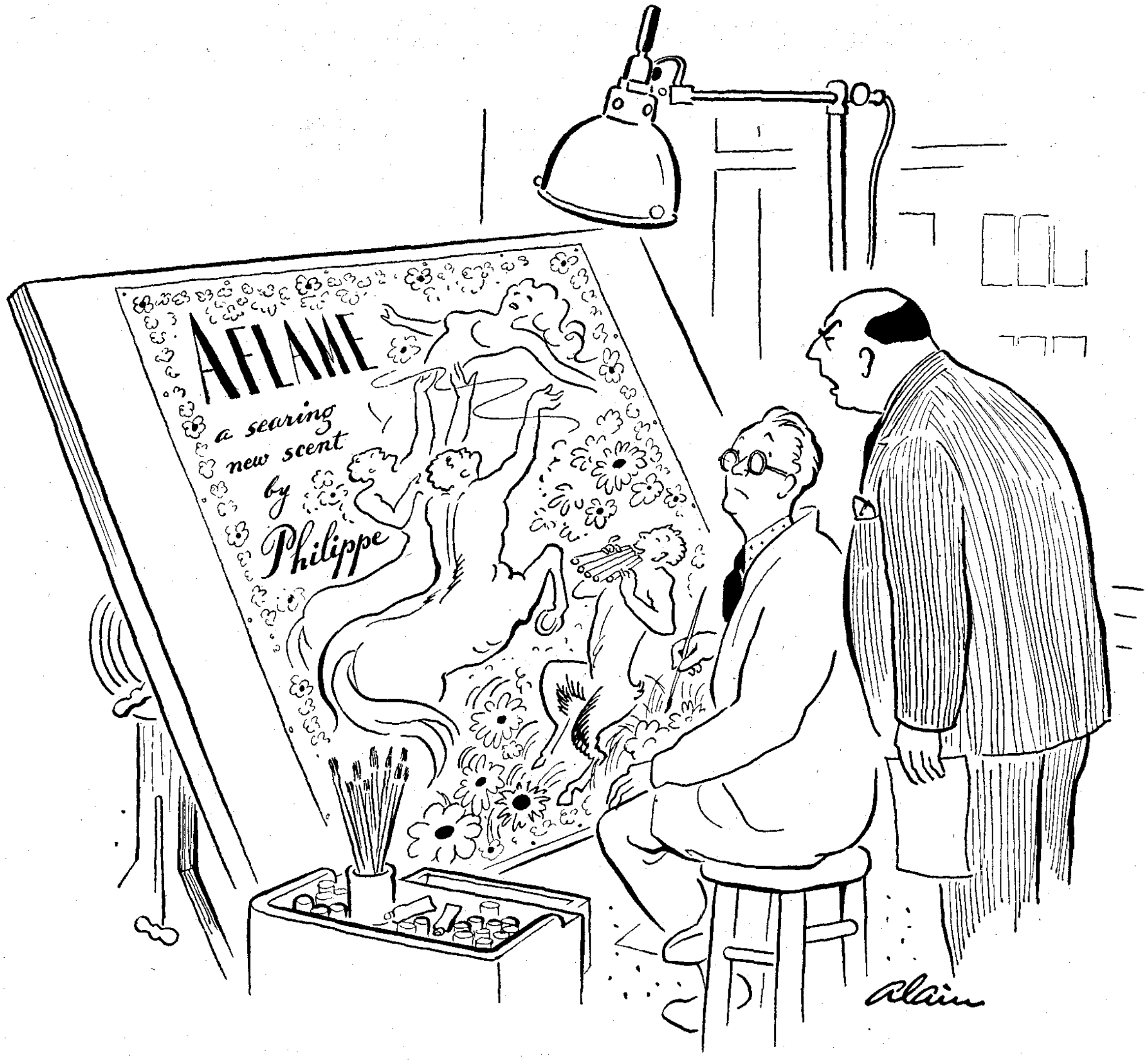
Continuing his checkup, our man met nothing but defiance at the New Deal Laundry, up on St. Nicholas Avenue. "Try to get your shirts done better for the same money—just *try* it!" a buxom laundress bawled at him; that was the sole statement he was able to record. Down on East Thirty-first Street, at the New Deal Delivery Service, they said that the name was frozen, practically, because the firm engages in interstate commerce, and under the I.C.C. regulations they'd have to go to so much trouble to change the name that it would be easier to dissolve and form another company. The New Deal Leather Goods Manufacturing Company, of West Twenty-ninth Street, has been in business for only six months and feels it would be suicidal to change at this point even if it wanted to. The most articulate New Dealer our man found was Mr. Sam Kohnop, of the New Deal Hardware Supply Company, on West 116th Street. "Everybody was glad to get rid of the Republicans, and we were so glad we named ourselves the New Deal," he said. "We might of made it the Roosevelt Hardware Company, only some smart guys might of thought we were trying to climb on the bandwagon." He wouldn't, he said, object to Win the War Hardware Company, except that it would sound funny afterward. "Maybe we could change to Peace Hardware Company," he mused. "But no—then Father Divine and the angels would have something to say."

Obbligato

ON the night of December 22, C.B.S. broadcast excerpts from Handel's "Messiah," sung by the Collegiate Chorale and conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. At least one listener, a Mr. Abbott of East Orange, heard a ghostly vocal interpolation that simply couldn't, he figured, be any planned part of the program. It was a highly untrained male voice that accompanied the music, occasionally interjecting an enthusiastic "Pom, pom, pom" in what was intended to be a pause. Mr. Abbott made inquiries of C.B.S., and was told that this was Sir Thomas himself.

Fannie and Annie

MAYBE it will make you feel snugger the next time you momentarily drift into wakefulness at five o'clock of a cold, dark morning to realize that Fannie Hurst is at that very moment, rain or shine, setting out with one or more of five dogs for a five-mile walk in and around Central Park. A week ago, acting with purely journalistic motives, we got up early and accompanied Miss Hurst and her Yorkshire terrier, Little Orphan Annie, who is a male, on the last hour


AFLAME
a searing new scent by Philippe
Alain

"Very good, Benson, but how are you going to squeeze in 'Buy More War Bonds'?"

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of their constitutional. Miss Hurst, who is a female, met us by appointment in a cafeteria near Columbus Circle after having walked a full hour, from her apartment at Sixty-seventh Street and Central Park West up and over to Eighty-ninth and Fifth and back to Fifty-ninth through the Park. She was wearing sandals, a fur coat, a white knitted cap, and (so she told us) practically no underwear. Annie had on two sweaters, a blue blanket, and no underwear at all. Tucking Annie under one arm and leading us briskly through the darkness up the Park side of Central Park West, Miss Hurst said that she also owns two Scotties and two Pekes, all of whom get an occasional workout in the Park. In addition, there is a marmoset attached to the Hurst household, but he's exempted from compulsory athletics.

"I want it understood that I am *not* an outdoor woman," Miss Hurst said. "If there's anything I despise, it's an outdoor woman. I simply walk for two hours every morning, summer or winter. Feel that wind," she added, with evident satisfaction. We felt it. She wants it understood, too, that she isn't a reservoir walker. For one thing, there are rules against dogs on the reservoir paths, and besides, she doesn't feel at home with the reservoir set. "They *greet* each other," she explained. "They say, 'Well, well, what makes you so late this morning?' or 'I missed you yesterday, my dear' or 'Cold enough for you, Susie?' I wouldn't be found dead around the reservoir." Miss Hurst sticks to the parts of the Park open to dogs, and, in fifteen years, has become as familiar with these precincts as with her own apartment. "There's a big wart on the other side of that elm," she said, pointing. Sure enough, there was. "It's just a *little* park," she added modestly. In a two-hour walk, Miss Hurst covers five miles, doing a mile in about twenty minutes' actual walking but losing some time because of traffic lights and the vagaries of the dogs. She doesn't think about anything special during her walks, certainly doesn't concoct plots. "This morning I just thought of all the wars the world has had," she told us. "Phenomenal. And I was leaving China out of it entirely. The only times I ever thought of plots, they looked awfully silly afterwards."

The two of us had by this time turned off into the Park and were stumbling past the Shakespeare Garden. "All this talk of rape!" Miss Hurst said, with a snort of indignation. "The fact is, I've never even been scared. My impression is that I terrify anybody I meet more than they terrify me. I've seen hulking men run like the possessed when they meet me here in the dark." Miss Hurst confessed that her morning walk is sometimes something of a bore. "It's not that I meet interesting people, thank the Lord," she said. "Once I did meet the mother of Milton Gropper, the playwright—whoever he may be. Sometimes I meet my elevator man, the one who's always planning how big a funeral I'm going to have. And the butlers walking dogs. And the dog ladies, poor things." After reflecting a moment, Miss Hurst added, in a surprised voice, "I suppose you might say I'm a dog lady myself, though." We wouldn't have dreamed of contradicting her, certainly not in Central Park, in the dark.

Cobelligerent

DOWN at a Southern Army camp, a platoon was taking it easy beside the road after a hard morning's workout when a column of Italian prisoners came marching along. As they passed, one of the prisoners muttered with infinite scorn, "Golda bricks!"

A WEEKEND WITH THE ANGELS

ONE of the advantages of surgery, to a man at loose ends in Boston, is that it entitles him to a night at a hospital in advance of the operation. In short, it gets him in off the streets. I was instructed to report for my bed not later than three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, although I wasn't to lose my middle turbinate until eight the next morning. That gave me seventeen hours of utter relaxation in comfortable surroundings, dreaming away through the late afternoon, sweating under the arms, wiping my moist palms on the drapes, and marvelling at the strange succession of events that lead a man unerringly into an unimportant misadventure like a nose operation. I had no particular feeling of regret at the idea of giving up a turbinate (which sounded like something the Navy might be able to use in one of its light cruisers); in fact, in a man's middle years there is scarcely a part of the body he would hesitate to turn over to the proper authorities. At my age one jumps at the chance to get rid of something. Half a lifetime with a middle turbinate is enough to satisfy all but the most avid person.

I think the hospital was in Cambridge, but I'm not sure about that, as I was rather depressed on the ride out and when I'm depressed I never look where I'm going. Anyway, it was a very nice place near a small, orderly river (which might easily have been the Charles) and there was a fine big oak just outside my window. The room was tiny but so am I. The bed was a standard crank-up model, complete with drawsheet, rubber pad, and call switch. I had hoped it would have a swan at one end of it, like the boats in the Public Garden, but even without the swan it was a pleasanter accommodation than one can ordinarily expect to get on short notice in Boston.

There seemed no good reason for getting into the bed right away, so I just sat down on a hassock with a copy of the *Atlantic*. After a while a nurse came in.

"I'm Miss Mulqueenie," she said informatively.

"My name is White," I replied. "My temperature is ninety-eight point six, my pulse is seventy-two, and my blood pressure is one hundred and forty over eighty except when I get interested in what I am doing, when it goes up sharply. I'm here for a turbinectomy." Miss Mulqueenie came and sat down by my side. She hung her sphygmomanometer around her neck and drew a pencil and a blank form on me.

"What's your occupation?"

"Writer," I said, searching my memory.

The nurse smiled the knowing smile of a woman who is not easily fooled by men and their little conceits. She then began a careful listing of my clothes and personal effects. About my clothes she seemed a trifle uncertain. "What have you got on underneath your trousers?" she asked, dipping her pencil thoughtfully into her mouth.

"I can't recall," I replied. "It seems ages since I got dressed. This morning seems like a million years ago."

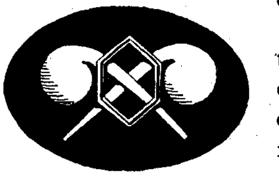
"Well, you must have *some*thing on. What'll I put down?"

"Paisley shawl?" I suggested. She thought a moment and then wrote "underwear" and gave me the list to sign. Then she took my temperature, my blood pressure, and my pulse. My temperature was ninety-eight point six, my pulse was seventy-two, and my blood pressure was one hundred and forty over eighty. "You better get to bed," she said cryptically. And Miss Mulqueenie was gone.

In bed, I felt relaxed and beautiful, as I imagine I shall feel in death. I had not been there long when another nurse appeared. She was in the uniform of a student and her face had the exalted look of a person who is doing a great deal of work and receiving no pay for it—which was, of course, exactly the case. She regarded me closely.

"It says on your card that you're a writer," she began, "but I've never heard of you."

"Did you come in here to harp on my obscurity?" I asked.



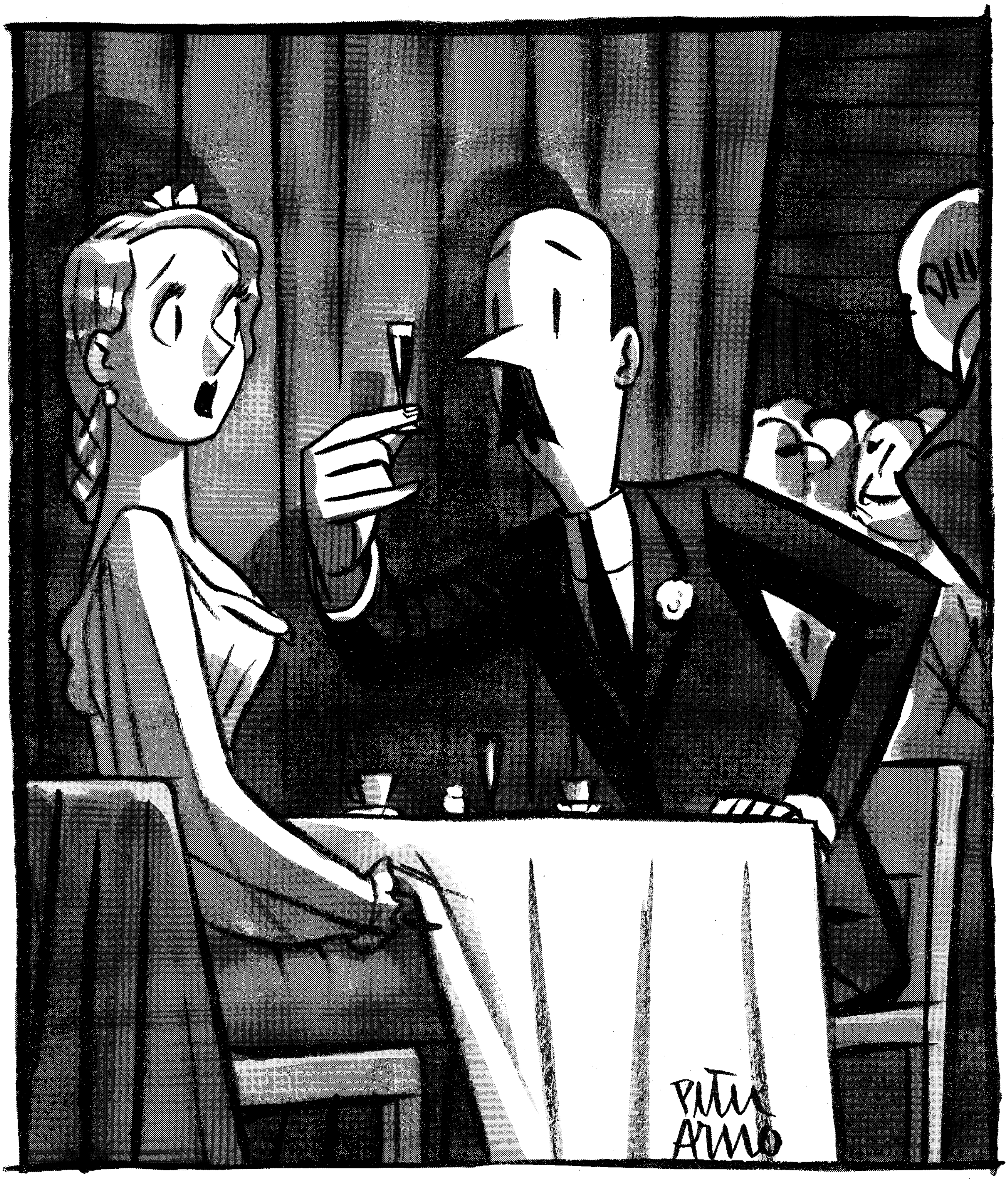
"No, I came in here to rub your back." She closed the door and I generously allowed her to rub my back. Later I was given a sedative and slept the uninterrupted sleep of the little-known.

The operation wasn't bad. I quite enjoyed the trip up from my room to the operating parlors, as a closely confined person does enjoy any sort of outing. The morphine had loosened my tongue, and while we waited in the corridor for the surgeon to arrive, the orderly and I let down our hair and had a good chat about fishing tackle. There were several rather distinguished people doing voluntary work in that hospital, and this orderly's face looked familiar. I wouldn't swear to it, but I think it was Governor Saltonstall. You never know whom you'll meet in bed these days. After a few minutes the surgeon was sighted in another part of the building and somebody gave the Governor the go-ahead. He had me halfway through a door leading into an operating room when a nurse caught sight of us. She clicked her tongue in disgust. "No, no," she said, wearily, "that's gall bladder."

The Governor backed me out and we tried our luck in another room. I cautiously put my hand up to my side, where the gall bladder is presumed to be. Everything seemed undisturbed. Soon the surgeon arrived and went to work. Under my skillful direction he removed everything he was supposed to remove and, as far as I could tell, nothing that he wasn't. It was a perfect occasion. It even turned out, in the course of the operation, that *his* father and *my* wife's people were connected—not by blood but in that happy and satisfactory way in which Boston's mystic thread entwines all its sons and daughters.

BECAUSE of the war the situation in hospitals is, of course, serious. A civilian feels embarrassed to be there at all, occupying valuable space and wasting the time and strength of the nurses, the student nurses, the nurses' aides, and the Gray Ladies. But I discovered that there is a new spirit in hospitals which, in its own way, is as merciful and resolute as the old, and every bit as mad. A patient, when he enters, receives a booklet reminding him that hospitals are short-handed and asking him not to bother the nurses unnecessarily. If he is a person of any conscience, he takes this quite literally, resolving not to push his call switch unless he is bleeding to death or the room is on fire. He throws himself so violently into the spirit of the emergency that, in the long run, he probably causes just as much trouble as he would have in more relaxed circumstances. I hadn't been off the operating table two hours and was still heavily drugged with morphine and bleeding at the nose when I found myself out of bed, armed with a window pole, engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with a sticky transom. I enjoyed the nonsensical sensation of being in contact with the enemy. The effort, because of my condition, was rather too much for me, and I just made it back under the covers in time. There was quite a to-do, up and down the halls, when they found I had been out of bed.

As for routine chores, I did them my-



"Oh, come now—a little pousse-café never hurt anyone."

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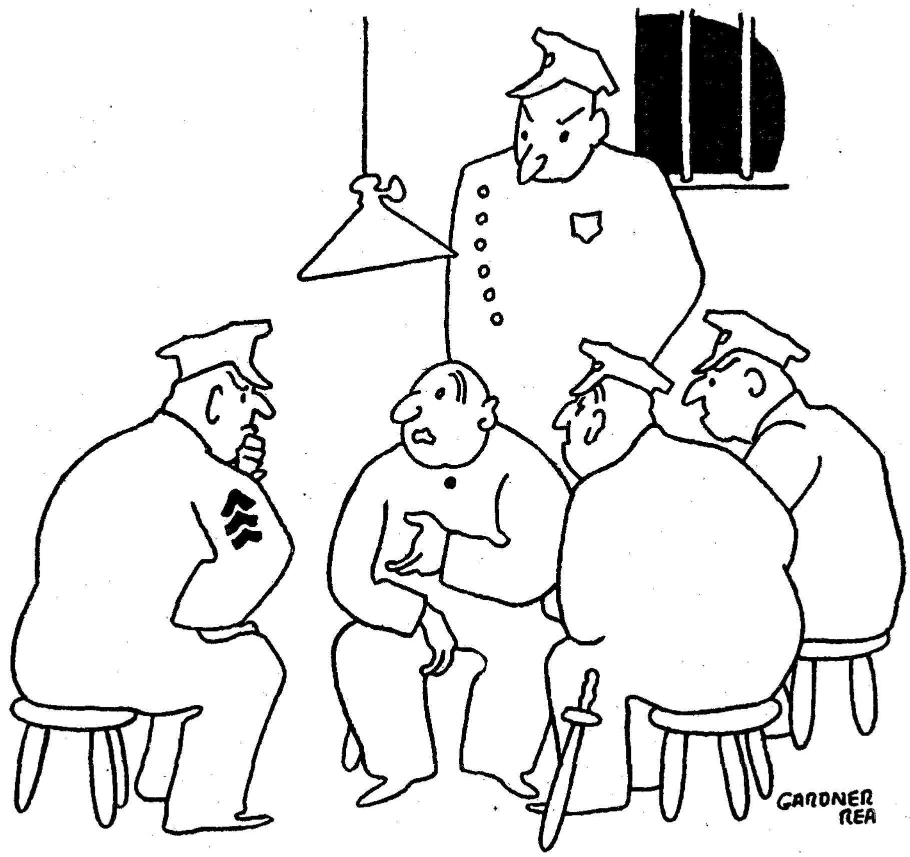
self, for the most part. Each morning I arose from bed and went at the room, tidying it up and doing all the dozens of things that need doing in an early-morning sickroom. First I would get down and crawl under the bed to retrieve the night's accumulation of blood-soaked paper handkerchiefs, which formed a dismal ring around the scrap basket where I had missed my aim in the dark. Then I'd fold the night blanket neatly and put it away in the bottom drawer of the bureau. I would crank up the bed, take the creases out of the rubber pad, tighten the drawsheet, pat the pillows back into shape, straighten out the *Atlantic Monthly*, and transfer the chrysanthemums into their day vase. Ashtrays had to be emptied, soiled towels removed, the hot-water bottle exhumed from its cold grave at the foot of the bed. One morning, in one of those passionate fits of neatness which overwhelm me from time to time, I spent an



"But if I go ahead and reënact the crime won't that mean I done it?"

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hour or so on my hands and knees clearing the room of bobby pins left by a former occupant. It was interesting work but, like all housework, exhausting.

Although there seemed to be, and undoubtedly was, a shortage of help at the hospital, there was one department which was, to my way of thinking, overstaffed. That was the back-rubbing department. There apparently was no schedule or system about back-rubbing—it was just a service a nurse would throw into her routine if she felt like it and had a few minutes to spare. One morning between ten and twelve my back was rubbed three times by as many different angels of mercy. My back, curiously enough, did not need rubbing that morning. I had been up, as usual, doing the housework, and when I finally got things to rights and crawled back into bed at quarter to ten, the blood was coursing through my back. All my back needed was a little while to itself. I took the three rubs without a murmur, but the violence and frequency of the assault increased my nosebleed, and when lunch was brought I was too tired to eat. Right after lunch a nurse I had never seen before, a large, eager girl, waltzed into the room and began peeling the bedclothes off.

"What's up, nurse?" I asked.

"I'm going to rub your back," she replied.

"Look," I said, plucking weakly at the sheets, "what do you say we leave the old backsy-wacksy alone for a few minutes?"

Mostly, however, the days rolled by, hour after hour, and you would never see another living soul. For patriotic reasons I seldom rang and so was seldom visited. Once I had a bath. This was the second morning after the operation. A nurse came in early. Without a word she flung open the door of the commode and extracted a basin, a washcloth, and a piece of soap.

"Can you take your bath?" she asked briskly.

"I always have, in recent years," I replied.

She placed the bathing equipment on the rude table that arched the bed, and handed me a towel. "Take off your uppers and work down. Then roll up your lowers and work up," she snapped. "And don't get the bed wet!"

I waited till she disappeared, then got noiselessly out of bed, removed the basin, emptied it, went into the bathroom which I shared with another fellow, drew a tub, and had a nice bath. Nurses are such formalists.

OF all the memories of this fabulous and salutary weekend, the most haunting is my recollection of the strange visitations of a certain night nurse. She came on duty, I was told, at midnight, and went off at seven. It was her custom to enter my room at a few minutes before five in the morning, when my sleeping potion still held me in thrall, snap on the light, and take a temperature reading. At her entrance I would rouse myself, at enormous physical cost, blink foolishly at the light, and open my mouth to receive, under the thick curly tongue, the thin straight thermometer. The nurse, whose name began with an "A" and ended in a thornbush, would stand in beautiful serenity, gazing peacefully down upon me for the long three minutes required for the recording. Her lips held the faint suggestion of a smile, compounded of scorn and indulgence. Motionless and cool in the lamplight, faithfully discharging her preposterous duty in the awful hour of a day born prematurely, she seemed a creature tinged with madness and beauty. She seemed, but of course could not have been, without flaw. As my drugged senses struggled vainly to catalogue her features, the thermometer would press upward against my tongue and the mercury would begin its long tedious climb toward the normal mark. I have no idea whether she was tall or short, dark or fair, plain or pretty, but in her calm and unreasoning concern about my body heat, at that unconscionable hour, she personified the beauty and lunacy of which life is so subtly blended. On the last morning of my stay I broke the mystical silence which had always before surrounded our ceremony.

"Cousin," I managed to mumble, allowing the thermometer to clash pitilessly against my incisors, "why dost wake me before the dawn for this mild dumbshow?"

She never changed her expression, but I heard words coming surely from her lips. "There's a war on, Bud," she replied. "I got twenty-six readings to take before I go off duty, so just for the heck of it I start with you."

Smiling a tiny proud smile, I raised my right hand and made a V, the way I had seen Churchill do it in the pictures. Then the drug took hold of me again, and when I awoke she was gone. Next day so was I. —E. B. White

THIS IS A LOVE STORY

THE minute Augusta was outside the shop she was uncertain of her choice. With the grooves between her brows deeper than ever, she stared back into Mr. Friend's windows, at the winking diamonds, the polished mandolins, the opera glasses, and supple fur pieces, guarded by glass and iron grille, like a bank. Perhaps she should not have gone to a pawnbroker to buy the wristwatch for Eddie, she told herself, but it was too late now. The gift was already in her hand, lying golden and secret in its ivory-colored box, and her forty-nine dollars were in Mr. Friend's till.

She had not flinched at the cost. Indeed, she had deliberately waited until she had saved fifty dollars from her earnings. Either Mr. or Mrs. Holladay would gladly have lent her money or given her an advance on her pay, but she had not asked them. She did not wish to remind them of her son. She evaded their benevolent inquiries: "What does he write?" "Where is he now?" They were too near, seeing her each day, and too far—her employers, not her kin. They would not understand. Augusta did not entirely understand, herself. She only knew that the money for this purchase could not be borrowed; the watch had to be costly and dazzling enough to beguile destiny and it had to be indestructible.

She reassured herself, rereading Mr. Friend's sign: Old, Established, and Reliable Firm. Yes, so it was, and Augusta herself had pawned articles there when she lived in the neighborhood, following the death of Eddie's father and before she had gone back into domestic service.

After spending her entire afternoon off hesitating in unfamiliar jewelry shops, lingering doubtfully at counters in the big department stores, she remembered Mr. Friend. It was a long streetcar ride to his part of Philadelphia, but worth it, she reminded herself, for his firm was old, established, and reliable. She could get a suburban train to Glenwood at the Thirtieth Street Station and mail the watch in the morning. Eddie would get it, Eddie would write her, Eddie would wear it home. It would shine indestructibly on her son's thin young wrist.

IN the big station, attacked by misgivings again, Augusta wished she could show one of the ticket agents the watch or ask any of the strangers jostling past her if he valued it. She stood near the foot of the escalator, almost tempted to unwrap it merely to look at it again. The trainman, skirting round her, paused.

"Looking for a train?" he asked sociably.

She was startled to be addressed. "Oh, I'm going to Glenwood," she answered.

"This way, then," he said, as though he were welcoming her to a reception. "Platform Three, the five-eighteen Charford local. You'll have a little wait, I'm afraid." He stood back to let her precede him on the escalator. He looked like a clergyman she had once known, stately and gentle-mannered. Ascending, she didn't have a chance to talk to him. He was reassuring the man behind him. "Badon Hill? Don't you worry, you'll just make it."

Augusta watched him usher the man into the Badon Hill train. With a long hook, he brought into view the sign for the New York train. Then he moved down the platform. "Folks, where are you going? . . . Ah. You're in plenty time. I'll let you know when it's due."

A man like that was a comfort, Augusta reflected. Yes, even if he was not a minister he made you feel that everything would come out all right. And when he was not hooking out train announcements, he stood at the head of the escalator just like someone who had personally invited you to come to the station and be hospitably received on Platform Three.

He was busy seeing off passengers on the New York train when the short, pudgy girl and a woman came up the escalator. The girl was pallid and she clung convulsively to the woman's arm, darting her furtive eyes from right to left. Her face had the look of the sickroom, and something else, too. Her companion was no taller, a middle-aged woman with a fatuous smile. The two of them halted when the trainman stood before them.

"Well, folks, what train are you looking for?" he asked, and smiled at the girl as though he were her friend.

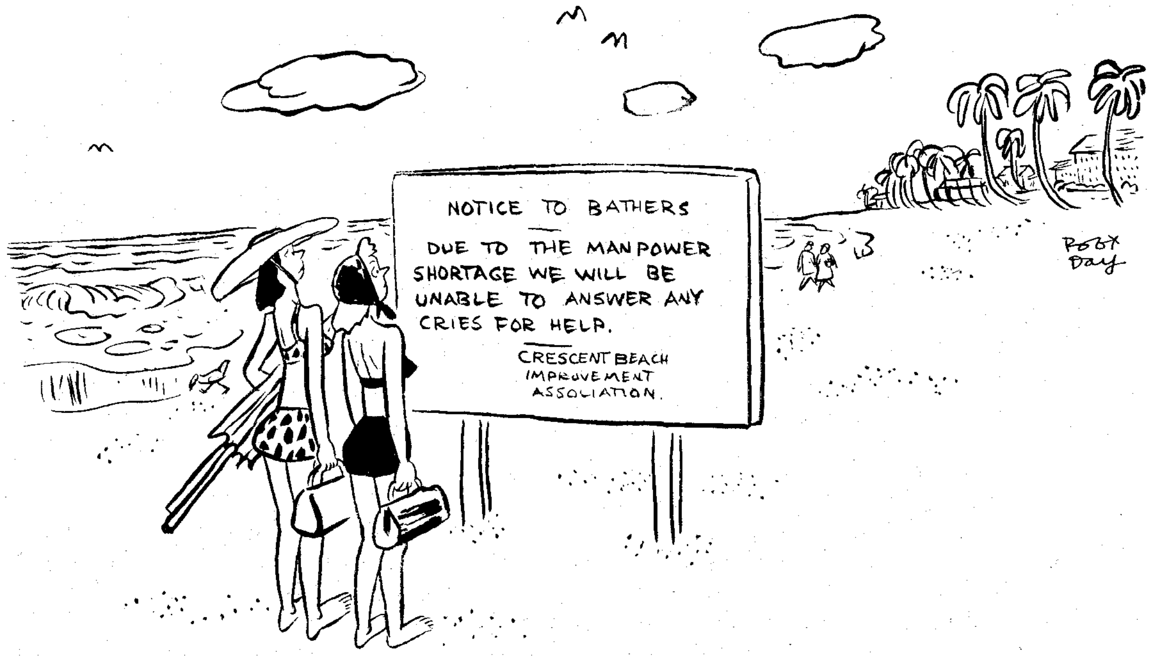
The girl's companion said, "Hildy and I are going to Bridgewater."

Anyone standing near them, Augusta thought, could have guessed that was where they were going. The big hospital for defectives was at Bridgewater.

The trainman didn't act as though he knew. "Fourth stop on the Charford local," he said. "Along in a little while." Again he beamed at the girl. "A nice ride," he added.

"I'm so glad you reminded us," the companion said. "Because Hildy's going to love the train ride. Hildy's never been on a train." Cautiously she addressed her charge. "Have we, Hildy?"

"I'm looking forward to travel," the girl said. Her voice was husky and clotted, as though she were unaccustomed to using it. She raised her brown, restless eyes to the trainman. "My desire is to


NOTICE TO BATHERS
DUE TO THE MANPOWER SHORTAGE WE WILL BE UNABLE TO ANSWER ANY CRIES FOR HELP.
CRESCENT BEACH IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.
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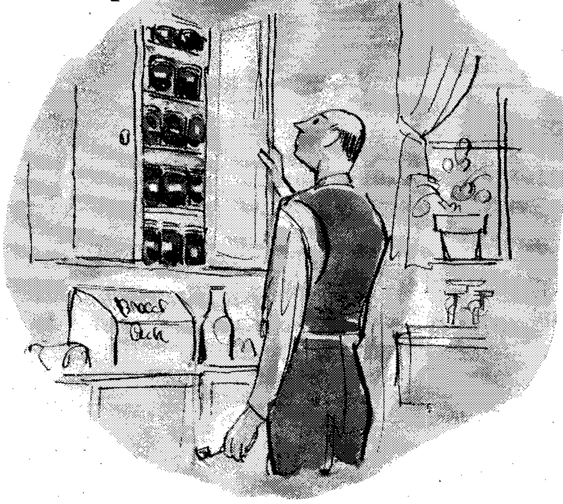

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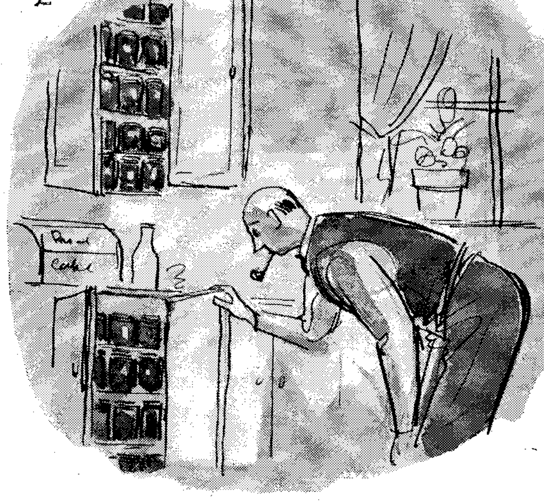

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travel all over the world," she told him.

"Bully!" he exclaimed. "So is mine."

Hildy looked over her shoulder and then at the middle-aged woman who was with her before she continued. "My desire is to see the giraffes and the leopards and the shining peacocks." She backed away from the trainman as she added in a whisper, "I may see them on my way to Bridgewater."

"Indeed you may!" he cried. "And when you come back, tell me about them."

The girl relaxed. Her eyes became steady and she murmured something so low that Augusta could not catch the words. But the trainman, gallantly inclining his head, heard.

"Of course you wouldn't be afraid of them," he answered. "I can tell that from looking at you."

The companion sighed gratefully. "See, Hildy," she said. "We aren't afraid of anything."

Then the trainman sighted Augusta hovering nearby. He included her in his smile and drew her into his group. "Here's another passenger taking your train."

In a low, worried aside to Augusta, the companion said, "If I can only get her a seat. Thirteen, but she can squall like an infant in arms if she's upset."

Poor little thing, I'd have guessed her to be older, Augusta thought. And she remembered Eddie at thirteen, bright and alert and earning money after school.

The trainman looked at his watch. "In exactly five and one-half minutes it'll be along," he told Augusta. "Then you won't have to wait any longer."

His mannerly voice soothed her, just as it had the little girl. Suddenly Augusta knew just what she wanted to do. "I'll set my watch by yours!" she exclaimed, and snatched off the wrapping paper and opened the ivory-colored box.

Just winding Eddie's watch made her feel as though he were near her. But she was not finished. She held it up. "Do you think it's all right?" she asked the trainman. "I mean, for a man, my son. He's only eighteen, but he's with the Army in Italy."

The trainman studiously examined the watch. Even the girl and her companion were interested in it.

"He'll be proud of it," the trainman said. "Handsome and valuable. I'd enjoy one just like it myself."

"Not too dainty? Not too flimsy?" Augusta asked, transported.

"This is a timepiece," the trainman answered solemnly, "that he will wear all his life."

It was just what she wanted him to say. He couldn't have phrased it better. Now she had no more questions for him. She closed the box and put the wrapping paper around it. Her eyes did not follow him as he moved to other passengers on the platform.

THE trainman came back to shepherd them onto the local. The car was crowded. Hildy showed alarm at her surroundings and clung so tightly to her companion's arm that the two had to move crabwise up the aisle. Augusta took charge. She had to push a little to find a seat for the girl.

"Oh, thanks a million," the companion said, panting. She lowered her voice to add, "It'll be a relief to hand her over to the hospital. Not that I didn't do my best for as long as I nursed her."

Augusta was shocked. "No parents to go with her?" she whispered.

The companion put her lips to Augusta's ear. "Not them," she said. "Their kind would rather forget her."

The girl was shifting nervously in her seat. She gripped the arm rest and chewed her underlip. Her eyes flickered apprehensively. Now she really looked as if she might burst out screaming any minute, Augusta thought. The companion was flushed and irresolute.

Augusta leaned down to address the girl. She tried to sound as gracious as the trainman. "My little boy—"

Hildy snapped her head up. "How old?"

"Well, he was fifteen at the time I'm speaking of," Augusta said. "He was a messenger boy then. He carried messages for the telegraph company." She saw the girl's grip loosen on the arm rest. "Well, I was thinking of the afternoon a lion broke loose, a circus lion in a parade, right in the part of town his office was—oh, it was on the radio and everything. I was worried sick!" The girl's eyes were steadfast on Augusta's face. "And then, you see," Augusta continued, "Eddie didn't come home at the usual hour. Suppertime came and went and Eddie wasn't home. I was all alone. He was all I had."

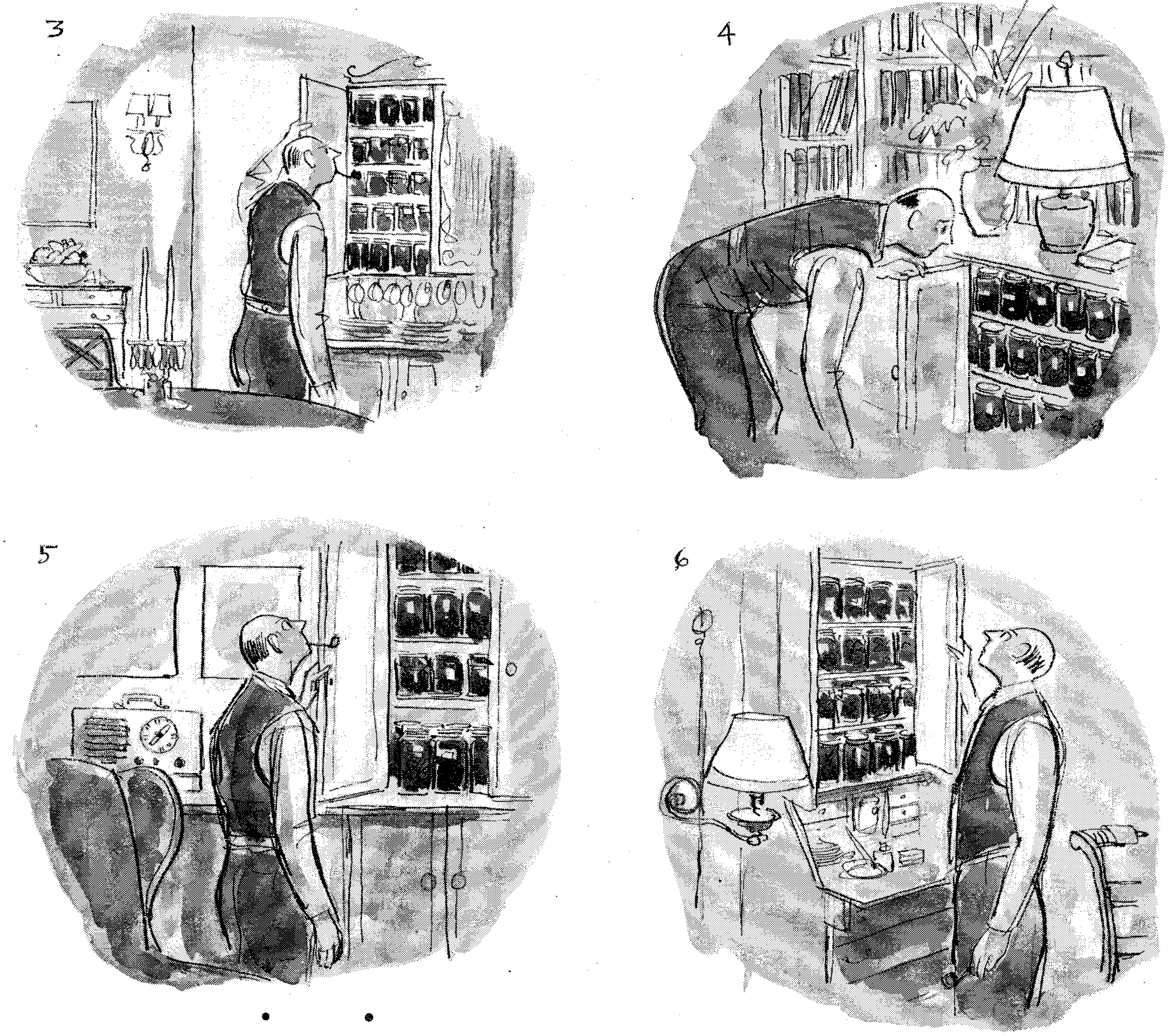
"She's an only, too," said the companion.

The train stopped. The man at the window beside Hildy hastily moved out. Augusta stood back to let the companion take his seat, but the girl, sliding toward the window, banged her hand on the cushion. "*You* sit here," she said, her eyes fixed on Augusta.

"Humor her," the companion said.

Augusta sat down and the girl said hoarsely, "The lion ate him."

"No!" Augusta exclaimed vehemently. "The lions will never eat him. I won't let them. I brought him home. I



made myself stop even thinking about it. I wouldn't let myself doubt. Why, I even turned back the clock twice, so it would seem as if it was just getting on to the hour he always came home. And he came. I brought him back, not a hair touched." In a more moderate voice, she added, "He lost his way on a long errand."

The girl looked disappointed. "If the lion didn't eat him," she said suspiciously, "why isn't he with you now?"

"He's in Italy, where there aren't any lions." Augusta paused. "Where the grapes are," she said, and hugged the thought. She saw Eddie sitting at this very moment in a vineyard, writing to her, no doubt, not knowing that his letters were not reaching her.

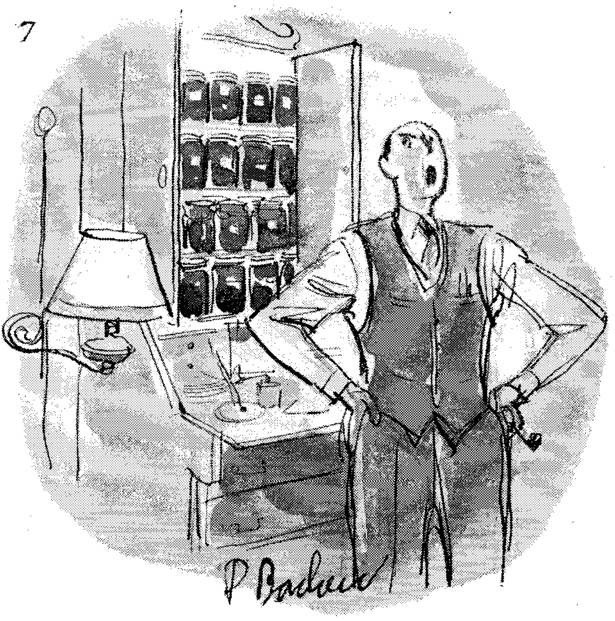
Soberly she regarded the girl. "Eddie's coming back," she said. "I know it just as I know I'm sitting here. Even though it's been five months since I've heard," she said, at last making the confession that she had guarded from everyone else.

"Coming back? On this train?" Hildy asked.

"On this train." Augusta nodded. "He'll stand talking to that nice trainman first. He'll show the trainman his wristwatch."

Oh, she felt wonderfully relieved now. She would sleep nights now. She would not tremble, expecting too much when the postman came. And although the girl had said nothing, Augusta spoke as though she were answering a question. "It doesn't mean a thing," she said softly. "Nothing counts unless you hear from the War Department."

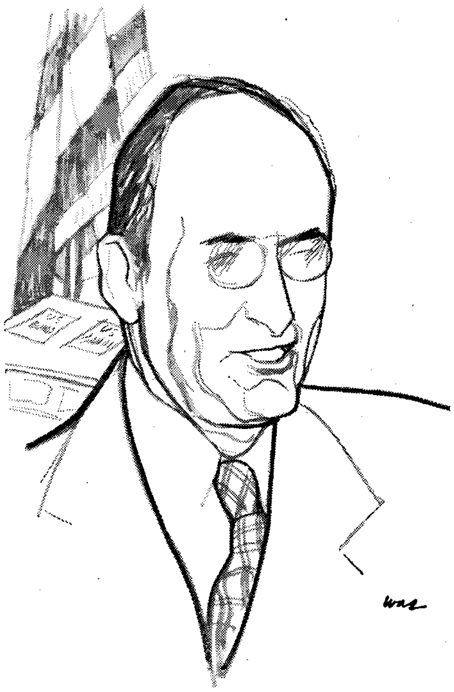
—LEANE ZUGSMITH



"Hey, Mabel, where did you put my rye?"

PROFILES

ANY BONDS TODAY?—I



Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

DURING his ten years as the fifty-second Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., has raised more money in taxes than all the previous Secretaries of the Treasury put together. To be precise, the pre-Morgenthau Secretaries, starting with Alexander Hamilton in 1789, the year the Treasury Department was organized, raised $93,155,000,000; Morgenthau's tax receipts between January 1, 1934, and December 31, 1943, came to $93,728,000,000. All United States currency issued since 1936 bears Morgenthau's signature; altogether this amounts to forty billion dollars. No previous Secretary has embellished more than a fraction of this sum. Finally, Morgenthau has sold over thirty billion dollars' worth of government bonds, which means that he has borrowed more money than any other man in the history of the world. For all this, finance is not Morgenthau's favorite subject, and he has surprised a good many of his government colleagues by finding a number of things to do in the line of duty which bear only an oblique relationship to the conduct of monetary affairs. The responsibilities of the Treasury Department include the formulation of the federal tax policy and the proposal of tax programs to Congress; the collecting of internal revenue, such as income taxes; the borrowing of money for the government through bond issues and the redemption of these loans; the minting of coins by the Bureau of the Mint; the safeguarding of a gold reserve of approximately sixteen billion dollars at Fort Knox and a silver reserve of some two billion at West Point; the production, by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, of paper money, government bonds, and postage and revenue stamps; the purchase of government supplies; and the operation of six Treasury law-enforcement units—the Bureau of Customs, the Narcotics Bureau, the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the Secret Service, the Intelligence Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue (which goes after willful income-tax evaders), and, in times of peace, the Coast Guard. Morgenthau's predecessors in the previous administration, Andrew Mellon and Ogden Mills, did nothing to discourage their subordinates from minting money, engraving and printing stamps, and so on, but they were mostly interested in taxation and in the floating of federal loans. They maintained a close and amicable connection with Wall Street, kept bankers' hours, served on a number of corporation directorates, did not worry much about the common man, and, as yacht owners, would seem to have violated Title Five, Paragraph 243 of the United States Code, under which a three-thousand-dollar fine and removal from office are in store for a Secretary of the Treasury who owns "any sea vessel." Morgenthau is listed in the Washington *Social Register* as a member of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club and the Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia, but he has never owned a yacht. He is an ex-officio honorary member of these organizations and has never visited either of them. He spends quite a lot of time worrying about the common man, does not serve on any directorates, gets to his office by eight-thirty and leaves late, maintains a comparatively detached but on the whole hostile connection with Wall Street, and although he has acquired a number of financial theories of his own—including a firm opposition to the sales tax, a strong liking for low interest rates, and a feeling that the hard-pressed rich are still too rich—he is not passionately concerned with the details of such matters, which he is inclined to leave to more money-minded associates. The Secretary has not ducked the financial responsibilities of his office, however; final decisions on the pricing of government bonds are invariably his, and under his direction the Treasury has built up enormous research departments concerned with gathering statistics on the distribution of national income.

Morgenthau became Acting Secretary of the Treasury in November, 1933, when William H. Woodin, his immediate predecessor, was taken desperately ill after a few months in office, and he became Secretary some weeks later, after Woodin died. His early days in office were filled with financial strain. Since then, he has had three successive professional preoccupations that have not been primarily fiscal. During much of his first four or five years, he relieved the tedium of office by functioning as a policeman, a rôle which so fascinates him that he frequently assumes it over the telephone in order to play practical jokes on friends. He helped to organize the Alcohol Tax Unit to combat the post-repeal bootlegging of liquor, and he set in motion and directed a coordination of the Treasury's law-enforcement agencies, which had overlapped wastefully and inefficiently. He exhibited a stern and energetic interest in the apprehension of Chinese and Japanese opium smugglers on the West Coast and in the bringing to trial, on income-tax charges, of Waxey Gordon, Dutch Schultz, Nocky Johnson, Tom Pendergast, and Moe Annenberg. "We went after the big shots, using wire-tapping and informers extensively," he has said. "I love to be a policeman. Those days were quite exciting. There wasn't so much finance to worry about."

Morgenthau, who is an early-to-bed, early-to-rise Secretary of the Treasury, used to take home the latest reports of the exploits of the Intelligence Unit's detectives so that he could begin reading them at five in the morning, his usual waking hour. His routine has sometimes given pause to those near him. Several summers ago, he arrived late one afternoon for a few days' visit with some friends on Martha's Vineyard. At nine the next morning, his host walked into his bedroom, where the Secretary was reading a detective story in bed, and offered to show him a nearby fishing village. "Thanks, I've already seen it," said Morgenthau, who had got up at five, walked around for a couple of hours, and gone back to bed.

Morgenthau's second Secretarial preoccupation brought him nearer to finance but not painfully near. Like Roosevelt, he was an early believer in the inevitability of American participation in the war. He was a violent and articulate opponent of our prewar policy of selling scrap iron and gasoline to Japan, and in 1939, with the President's encouragement, he set up in the Treasury an organization called the Liaison Committee, which enabled Germany's opponents to make contracts with American firms for airplanes and munitions. The Liaison Committee got General Chennault, in China, his first hundred planes, and it initiated and expedited a modest, pioneering flow of war materials to England, France, Greece, and the Netherlands. Harry Woodring, then the Secretary of War, was pacifistic, and Morgenthau took over functions which logically belonged to the War Department. Morgenthau is ordinarily a shy and often gentle man, polite and reserved, but he has been unbendingly impatient with pacifists for nearly a decade and he is still volubly indignant at what he considers Woodring's myopia. Recently, asked whether he didn't rather pointedly by-pass the Secretary of War, he said, "I went over him and under him and around him." Early in 1941, the lend-lease organization was set up under Harry Hopkins, and this took over the Liaison Committee's purchasing activities. Up to then, Morgenthau's group had handled some two thousand Allied requests, mostly French, British, and Dutch. Morgenthau regards his facilitation of Allied purchasing as the most useful thing he has ever done, and he takes considerable pleasure in a cable from Chiang Kai-shek, which begins:

> I have just received a telegram from Dr. T. V. Soong that your untiring efforts to obtain the much needed airplanes for the defense of our cities and of the Burma Road have proved successful. My appreciation is all the greater as I realize the tremendous pressure from all countries for the release of airplanes, the production of which is still so limited.

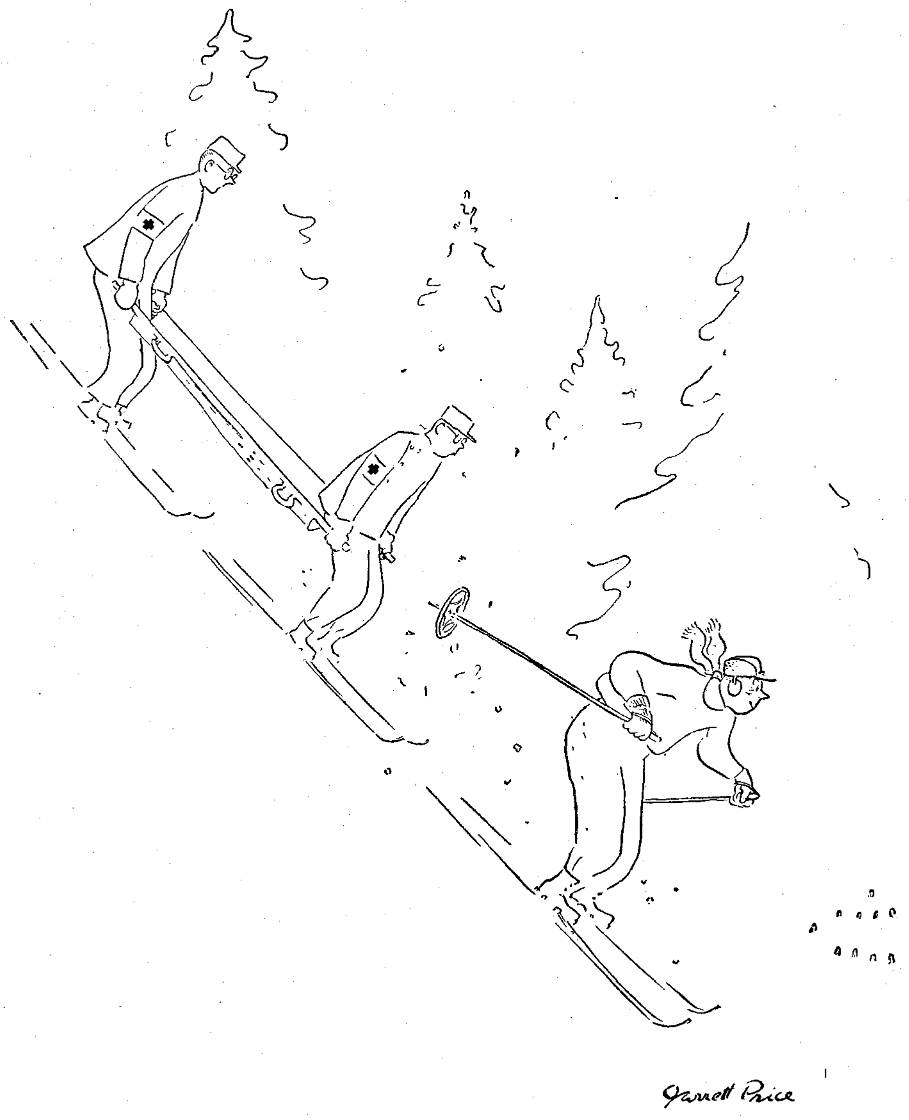
He is also proud of a cable he received in the fall of 1940 from Lord Beaverbrook, then British Minister for Aircraft Production:

> It is with gratitude for your understanding of our problems in the past and with confidence in your good will for the future that the Aircraft Ministry gives its pledge to pilots of a flow of aeroplanes sufficient to carry them through battle to victory. This pledge is only possible owing to help we derive from you. We cannot publicly acknowledge your assistance, but we hope the day will come when you will visit us and receive from our lads the thanks we owe you.

Morgenthau visited England two years later and was extensively entertained and shown around by Churchill. He lunched at Buckingham Palace and, as a successful apple-grower, got into a long discussion of apples with Queen Elizabeth, who later sent him a generous assortment of the best British apples.

THE Secretary of the Treasury misses the direct contact with the war which he used to enjoy in pre-lend-lease days. However, his third and current preoccupation is with the sale of War Bonds, and he regards this activity, too, as most important to the prosecution of the war. He takes a reasonable interest in the money-raising possibilities of bond-selling campaigns, since he realizes that they help finance the war and combat inflation, but he has come to the conclusion that their chief value is that they make people conscious of the war, a fact which interests him a great deal more. Morgenthau's passion for selling War Bonds and his belief that they constitute a barometer of the civilian war effort have jockeyed him into a position in which his attitude toward at least one recurring phenomenon of the past several months has been almost identical with that of the 1,375 members of the New York Stock Exchange, a group with which he has shared few other reactions. Whenever

"Foe!"



false peace rumors assume really ugly proportions and large numbers of people get the idea that the war in Europe is nearly over, a wave of professional despair comes over him, as though he were a partner in a brokerage house. If the Secretary's spirits were charted, they would probably show fluctuations coinciding with those of the common-stock listings of United States Steel, Lockheed, and General Motors. History has not always played ball with the Secretary in his rôle of salesman. On September 8th, the day before the three-week Third War Loan drive was to open, Badoglio's surrender was made public. Morgenthau welcomed the collapse of Italian resistance, but he felt that its timing was unfortunate. "People thought that the war was over," he has observed plaintively. "One of our state chairmen telephoned that he supposed there was no need for the drive now. We had to spend the first week selling people the war and the next two weeks selling them bonds."

Through something called the Advertising War Council, the Treasury has on call a large staff of volunteer advertising writers to assist in the preparation of War Bond advertisements. As the Third War Loan drive got under way, Morgenthau issued instructions that what they wrote should stress the fact that the war wasn't over. The effect of this was not immediate, however, and, during the first few days of the drive, the Secretary became so alarmed at the effect the prevalent over-optimism was having on bond buying and the home-front war effort that he got in touch with General Marshall, a man with whom he frequently lunches, and asked him for help in persuading the public that the rest of the Italian campaign was going to be no picnic. After thinking the problem over briefly, Marshall handed Morgenthau a cable from General Eisenhower listing the matériel expended in Sicily and told the Secretary that he might use these facts, which had not been released to the press. A day or two later, Morgenthau broadcast them in a speech, which was later given prominence on the front page of nearly every paper in the country. In the Sicilian campaign, he pointed out, the Allies had used up matériel amounting to as much as fifty-four per cent of such items as carriages for 37-millimetre guns. His talk caused a certain amount of adverse criticism in the War Department, but Morgenthau is sure that it helped the bond drive and in general encouraged civilians to buckle down to work again. A good many people in Washington feel that it was also useful in helping break down the Army's reluctance to release information of an unrosy nature.

Morgenthau's pleasure over this news scoop was augmented, a few days later, when he arranged to have Stalin send him a message wishing success to the Third Bond Drive and thanking the American people for their aid to Russia. "I really got the idea from Larry Bell of Bell Aircraft," Morgenthau says. "Half of his production goes to Russia, you know. He had written Stalin he wanted to send some mechanics over there and had sent him an oil painting of a Bell Airacobra. This drew an invitation to send the men over. I thought, why shouldn't I try? If I could get Stalin to send his blessing, it'd be very nice." Morgenthau was too busy to send Stalin an oil of a War Bond, so he just called up the Soviet Ambassador, Andrei Gromyko, and explained how nice it would be if Stalin were to send the Secretary a suitable message. Four days later it came.

Stalin's tribute pepped up Morgenthau immensely, but a couple of months later, early in November, another batch of false peace rumors caused the Secretary's spirits and the stock market to drop several points. Morgenthau had just returned from a twenty-day visit to North Africa and Italy. He had seen no reason for optimism about the imminence of peace. "I have come back rather pessimistic," he told a friend. "This peace talk is hurting us terribly." Morgenthau made his trip just after the Treasury's proposal of a ten-and-a-half-billion-dollar boost in federal taxes had met with a cool reception in the House, and his critics suspect that he may have regarded a sojourn at the front as less hazardous than a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee. According to the Secretary, he simply wanted to get a first-hand view of the war and some idea of what the soldiers were thinking. "My only interest in life is to win the war," he says, "so I spend a lot of time trying to learn about the war. I just want to beat those bastards."

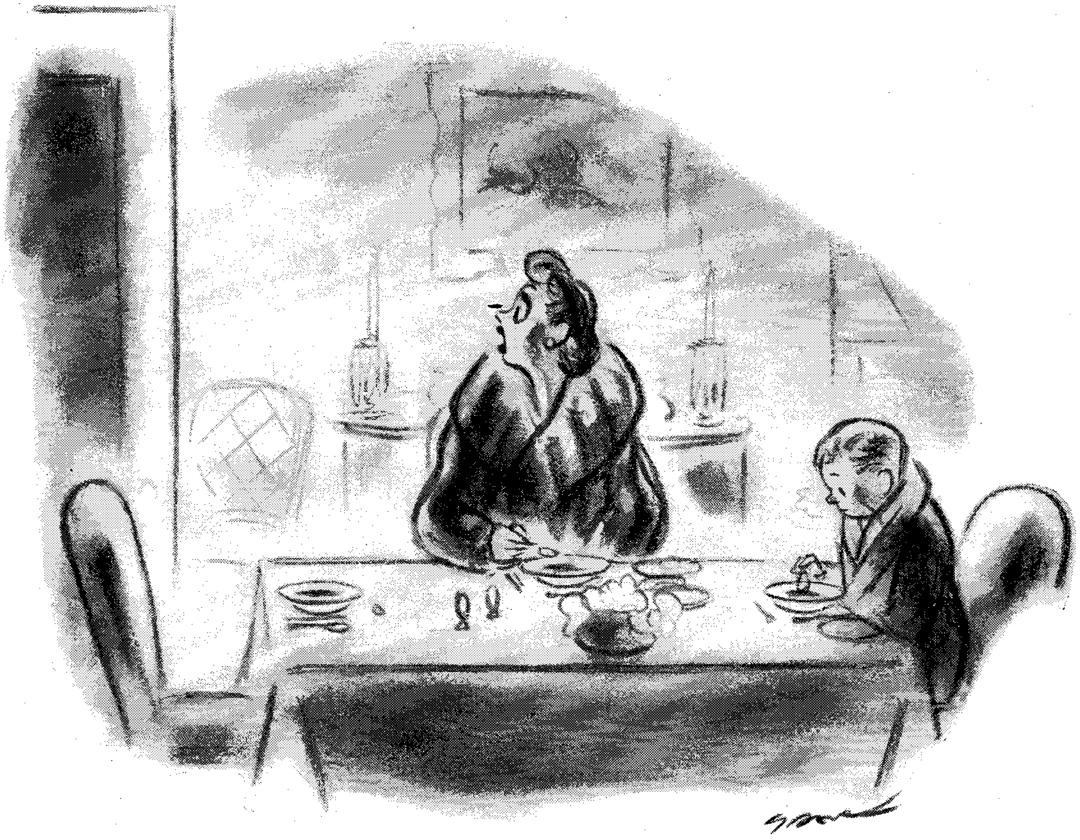
Morgenthau kept thinking about War Bonds all the time he was at the front. Wherever he went, he asked his guides, among them General Mark Clark and General Everett S. Hughes, Eisenhower's deputy commander in the North African theatre, to give him wrecked German tanks, guns, and other equipment to auction off during the Fourth War Loan drive, which began last Tuesday. He often angled rather artfully for these favors. Spotting a large, unwieldy tank on the beach at Salerno, for instance, he needled his military companions by saying, "Can you *really* get a tank like that off the beach and send it to me?" "General Clark and the others thought it amusing—the Secretary of the Treasury behaving like a kind of curio junk dealer," Morgenthau has said. As things turned out, Morgenthau was too successful a junk dealer for his own good. When the tanks and equipment earmarked for the Fourth War Loan drive arrived in this country, they proved to be so interesting that Army Ordnance sent them to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds for investigation and the Secretary was obliged to give up his idea.

During his trip abroad, Morgenthau tried to find out what the fighting forces thought of the Third War Loan, which had just ended. The men's replies filled him with gloom. "The shocking truth is that they knew nothing of the Third War Loan," he said on his return. "We had dedicated the fourth week to Mark Clark and the Fifth Army. He never knew it until I told him, a month later. He said he would have sent us a message if he had known." To avoid a repetition of this situation, the Treasury has broadcast some Fourth War Loan radio shows to our expeditionary forces by short wave. According to the Treasury people, the purpose of these broadcasts is not so much to sell bonds to combatants as it is to make them realize that the public is backing them by buying bonds, and thus to neutralize their indignation over the activities of John L. Lewis, their chief home-front topic of conversation when Morgenthau saw them.

Morgenthau has no objection to selling bonds to the armed forces overseas, but he regards this operation as an Army-morale project rather than as a Treasury one. While in Italy, he announced that he was going to have one of his top salesmen get busy and sell bonds to American soldiers abroad. This statement received considerable publicity over here, and, since the Treasury Department has frequently stated that its chief object in selling War Bonds is to bring the war home to the purchasers, Morgenthau's announcement occasioned a certain amount of astonishment. As it happened, overseas military authorities had put Morgenthau up to it. Experience had shown them that the less cash the average American soldier has, the less friction there is between us and our Allies, whose servicemen are considerably poorer than ours. The desirability of having American soldiers invest their surplus money in War Bonds, or, for that matter, in sound common stocks, is especially great in England, where American privates spend comparatively huge sums on a single day's leave, winning the affections of English girls and the resentment of the rest of the population.

DESPITE Morgenthau's new interest in selling War Bonds to overseas servicemen, his War Bond philosophy has not changed in the past two years. He has defined the purpose of the loans as fifty per cent to make people conscious of the war, twenty-five per cent to raise money needed for war financing, and twenty-five per cent to take inflationary money out of people's pockets. An important by-product, in his opinion, is the cushion of savings created by buying War Bonds. This should help a great many people through what may be financially an extremely difficult transitional period after the war. The Secretary, who is a man of means and not a disbeliever in private property, hopes that the establishment of quantities of modest portfolios of government bonds will help create a class of small, patriotic capitalists. "When I started a drive to sell government bonds in 1935," he says, "I had in mind the *rentier* class in France. I thought that five million holders of government bonds would be a wonderful thing. We gradually went from that idea to the idea of Defense Bonds, and after Pearl Harbor to this idea, which is the war, and I mean the war."

Of the more than thirty billion dollars' worth of bonds disposed of by Morgenthau's department in the past ten years, only two and a half billions' worth have been redeemed. Morgenthau has successfully fought efforts of various economists and politicians to



"Derwent! Come eat your soup before it freezes!"

BALLAD OF CITATIONS

King George VI has knighted Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark and Maj. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith . . . and has awarded the order of Companion of the Bath to Lt. Gen. George S. Patton.—*The World-Telegram.*

"Hark, hark,"
Said General Clark,
"Sir Mark is what I hight me."
Said General Smith
To his kin and kith,
"The king was kind to knight me."
Then up rose General Patton,
Who follows the iron path,
And "Fellows," he cried, "it's plain to see
You haven't heard how they've honored *me.*
For I'm Lt. General P.,
Companion of the Bath!

"My voice may boom like a thunderclap,
I'm tougher than Japs or Proosians,
But England claims I'm the proper chap
To help with the royal ablutions—
To turn the tap and measure the tub
And fetch the brush for the royal scrub
And see the floor has a mat on.
It isn't so much in the way of pelf,
And it's not the thing that I'd choose myself,
But—hand me those bath salts off the shelf,"
Said General George S. Patton.

"Whoever I'm with,"
Spake General Smith,
"They really must call me Sir now."
Yawned General Clark,
"When I stroll in the park,
I cause a terrible stir now."
But General (Three-star) Patton,
He turned from his guns to growl,
"Would either of you have the wit to cope
With the kingly sponge and the kingly soap
(The lavender or the heliotrope)?
Could you marshal the kingly towel?

"The enemy fears my baleful eye,
The foe abhors my power,
But Albion asks that I stand by
When a monarch's in his shower.
Yes, I'm the man by the realm marked down
To handle the royal dressing gown.
And this you can go to bat on—
Whenever I hear that bathroom bell,
I'll do my job and I'll do it well.
Though war, you'll have to admit, is h--l,"
Said General George S. Patton.

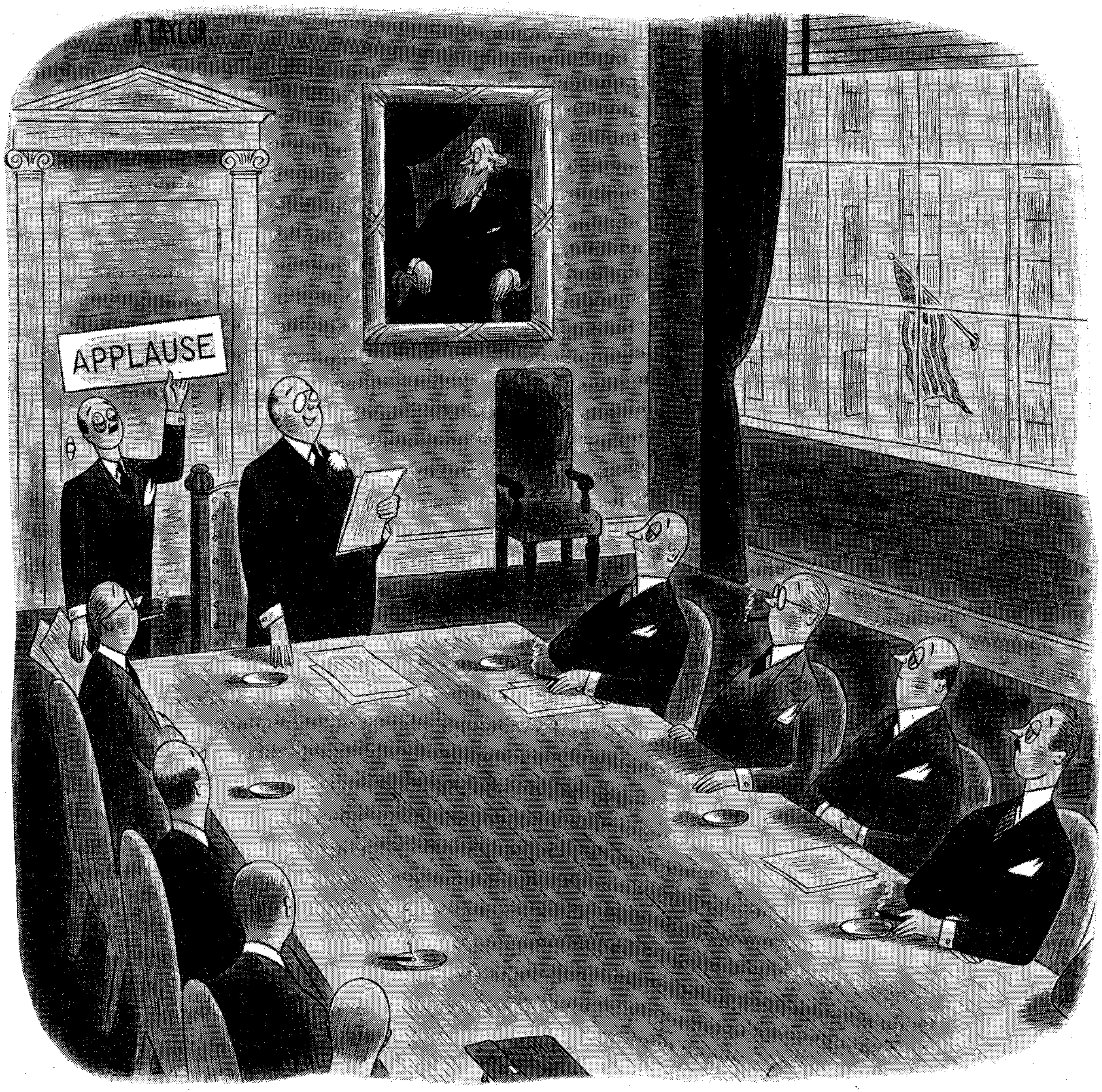
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •

make the buying of War Bonds compulsory. He thinks the fact that purchases are voluntary is a fine thing psychologically, although he realizes that pressures of one sort or another, especially "payroll savings deductions," often tend to make commitments practically obligatory. Moreover, putting War Bonds on a compulsory basis would deprive the Secretary of participation in a great deal of ballyhoo which he finds extremely stimulating. He likes to sell bonds himself, and he takes occasional swings around the country, making speeches before groups of factory workers. He is not a fluent orator, but he is game. A disgruntled workman buys fewer bonds than a happy one, and on his trips Morgenthau, who likes to poke around, is quick to notice anything that bothers his prospects. In one shipyard, where sales were slow, he saw that fourteen vessels, built on a twenty-four-hour-a-day schedule, had been allowed to lie, undelivered, in their berths. He suggested to the Navy that ships be removed as soon as they were finished, and sales improved.

Bond drives find Morgenthau enthusiastic and full of ideas for using radio stars, movie stars, musical talent, slogans, and exhilarating features in general. He has, for example, had a hand in the signing up of Toscanini for war-loan radio concerts and he frequently makes suggestions for radio shows, which have involved such talent as Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Bob Burns, Kay Kyser, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and Irving Berlin, who composed "Any Bonds Today?," the theme song used on War Bond broadcasts. Morgenthau comes of a rich business family, and the Treasury has, in a way, given him his only entrée to bohemia. He has enjoyed the experience. People meeting him for the first time often come away with the surprised impression that they have been talking to some whirlwind Broadway impresario. The possibility of this sort of confusion also exists on the lower levels of the Treasury Department. For a while, for instance, Morgenthau had on his payroll a Princeton musicologist, whose concern was the quality of the music on War Bond radio programs. Introduced at Washington cocktail parties as a new key man in the Treasury, this fellow would just shake his head morosely when he was asked his opinion about the tax program. It is a situation Andrew Mellon never would have grasped, or Alexander Hamilton either, probably.

The Secretary's chief assistants in the planning of War Bond sales are two brisk young men known in the Treasury Department as Fred and Ted—Fred Smith, an advertising man who used to be associated with Young & Rubicam; and Theodore Gamble, the owner of five movie theatres in Oregon and a former president of the Portland Rose Festival Association. Smith and Gamble, who have the title of Assistants to the Secretary, impart an up-to-date note to the Treasury's main building, a structure characterized by long, marble-tiled corridors, white-shuttered swinging doors, and old-fashioned gilt pilasters. They are given to such remarks as "I don't say that just off the cuff," "Is he just concerned with attitude stuff or would he understand this other angle?," and "I've told you some of the shredded-



". . . and so, gentlemen, I have to report that, despite the not inconsiderable complications and burdens presented by the war, the income of the North American Broadcasting Company showed a net increase of two per cent."

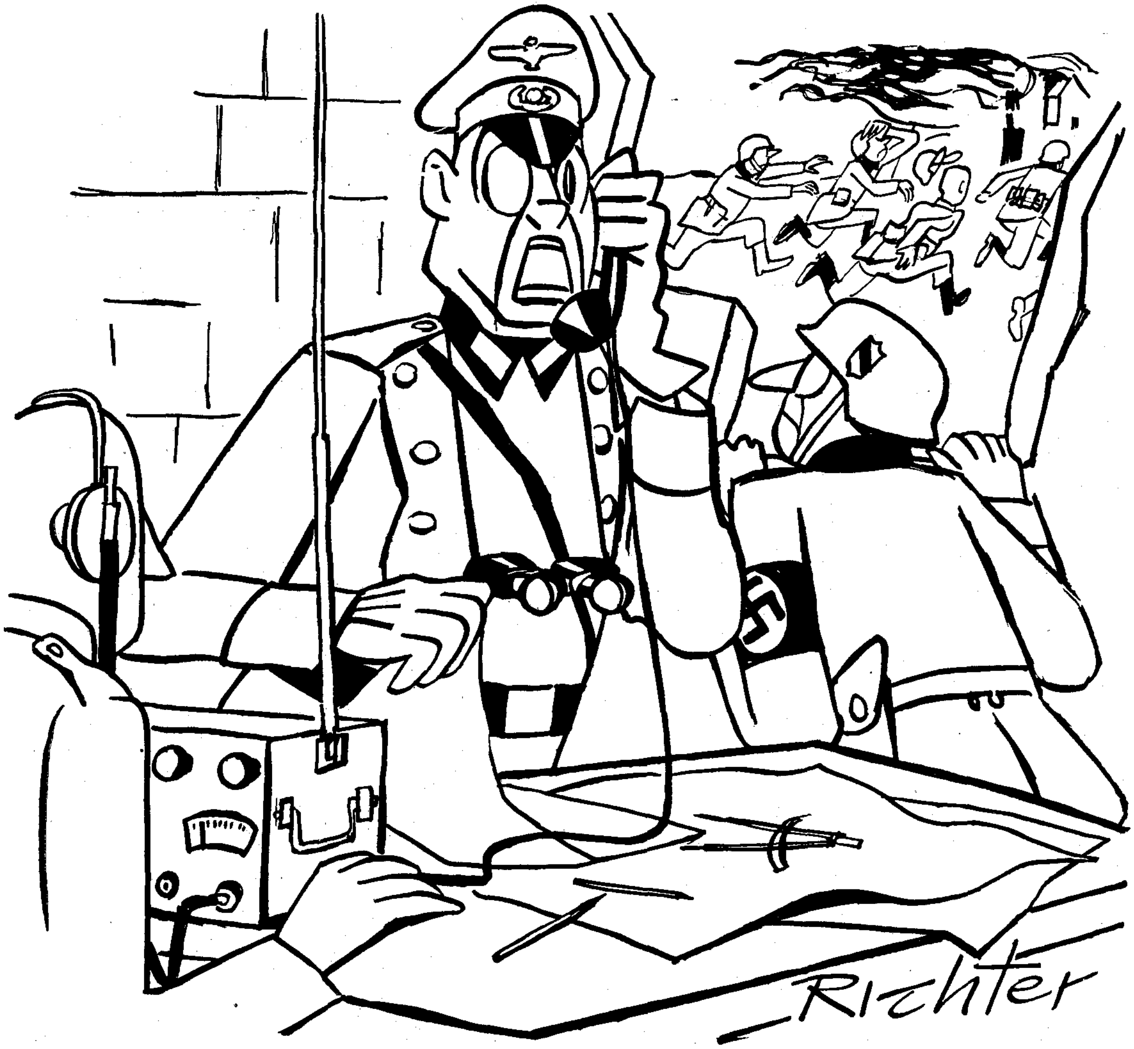
wheat part of it; now we come to the fascinating part." When Morgenthau hears such jargon, he feels that he is in good hands, and he probably is. In planning a bond drive, Morgenthau, Smith, and Gamble generally discuss such problems as whether the advertising, which is paid for by commercial sponsors, should have a solely patriotic viewpoint, what its tone should be, and whether it should touch on the dangers of inflation. They usually decide to use the term "inflation" sparingly, on the theory that a true comprehension of its meaning could create an inflationary state of mind. War Bond advertising, some of which has slipped into print without the Secretary's approval, often takes the sort of liberty with accuracy that is characteristic of advertising aimed at mass markets. Much of it has declared or intimated that the purchase of bonds will shorten the war, that the armed forces can get the necessary equipment only if people buy enough bonds, and that a man who goes without a new overcoat in order to buy a hundred-dollar bond "will know that in doing so he's taking part in the invasion," none of which is, of course, precisely the case. In addition to producing ads, the Treasury distributes quantities of canned speeches. "It is 'Doing Without' that carries prestige today," a Third War Loan release of "Suggested Material for Speech for Women's War Finance Chairman" reads. "It is not only smart to be thrifty. It's smart to be shabby." By this criterion, Morgenthau, though no fop, is far from smart. He is given to wearing well-cut dark-blue suits and his trousers are not shiny. He has a lot of bright foulard ties and the cuffs of his shirts are never ragged. Furthermore, to his extreme annoyance, he does not own a single War Bond or Stamp. The United States Code not only says that the Secretary of the Treasury may not own a sea vessel but it prohibits him from owning any government securities. Morgenthau has asked Congress to have this law repealed and he has had several legal opinions on it, including that of Randolph Paul, General Counsel to the Treasury Department. The unanimous theory is that neither he nor his wife can legally buy government bonds.

The Treasury's deference to popular psychology, or what it thinks is popular psychology, is reflected not only in the simplification of its War Bond literature but in the determinedly corny flavor of some of its radio and movie propaganda. The Secretary, whose taste is neither vulgar nor rarefied, does not believe in carrying things too far, and he suffers frequent internal conflicts between what he considers the dignity of the Treasury and a desire to provide the kind of entertainment that will make people as fond of War Bonds as they are of Coca-Cola or Lucky Strikes. In the summer of 1941, when the Treasury, essaying its first major radio bond-selling program, put on a show garnished with Hollywood talent and produced by Howard Dietz and William Murray, Morgenthau kept worrying about the propriety of certain songs and dialogue. Finally, still worried, he went off to Canada for a brief vacation. "We thought we'd have a little peace," a Treasury associate said, "but we for-got he had a radio. We put on a Gay Nineties show with some barroom ballads. The Sec was listening to it in his goddam canoe. He sent us a telegram which read, 'Last night's Treasury Hour reached a new low. I am counting on you to keep program from descending to vaudeville level.' " Morgenthau was in the wilderness and he had to dispatch a guide to send the message. He followed it up himself after several irritated portages in the direction of the nearest telephone.

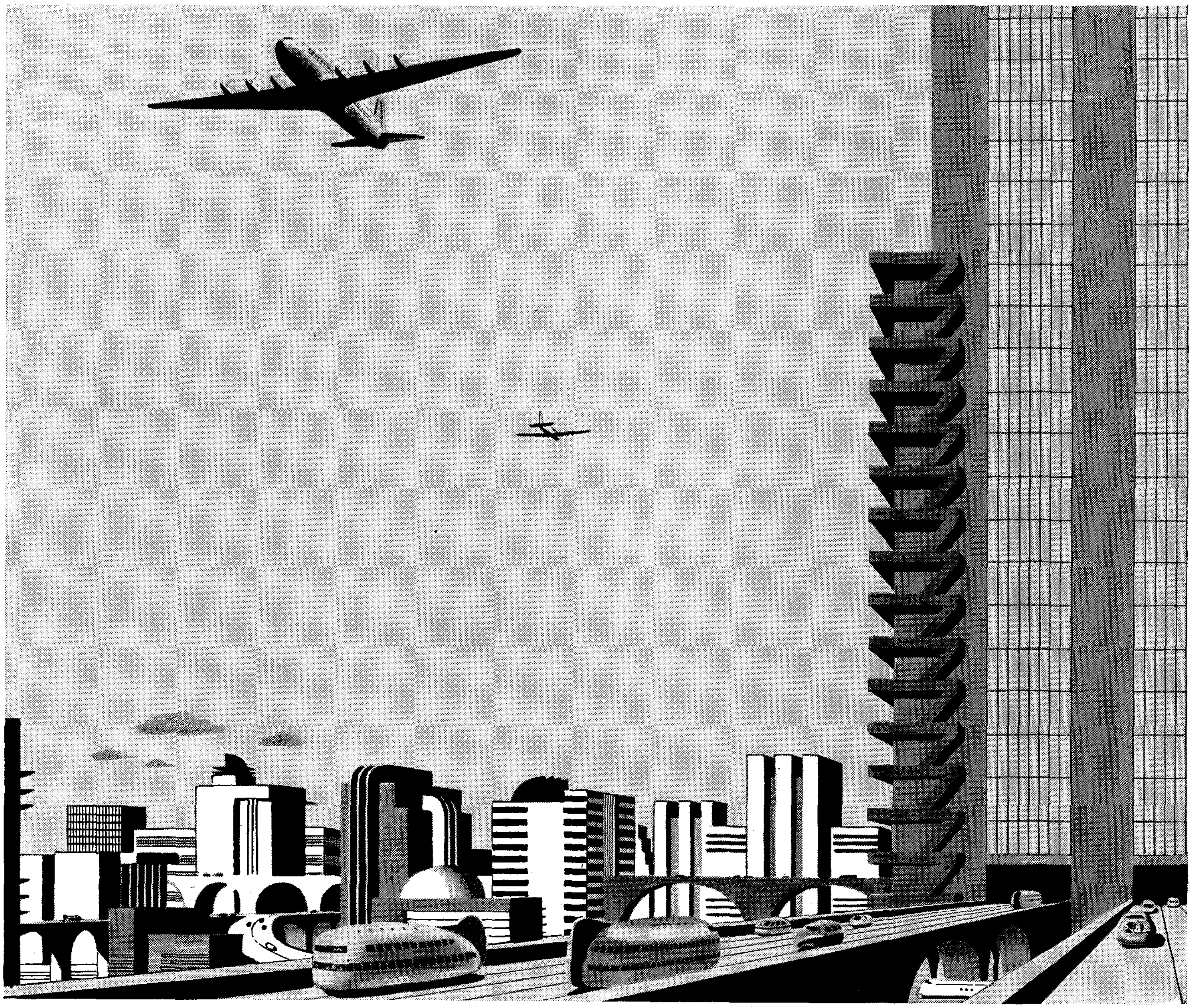
The Secretary is a man quick to anger, quick to forgive, and quick to remorse. "Why isn't there someone to look after me?" he sometimes says pettishly at a staff meeting when he feels that a subordinate hasn't supplied him with the information he needs. When he is really miffed, he shakes his head reproachfully. Once in a while he jumps from his chair, paces up and down the room, bullies a colleague rather severely, and then bites his lips. A few hours after such displays, he usually stops in at the office of the object of his annoyance and tells him, in an embarrassed way, that he appreciates the fine work the man is doing.

ACCORDING to his friends, Morgenthau's occasional harshness is the reverse side of an unusually shy and sensitive nature. The Secretary is a tall, bald man with a stately air, a high, magisterial forehead, and a distinct fear of meeting people. He is grave with strangers and merry with friends, eager to be popular but handicapped by a sort of Herbert Hoover awkwardness, fond of ridiculous fun and practical jokes, an excellent administrator but inept at his own public relations, effervescent, volatile, modest, stubborn, punctual, polite, orderly, precise, inquisitive, physically fearless, politically apprehensive, and completely honest; a continuing New Dealer; a hard worker and a hard taskmaster; serious, conscientious, a natural reformer, averse to compromise, jealous of his prerogatives, somewhat inclined to judge a problem by his emotional attitude toward whoever presents it, boyishly gallant toward pretty women and unusually happily married; sobered by the war, in which his two sons are active participants, one in the Army and the other in the Navy; basically cheerful but moody and highly suspicious. He himself believes that he is realistic rather than suspicious. He enjoys prowling around the scattered quarters of the Treasury Department in Washington, and one night, after attending the theatre, he turned up at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which occupies its own building a long way from the Treasury. The guard didn't recognize him at first, but Morgenthau finally got by the man and poked around for quite a while, asking a great many questions. The next morning he ordered a number of reforms in the Bureau, including a higher rate of pay for overtime night work. On an earlier occasion, only a few days after he had become Secretary, he appeared on the top floor of the Treasury, where no other Secretary within the memory of man had trod, and found scores of girl file clerks working in an overcrowded, windowless corridor. He had the floor remodelled so that no one would have to work in a room without a window and he also had the building air-conditioned. He likes his employees to be polite as well as comfortable, and the Treasury Department is known in Washington as the only government bureau whose girl receptionists go to the trouble of personally pinning admission badges on the lapels of visitors.

Morgenthau's realistic attitude toward things sometimes misleads people. A couple of years ago, before the Pentagon Building was ready for occupancy, John J. McCloy, the Assistant Secretary of War, called Morgenthau and asked him whether the Treasury would lend some space to the rapidly expanding War Department. McCloy made an appointment for two officers to call on the Secretary and explain the problem in detail. The officers returned to McCloy and reported that the Secretary had listened to their statis-



"No, I can't send reserves! I was going to ask you to send reserves."



The Main Line Airway in the *Age of Flight*

The Main Line Airway follows the great mid-continent route — by all odds the most important path of progress in the U. S. It is the route of history . . . blazed by the earliest pioneers. And each new advance in transcontinental travel and communication — railway, highway, telegraph and air — has had its beginnings along this famous natural thoroughfare.

In the Age of Flight, progress will continue on United's Main Line Airway, for its long-standing strategic advantages will be more pronounced than ever. The direct route from coast to coast, it links many of the country's most important cities. It serves areas rich in natural resources. It reaches some of the nation's finest agricultural and stock-raising districts.

Furthermore, the Main Line Airway will become an integral segment in the round-the-world airways system of the Age of Flight. Travelers between Europe and the Orient or South Pacific will probably fly the U. S. leg of their journey on the Main Line Airway. As a result, cities all the way across this country will be in intimate touch with cities around the globe, and will have an opportunity to share in the whole composite picture of international progress.

This is another of many promises which the airplane will fulfil in the coming Age of Flight.

Coast to Coast on the Route of the Main Line Airway

1849	Covered Wagon	About 200 days
1860	Pony Express (Mail only) St. Joseph, Mo., to San Francisco	8 days
1869	First transcontinental railroad	7 days
1918	All rail	5 days
1920	Air-Rail (Mail only)	72 hours
1921	First transcontinental air mail . .	33½ hours
1927	First through passenger-mail-express air service	31¾ hours
1938	Streamlined trains . . .	2 days and 3 nights
1941	United Mainliner	16 hours
Tomorrow's	*Age of Flight* United Mainliner	11 hours

★ *Buy War Bonds and Stamps for Victory*

UNITED

AIR LINES

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

LISTEN: JANUARY 22, 1944

Margaret Arlen chats about New York clothes and food and movies and plays and celebrities, at 8:45 in the morning over WABC, New York. On December 15 she was at a Port of Embarkation. A little saddened by the sight of a limp and empty Christmas stocking, 14 feet high, hanging in the Service Club, she was further saddened by the fact that almost 1,000 soldiers and WACs at the camp were stationed there without Christmas leave, awaiting orders to go overseas. So on December 16 on her regular morning program at 8:45, she spoke of that gaping stocking. At 11 a.m. the first gift showed up at WABC. Before Christmas 4,850 presents had come in, plus $125 in cash—to overflow the 14-foot stocking, and still leave hundreds of packages for the camp hospital, the guardhouse, and a troop transport. This whole response came from the listeners to one station *alone* of the 134 stations of the CBS network.

That's how radio works.

★

The first two new short wave transmitters in the OWI's plan for expanding U. S. international broadcasting set up shop New Year's Eve on the New Jersey site formerly occupied by Columbia's WABC. Each of the 50,000-watters is beamed to all Europe; each speaks programs in English, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Serbo-Croatian, Polish, Dutch, Czech and Albanian; each keeps it up 16 hours a day and will soon stretch to 20 hours a day. One is called WOOC and one is called WOOW. Columbia's overseas operations are directed by Edmund Chester; one of their objectives is broader and softer beachheads.

★

Now take a single freight train reaching from New York Bay to San Francisco Bay and load it solid with fresh vegetables. That's the stunning product of 20 million Victory Gardens in 1943. This year the Government wants 22 million planted and now, within sight of Groundhog Day, is the time to start planning it. If your Department of Victory Garden Planning cranks up slow, tune into CBS for a half hour Saturday morning at 9:15 EWT (and earlier as you go West). The program, *The Garden Gate;* m.c. Thomas A. Williams, *The Old Dirt Dobber.* He'll inoculate you and cultivate you. For 9 years past the Dobber has conducted this program. Run in collaboration with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and the Victory Garden Institute, it's over-the-back-fence advice about how to coax the yield of our good earth out of your own ground onto your own table. The Dobber usually speaks from WLAC in Nashville; sometimes he speaks direct from an important garden show; each week, for 10 minutes, he switches to Washington, and there Chuck Worcester, who is CBS Farm Editor, introduces two experts from the Department of Agriculture, to guide you on every urgent phase of food production and preservation. Between Saturdays Tom and Chuck and the boys and girls in the U.S.D.A. answer as many as 5,000 letters a week...So whether you're a city cliff-dweller with no more than a window ledge to till, or a grass-rooter who can't see his own boundaries, better tune in now. Start planning. 20 million old Victory Gardens, plus 2 million new Victory Gardens, equals 22 million. And not a ration point in a trainload.

★

During the first two years of U. S. War, CBS broadcast 29,907 War Programs. Of these, 13,833 were sustaining—that is, their cost was volunteered and borne by the network itself; the balance—16,074 War Programs—were bought and paid for by U.S. advertisers on this particular network. For the first two years CBS War Broadcasting totaled more than 41% of the total network operating hours.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

tics on overcrowding with a fishy expression and without committing himself; their mission, they said, had undoubtedly been a failure. Two days later the Treasury notified the Secretary of War that the major portion of a downtown office building owned by the Treasury was at his disposal. "Henry had looked at our quarters in the meantime, it turned out," a friend of Morgenthau's in the War Department says. "He hadn't believed we needed the space and he hadn't trusted anyone else to look. He doesn't believe anyone or disbelieve anyone. He just knows that people are unreliable."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the first of two articles on Secretary Morgenthau.*)

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DISSATISFACTION WITH THE SOUND OF OTHER PEOPLE'S WORDS DEPT.

[*From "So Little Time," by John P. Marquand*]

...Bohemian—a word which always annoyed Jeffrey. —*Page 4.*

"Don't call me 'Pops,'" Jeffrey said. —*Page 59.*

"...I would really much rather, if you don't mind, not be called 'sweetheart.'..." —*Page 81.*

"You must have been awfully cunning." "If it's just the same to you," Jeffrey told her, "would you find another word for it?" —*Page 102.*

"Don't," Jeffrey said, "please, don't say 'cunning.'" —*Page 104.*

"She's such a homely girl." The clumsiness of that description was appalling and he wanted her to leave it there. —*Page 193.*

Jeffrey wished that Charley would not refer to his mother as "Mums." —*Page 223.*

"If you use the word 'but' that way again," Jeffrey said, "I won't be able to stand it." —*Page 275.*

And Jeffrey wished that Alf would not call the headwaiter "bud." —*Page 282.*

"Listen," he said, "don't call me 'Pops.'" —*Page 293.*

He wished that she would not use the word "pep." —*Page 310.*

He wished that she had not used the word "swell." —*Page 323.*

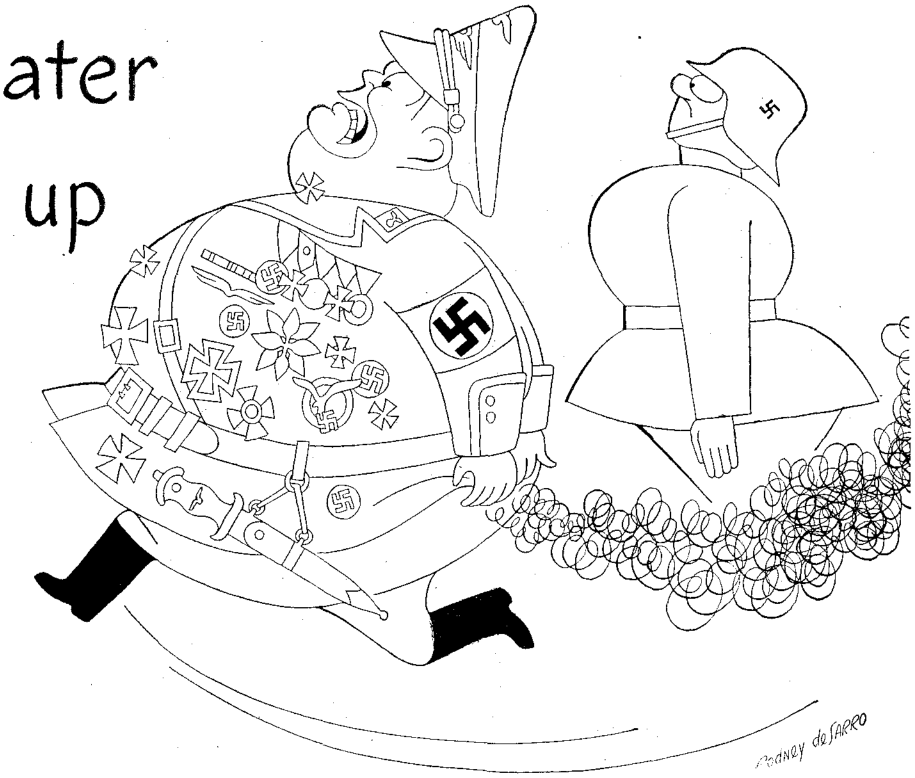
"A penny for your thoughts." The triteness of the expression hurt him. —*Page 449.*

"Suppose you try to say that some nicer way," Jeffrey said. —*Page 505.*

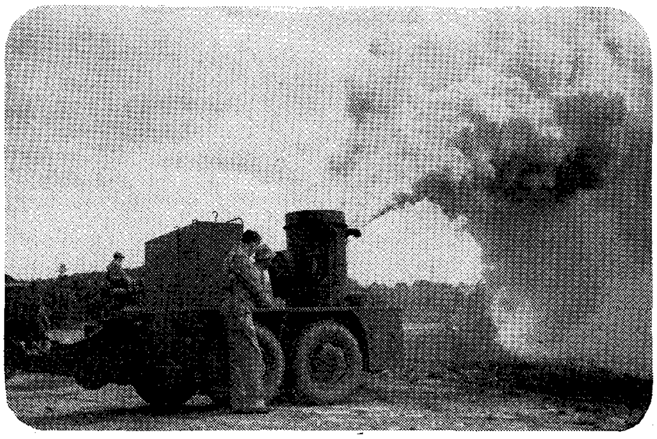
"Yes," Jeffrey said, "slap-happy," and he laughed, but the colloquialism disturbed him. He was suddenly tired of all the new words—"streamlined," "blitz," "three-point program," "blueprint." He would never have thought of calling a girl he loved "Toots." —*Page 528.*

"For God's sake," Jeffrey said, "don't call me 'poor darling.'" —*Page 581.*

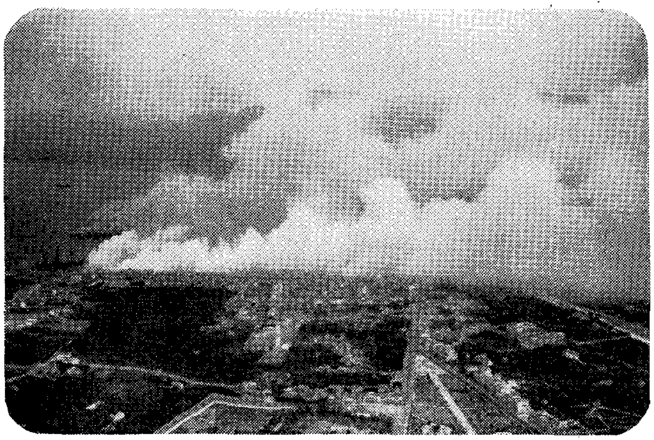
The Tent Heater that burned up Goering



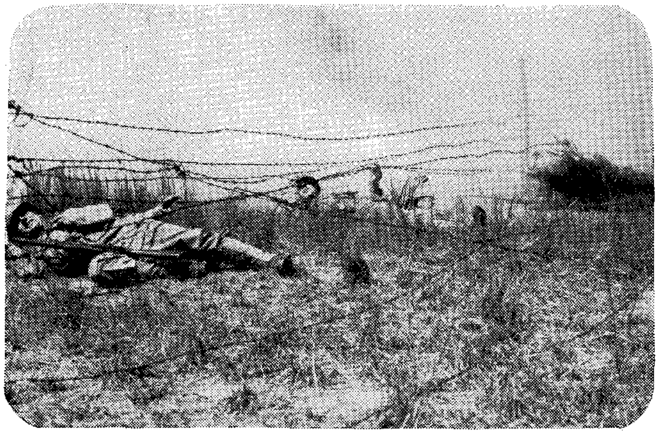
1 **One of the unpleasant surprises** that greeted Herr Goering's Luftwaffe recently was a strange new gadget that looked like a baby locomotive. It was a surprise to us at Taylor Instrument too, because we'd been told those special Taylor Thermometers we were rushing through were for a "tent heater." And guess what it turned out to be!



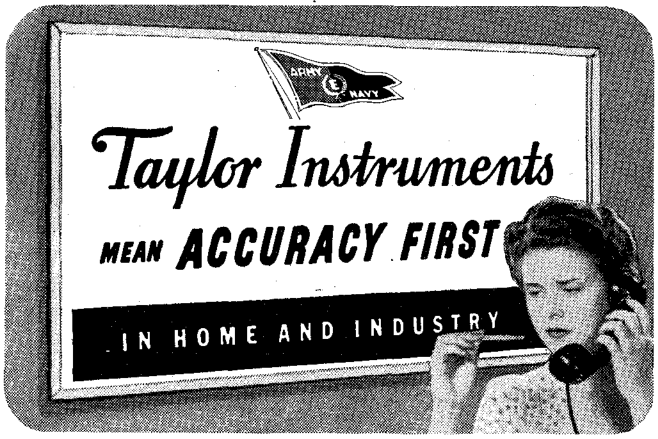
2 **A Smoke Generator!** Still tame enough sounding indeed. But in the hands of the Chemical Warfare Service it's a mighty weapon. A special liquid is mixed with steam to spread a cloak of invisibility under which our troops can go almost anywhere with a minimum of casualties.



3 **It must burn the Germans up plenty** to fight an enemy they can't see. But what particularly annoyed the Nazi Air Force was the use of smoke against their bombers. A German pilot over a North African port complained over his radio, "No use bombing that place. Too much smoke!"



4 **Smoke has already saved** thousands of American lives, and will save many more in tough spots like this. Naturally we're proud to have helped, just as we're happy to have supplied the Medical Corps with so many Taylor Fever Thermometers and blood pressure instruments.



5 **All this** means precious few Taylor *home* instruments (except fever thermometers) till the war is won. If you're in *industry* chances for new instruments are now much brighter. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N.Y., and Toronto, Canada. *P.S. How about an extra War Bond?*

THE THEATRE

EVE OF ST. MAX

JUST twenty years ago, Maxwell Anderson wrote "What Price Glory," a good, rowdy comedy about the war that ended in the Treaty of Versailles. His collaborator was Laurence Stallings, who was sufficiently pessimistic in 1933 to edit a book of photographs called "The *First* World War" and to prophesy that much bloodier pictures would come out of the next one. "What Price Glory" was tough, accurate, and funny, a sardonic tribute to the boys who had made the world safe for democracy. As such, it reflected the prevailing cynicism of the time. Last week, Mr. Anderson, still a conscientious mirror of the public mood, appeared at the Belasco with another war play called "Storm Operation," written, it seems, in vague collaboration with General Dwight Eisenhower. This one is affirmative in spirit—on bloody beachheads all over the world, by trial and error and death, Americans are learning to fight and eventually they will win the victory that must be won. Unfortunately, it is quite a bad play, not as bad perhaps as Moss Hart's "Winged Victory" with its cinema heroics, or the author's own "Eve of St. Mark" with its boozy metaphysics, but bad enough. It is discouraging to have to conclude that writers in wartime can produce nothing better than recruiting posters for the stage, or that militant patriotism, while a useful emotion in a general, is a disastrous one in a playwright, but so far the evidence points that way.

"Storm Operation" is a singular hash, composed about equally of scatological humor, democratic theory, military strategy, and love powerful enough to deflect bullets. In capsule, it is the story of the conflict between a brash American sergeant, drafted from a Pittsburgh steel mill, and a titled English liaison officer. They are both in love with the same rather intense girl, an Australian nurse, and they are in further disagreement about which shall command an American detachment fighting in the hills above Maknassy. Mr. Anderson extracts a variety of lessons from this simple theme. The English are an exasperating people, but they are brothers under the African sun and they can still teach us a lot about making war; an American soldier can easily get so democratically attached to an Arab girl that her death will paralyze his left arm; and marriage, generally speaking, is a more satisfactory state for a girl than promiscuity. All these propositions are O.K. with me, but I can't speak so politely of the play in which they are imbedded.

The humor, to take that first, is hard to discuss in a magazine that is distributed by a moral post office. For purposes of verisimilitude (to give him the benefit of a considerable doubt), Mr. Anderson has found it necessary to use a good many Anglo-Saxon monosyllables; for obvious reasons he has had to rearrange them a little, which he does by changing their initial letters. Obviously nothing is disguised by this clever trick and there is even a certain amount of emphasis gained by forcing the ear to adjust itself to a variation; it is almost as if the original had been underlined. In some scenes in "Storm Operation," practically every other word is thus derived and, while the resulting dialogue sounds authentic enough, it is certainly monotonous. A child living in my house has a vocabulary consisting almost entirely of various forms of the word "no," but she is not regarded as an interesting conversationalist and I doubt that she will wind up in a play. The rest of the humor in Mr. Anderson's sermon is a little more complicated, having to do mainly with a double-talking soldier who has a way with the natives. He was laughed at enthusiastically by the other members of the cast and more moderately by the audience, but he is a pale successor to Quirt and Flagg.

Love, however, is the principal bane of "Storm Operation." Mr. Anderson has always been a great man to punctuate dire action with tenderness, but on this occasion he has outdone himself. Practically every time the war began to get interesting to me, it was courteously suspended by both sides while the characters discussed their emotional difficulties. All these conversations were high-minded though peculiar, and they reached a climax of majestic foolishness in a scene in which the Englishman whipped out a book of common prayer (C. of E.) and sportingly married his girl to his rival. For once, the Germans were inconsiderate and this ceremony was interrupted by Stukas, but such is the grandeur of love, or possibly Mr. Anderson's devotion to theatrical hokum, that the marriage went on despite the murderous fire. Nobody got hit.

On reflection, I think that "Storm Operation" was satisfactory to me only in its purely military aspects. The Playwrights' Company, which can never be accused of neglecting its own, has given Mr. Anderson quite a production, and Howard Bay's sets—an invasion barge moored to a transport at night, a tent in the hills, an enfiladed pass—are as convincing as a newsreel, though agreeably stylized. The sounds of battle are nicely reproduced and the arguments about strategy are as detailed and knowing as if they had been written by Eisenhower himself. It is competent journalism, but there isn't enough of it.

There isn't much to say about the cast. They are actors in the awkward position of imitating people who could never exist, and I'm sure they do as well as they can. Bramwell Fletcher, superbly turned out for a desert campaign, may emphasize the irritating qualities of our British allies more than is strictly necessary and Gertrude Musgrove, as the nurse, seems to me a gay girl miscast as a moral bore. Of them all, in fact, I really admired only Myron McCormick, whose quiet honesty almost convinced me that an ex-steelworker might indeed go on like Maxwell Anderson.

VINTON FREEDLEY'S "Jackpot," at the Alvin, is the sort of musical which is best described by the submission of samples. It is the sort of musical, for instance, in which the audience is continually assisted by violently condensed and batty explanations of the

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A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
by FIELDS, RODGERS & HART
Vivienne Segal • Dick Foran
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plot by the actors. "When Winkie comes in," a comedian will mutter rapidly, "you pull the air-raid alarm and then Hank will think that Jerry was under the bed when Nancy swallowed the prize-winning lottery ticket she stole from Bill on Dexter's yacht." The book is by Guy Bolton, Sidney Sheldon, and Ben Roberts. It will drive you crazy. It is the sort of musical in which the songs, when not murdering love, are fragrant with double-entendre, generally of a homosexual nature. A soldier singing "I'm in love with my top sergeant" is probably typical. Vernon Duke and Howard Dietz are responsible for the music and the lyrics. I have admired these two very much in the past, but I wish they would cut out this kind of stuff. To increase the tempo of this report, "Jackpot" is the sort of musical in which a comedian falls into the orchestra pit, a spot is somehow contrived for a girl who can play an accordion and whistle at the same time, a funny spinster keeps chasing reluctant men, there is a big patriotic number that looks like a parody and a big parody ballet that is neither handsome nor funny, and humor reaches its dubious peak in a blackout about a dog and a soldier camouflaged as a tree. It is the sort of musical that probably cost somebody a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and even with maximum deductions for taxes I suspect that somebody has bought quite a headache.

The principals are Nanette Fabray and Allan Jones, representing romance, and Jerry Lester, Benny Baker, and Mary Wickes, representing comedy. Both these classifications seem to me misleading. Not wishing to close on a note of total despair, I will say that Betty Garrett did some attractive clowning against very heavy odds and two singing dancers called Althea Elder and Billie Worth, though having nothing particular to do, had on the whole more style than anybody else on the stage. Finally, I will make a little bargain with Mr. Freedley. If he will forgive me for these remarks, I will forgive him for "Jackpot." Seems fair enough to me.

I SAT as glum as Queen Victoria through "Suds in Your Eye," a comedy adapted by Jack Kirkland from a book I have no intention of reading. The entertainment at the Cort is an old-fashioned roughhouse, executed in the simple, primary colors of a comic strip. It revolves, or wobbles, around three elderly female comics, who sit around in a junk yard belonging to one of them,

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER · JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with PAULA LAURENCE & TEDDY HART
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH
Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
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IMPERIAL Thea., 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat.
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PAUL ROBESON
in the Margaret Webster Production of
OTHELLO
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
MARGARET WEBSTER • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by
Robert Edmond Jones
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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 38

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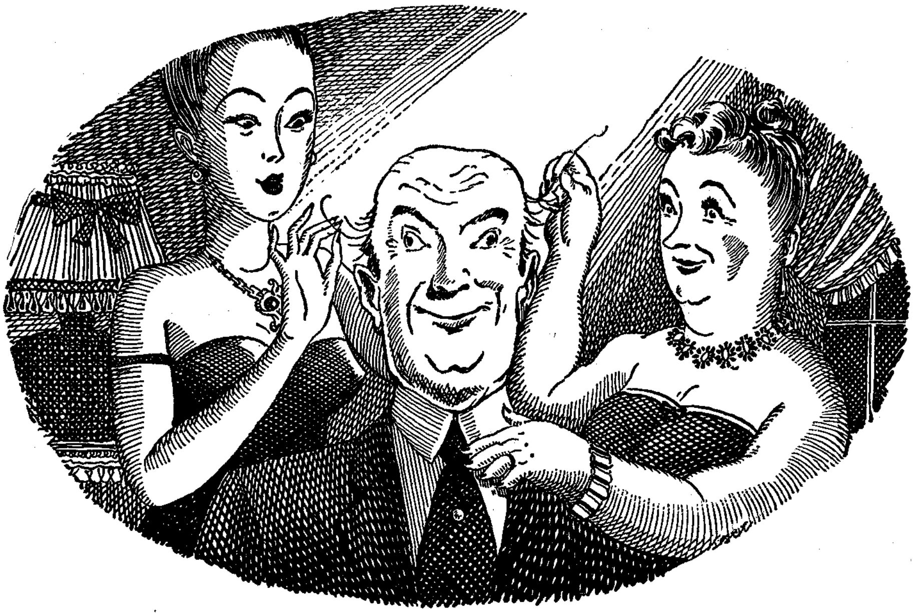
The Bachelor

who got plucked by two babes



In days of old, when a man was allowed more wives than one, and could support them, a bachelor, who should have known better, fell for two wenches at one time. With no father to guide him, the dope married both.

One was young, in café society. So, wishing her husband to appear as youthful as herself, she began pulling out his gray hairs.

The other ball-and-chain, a much older, hausfrau type, was anxious to have the poor paycheck seem a suitable match for *her*. So she started yanking out his black hairs.

For a while the old boy was ga-ga with gratitude at all this attention, until he woke up one morning to find that, between them, he had not a hair left.

Moral: **It doesn't pay to go to extremes . . . in matrimony or marketing. You can't play both ends and expect the middle, too. If you're advertising mass merchandise, you've got to campaign down the middle of the road, to avoid the financially unstable many who are economically bald and the few whose luxuriant tresses are being shorn and sold for taxes. As many who have been married to it a long time can and will tell you—*your happy medium to these middle millions* is . . . . .**

THE American MAGAZINE

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"KNIZE TEN!"

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...AND WOMEN REMEMBER

3 oz. BOTTLE $6.75 *plus 10% tax*

THE GENTLEMAN'S
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TOILET WATER

Whol. Distrib. Knize Ten Sales Co., 385 5th Av., N.Y.

drinking beer and making jokes in three dialects. This humor has its roots firmly in the soil of the America of Petroleum V. Nasby, being based largely on misconceptions of fancy language, trusty quips about spinsters, sailors, and the theoretical charm of the Irish, and such business as a tipsy lady swatting a gentleman in the seat of the pants with a board. Other attractions include a rapid and illogical plot about the taxes on the junk yard, a love affair that seems to have been tacked on as an afterthought, and more character actors than have appeared on any stage since "Street Scene." Having reached the age when a man is no longer especially disconcerted by labels, I freely admit that my tastes in the theatre are often snobbish. I guess that is my attitude about "Suds in Your Eye." It is just too damn folksy for me. Jane Darwell and Brenda Forbes, as two lively old girls, often convulsed the customers, though not me.

THE principal point of interest about the revival of "Our Town" at the City Center is probably how Marc Connelly, hitherto practically innocent of acting on purpose, compares with Frank Craven as the sage of Grover's Corners, N. H. Handicapped by nervousness and an occasional inability to adjust his voice to the fiendish acoustics of the new municipal barn, Mr. Connelly obviously suffered a good deal on opening night, but altogether I thought he was fine. As a native of McKeesport, Pa., he may not have been quite as much at home with the New England vernacular as Mr. Craven, who is a Boston boy, and certainly he lacks some of his predecessor's homespun and carefully rumpled charm. However, as far as I am concerned, that may not be entirely a bad thing, and sometimes his amiable, anxious delivery seemed to me just as good for the part as Mr. Craven's more professional geniality. The revival as a whole is first-rate and you ought to go and see it.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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EZPERANTOJ ECLYPZT
(As received)

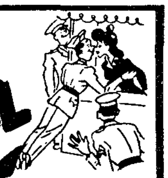
MEXUCUM CITY, DEK 8 (AP). SIX MEXUCAN ASTRONOMEGS HEADED BY DR. GONZALO BAUTISTA VOVEJNOR OF PUEBWA, CALLED ON PCESIDENT AVILA CAMACHO TODAY PREPARATORY TO LEAVING FRIDAY FOR PEJU. WHEJE THEY WILL OBSEJVE A SOLAJ ECLIPSE JANUARX 24.

MORE ENGLISH
ON NEXT PAGE
—*Mexico City Novedades.*

Don't bother, we've had enough.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT

KISS and TELL



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has a place for people of angelic inclinations. The Angel's Table is reserved for those civilians whose mildly royal donations win them the privilege of admission to the Canteen, to see the entertainment transplanted from every show in town for the young, hungry servicemen who crowd the place for a bite to eat, somewhere to spend time between trains, and a look-see at glamour. If your inclinations are either royal or angelic, contact

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NO SENSE OF HUMOR

THE man in the blue suit on the crosstown trolley was drunk. A couple of people sitting near him had been glancing at each other in amusement because he'd been smiling to himself and tipping his hat every time a woman got on the car. Now, as he began to harangue the crowd, they looked faintly proprietary, like the discoverers of a new stage favorite.

"Goddam it," the man was saying. "Come to New York to live, all the way from Fresno, California, and what do I get? Radio plays! All the time, all day long, my wife turns it on and I listen. That's what's the matter with this country—the radio."

Two young girls toward the front of the trolley nudged each other. The man saw them. He stood up in the aisle and swept off his hat with a theatrical gesture. "Mesdames," he said, "allow me to introduce myself. I am Young Doctor Malone. I have, of course, been faithful to John's Other Wife these many years." He sat down, smiling and squinting amiably at his neighbors.

After a brief quiet spell, he began again in a loud voice. "Another thing I don't like," he announced, "is pigeons. Of all the dirty, filthy— I *hate* pigeons! You can quote me. I hate pigeons."

People who had just got on the trolley looked at him in pleased surprise. The old-timers remained smugly amused.

"In Fresno, California, my home," said the man, "I used to have a friend. Name of Weatherbee. Jerry Weatherbee. Never did a day's work in his life. Now look at him, the dope. Working for the government. Working for the crazy men in Washington."

He turned to the man sitting next to him. "What do *you* do, Bud?" he said, his face wavering close.

The man smiled condescendingly. "I'm a printer," he said.

"I love printers," said the drunk. "I curl up with type faces at the slightest possible prov-o-cation. You're O.K., Mister. You're O.K."

Then he leaned forward to speak to the man in the seat in front of him. By this time everyone in the car was centring his attention on the drunk, and the man he was leaning over felt like a prima donna. "What *you* do?" said the drunk.

This one was a little man in a raincoat several sizes too big for him. "I'm a tailor," he said. "I got three boys in the Army."

The drunk sat back and yawned. "Most democratic institution in the world, the Army. The great leveller. Eat with niggers, that's the Army."

People sitting near him began to look around guiltily. There weren't any Negroes in the car.

The drunk was soon back to his own likes and dislikes. He grabbed the arm of the man sitting next to him and kept thumping it as he talked. "I hate three-decker sandwiches," he said. "Can't get them in my mouth all at the same time. The lettuce falls out. Damn lettuce falls right out. And I'll tell you something else. Something that'll blow the lid right off this car. The bread gets soggy! Yes, sir, the bread gets soggy, every time."

He swung his head around and craned at the advertisements above the windows on his side of the car. "Aha!" he said. "Advertising. The curse of civilized man. Advertising is responsible for half the people in insane asylums today. . . . Ever been in a looney bin, Bud?" he asked, leaning forward to address the man in the raincoat again. The man smiled and said no, he hadn't. The drunk sat back and nodded wisely. "That's because you don't bother yourself with advertising. I do. That was my mistake. Used to buy one product because it spelled the same thing backwards it did forwards. *Now* I buy things you can't pronounce backwards. It's the only way to beat them."

THE car was getting crowded. People were standing and they were pushing each other, but, thanks to the drunk, they seemed to feel an unusual sense of gay kinship. He surveyed them tolerantly and said, "Allow me to say that you are the finest group of Americans I have seen this year. Congratulations, one and all."

A man in the seat behind the drunk got up to leave. Two little colored girls who had got aboard the car two streets before tried to get the empty seat but a fat lady beat them to it. The drunk looked up.

"Hello, Topsy," he said. "You chillun wearing shoes?" He rose, tried to look at their feet, sat down again, and shook his head. The little girls laughed shyly and clung close together.

"You know, don't you, that if we were down South you pickaninnies would be in another part of the car? You know that, don't you?"

A man standing nearby said softly, "That's enough of that, brother. Cut it out."

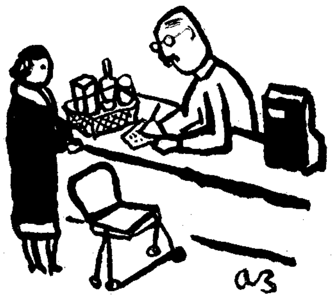
The little girls' heads were lowered; they didn't speak.

"But this is a free country," said the drunk, waving his finger at them, "and so you can ride the same trolley car with me and you can even sit down in the trolley car, *if* you find a seat. That's New York for you."

The drunk's audience had begun to seem unresponsive. When he looked around for approval, he couldn't find anyone smiling at him encouragingly. "What's the matter?" he said. "You-all love niggers so much you don't like *me* any more? Listen," he said to the little girls. "I'll give you ten to get out of here. One, two—go on, I'm counting. If you're not out of my sight by the time I count ten, I'll lynch both of you!"

The little girls moved silently and quickly to the front of the car and got off. Nobody said anything. The drunk hunched his shoulders and frowned. "No sense of humor. No sense of humor," he said, over and over.

He got off a few blocks after that. Still nobody said anything. As a matter of fact, no one even bothered to smile at his neighbor. —BABETTE ROSMOND



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MEDICINE MAN

Slight fever. Now tell me how it was again.
(You were stacking machine guns in Warehouse Four . . .
Foot slipped . . . Fell with weight on wrist to floor.)
Relieved of duty. It's a right bad sprain.

You, now . . . What? (Cold gray rain on cold gray warehouse wall?)
What? . . . No accident? . . . You were not struck? . . . Did not fall? . . .
(Just standing there on cold gray pavement? . . . Felt something deep in you break?)
What sort of damned humbug is this, for God's sake?

—LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

Radiant Peony

New triumph on a famous artist's palette. Elizabeth Arden mixes colors as only an artist can . . . and achieves exactly the same results . . . masterpieces of beauty. But instead of setting it down on canvas, for only a few to enjoy, she puts it on your lips and at your fingertips . . . lets *you* make this glorious new color your very own. And it *is* your very own — for Radiant Peony has a strange way of emphasizing the Woman . . . bringing out *her* personality . . . pointing up *her* charm. It is sheer drama with your new clothes — a morale builder that spells beauty to every beholder.

Famed satiny lipsticks that stay on so well, 1.50 (refills .75)
Nail polish in a beautiful matching color with the new patina surface, .75
(prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

OF ALL THINGS

THE President's plea for a tax bill large enough to reduce the burden on our descendants has not been well received on Capitol Hill. Congressmen are fully aware that our descendants are not voting in this year's election.

●

German citizens, it is reported, are being executed by the Gestapo for uttering gloomy thoughts. About the only remark a good Nazi can make now would seem to be "Sooner or later everything will come our way."

●

Prime Minister Churchill has shown once more that he is a man of unflinching courage. He is not afraid to have his picture taken in a flowery dressing gown.

●

The Army and Navy will require 1,300,000 more men by July 1st. To fill this quota, it may even be necessary to draft some pre-Pearl Harbor farmers.

●

The execution of Count Ciano tends to strengthen our faith in the American way of life. In this country no one can be shot for expressing a lack of confidence in his father-in-law.

●

If the Democrats hold their convention in Chicago they and the Republicans will probably split the cost of decorating and equipping the Chicago Stadium. Thus both parties can save money while saving the country from each other.

●

The *Stars and Stripes* says that the soldiers in Italy are eager to vote in the November election. The boys see no reason they should be penalized for being out of bounds.

●

Leaders of the American Communists propose that the organization cease all political activities. They have made the discovery that this is a country of just two parties and that the Communists are not the life of either one.

●

Mayor LaGuardia continues to be the most active element in our town. He is working from morning till night trying to keep steam up and prices down. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

Don't neglect Aunt Phoebe—

You might as well continue to cultivate the old lady. She's still your shortest route to quick riches.

Better play safe though in case Aunt Phoebe cuts you out of your share of "easy money." Protect your hard earned shekels from sudden loss. It's fun to have an excuse for flirting with a pretty nurse, but any accident, sickness or hospitalization is costly, brother; it's plenty costly. If you hafta be laid up, relax and enjoy it. Let us do the worrying.

As for us? We started this business when Aunt Phoebe was in pig-tails—shush, shush—61 years ago, and we've paid $66,000,000.00 in claims. Confidentially we've got another $5,000,000.00 tucked away for the protection of our 212,000 members, despite the fact that we charge 25% to 33⅓% less than similar protection would cost you elsewhere. If you're a preferred male risk—(You know—still pretty well bolted together)—we'll take you under our wing and give you more accident, health and hospital insurance per dollar than you can buy anywhere else. . . Kind of snooty—eh? Well, being choosy helps pay real dividends to Commercial Travelers Policy Holders. Better fill out this coupon right now and find out whether or not you're fittin' to join our clan.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EXECUTION OF MRS. LIU

ON the outskirts of Yunnan-fu, just beyond the North Gate, where the customhouse stands near a stretch of the Burma Road, people were congregating in expectant silence on the execution ground. There was nothing about the execution ground to distinguish it from any other vacant lot in the neighborhood. It was just a stretch of soft red soil spotted with patches of a yellowish, stubby grass and with a few trees growing on it. If I had not known that this plot of the good earth was set aside for such a sinister and unproductive purpose, I would have walked past it without so much as a glance. But knowing it and understanding what the crowd had come for, I felt chilly all along my spine, even in the warm sunshine of an autumn Yunnan afternoon.

Among the men and women in the crowd, most of them dressed in garments made of blue cotton, I spotted a young Chinese fellow wearing a shabby leather jacket with a zipper down its front. He might have been an automobile mechanic or a customs official. One cannot buy leather jackets with zippers in China today, and such a garment has come to have something of an aristocratic air. It is a safe bet that any you see in the interior was acquired in one of the treaty ports before the Japanese occupation. In this case, I soon found out, it had been purchased in Hong Kong. Its owner, who was more than willing to chat, had a pair of clever black eyes and spoke fairly good English.

"You will stay to see the execution, of course," he said.

I told him that I had never seen an execution and that I really didn't want to see this one. He looked at me with surprise and explained that this was not an ordinary execution, like that of a hoarder or a deserter, but a very special event. It was the quality of the execution, I gathered, that accounted for the size of the crowd.

"A lady is to be executed," he said. "A certain Mrs. Liu. You have heard of the case?"

I had not. My friend from Hong Kong, toying with the lock of his zipper, informed me that Mrs. Liu was the wife of a well-known general. "Unfortunately," he added, "she had a lover."

"Is that what they are going to execute her for?" I asked.

"Oh no, not that at all," my new friend said. "We Chinese are not barbarians. No, the trouble, you see, is that General Liu found out about it. The lover was on his staff—a captain, I think. The general had him shot at once when he found out about it."

"Mrs. Liu," I ventured, "must be very good-looking."

"In a way," said my friend, still playing with the zipper. "For her age, that is. She is in her forties and has four children. One of her daughters is very pretty. Everybody thinks so."

"You still haven't told me what they are going to execute her for," I said. "After all, the lover is dead."

"Ah yes," he replied, speaking slowly and looking at me knowingly. "The lover is dead, surely. But so is the general."

He spaced his words carefully, rather like an actor, not unaware of the dramatic tension he had built up.

"The general—dead? But who—"

"It isn't the way you think," said my friend, smiling. "It's not that way at all. You see, Mrs. Liu hired a man to do it for her. She gave him a lot of money—a hundred thousand dollars, they say."

Such a sum, even at the official rate of exchange, meant more than five thousand dollars in American money. I was impressed. "With a pistol?" I asked. He smiled again, but contemptuously this time, as if to suggest that such delicate matters were handled more ceremoniously. "Sword," he said.

WE were silent for a while. The crowd had grown larger while we were talking, but there was none of the noise and the shouting and the gesticulating that usually go with Chinese throngs; even the children were silent, clinging to their mothers' trouser legs.

"Have you seen the movie that they are showing in town?" asked my friend from Hong Kong. It was a film with Bing Crosby. I said that I had seen it already, back in 1938.

"You must see it again," he said. "It is really lots of fun. I wouldn't mind seeing it for a second time myself. Maybe after the execution?" I declined his invitation, saying that I had an appointment at six and wouldn't have time for a movie.

"Just where," I asked, "are they going to do the executing?"

"Over there," he said. "Right under those trees that the children have climbed to get a better view. You'll be able to see if you push a little."

I didn't feel like pushing, and so we stood where we were. After a few minutes, my friend said, "They are going to make her kneel down. Then, like this"—he made a graphic gesture of pulling the trigger of a gun—"right in the back of her head."

Among the spectators who had come to watch the execution of Mrs. Liu were a fairly large number of women. Many of them were young and neatly dressed, and I put them down as college students. They seemed shy and subdued and they talked to one another in whispers.

My friend began playing with his zipper again and then, just to pass the time, he started to tell me the plot of the Bing Crosby movie. But something, I noticed, was happening over by the trees—something that did not seem to make sense. A small boy who was sitting on a branch in one of the treetops climbed down from his perch and jumped to the ground. Two of his companions, a boy and girl, followed him. My friend stopped telling me about the movie and looked around. The crowd was leaving the execution ground. Disappointment was on many faces. Just behind us six young Chinese soldiers, wearing rumpled summer uniforms, shrugged and slowly strolled away. An old peasant woman in a faded black jacket and patched trousers hobbled by, talking to the small child with her. I knew enough Chinese to understand that she was saying that even though Mrs. Liu did not show up today, perhaps she would some other time. "What?" I said to my companion. "Mrs. Liu will not come?"

"She'll be here," my friend replied firmly, even though the execution ground was rapidly being deserted.

"But there has obviously been a reprieve," I said, "or perhaps a pardon?"

"Indeed not," he replied. "Mrs. Liu will be executed. It's been printed in the papers. It's final."

"But look at all those people," I said. "They're leaving."

"Yes, that is true," he admitted moodily. "It looks as if there will be no execution today."

I was puzzled by his contradictory

statements, just as I was puzzled because the crowd had suddenly decided to leave. No one, it seemed, had told these people that the execution would not take place today. How, then, did they know? Grapevine, I decided; bamboo wireless. We walked together from the execution ground. My friend was playing with his zipper again. "You see," he told me, "notice of Mrs. Liu's execution was in the papers today. But no particular time was given. It just said, 'Mrs. Liu will be shot outside the North Gate.' When, it did not say. We never say when in China."

"I understand," I said. "But when do you think it will be?"

"Not today. Of that I feel sure. Maybe tomorrow, maybe the day after, maybe next week. But Mrs. Liu will be shot, all right." Then, after a pause, he added, "It has been promised."

We soon reached the Burma Road, which in Yunnan-fu has a macadam surface and looks like any other highway. The crowd straggled along it. Behind us, the execution ground was almost empty. "Funny," my friend remarked. "You know, it is funny. That lover, I mean. He made love to Mrs. Liu and he made love to her daughter also. The one that is so pretty. Funny, isn't it?"

We shook hands and he hailed a rickshaw and disappeared in the direction of the North Gate. I've sometimes wondered, since I left those parts, if he ever did see the execution of Mrs. Liu. Unless there was another Bing Crosby movie, I suspect he did.

—ERNEST O. HAUSER

•

In blunt language at a press conference, Mr. Dewey was asked:

"Are you willing or ready to use General Sherman's remarks that 'If nominated I will not run and if elected I will not serve'?" . . .

"The answer to that," he said, "is that I am wholly and exclusively occupied with administering the affairs of the State of New York, period, close quote."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Close quote, open campaign.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

PORTSMOUTH, Va. (AP)—After watching a group of British sailors purchase his entire stock of pipe cleaners, a drug store proprietor remarked that the men evidently planned some heavy smoking. "Oh no," replied one of the sailors.

FACIAL GLOW

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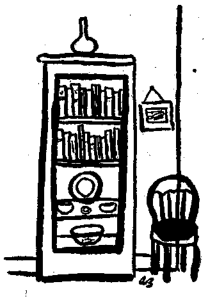
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



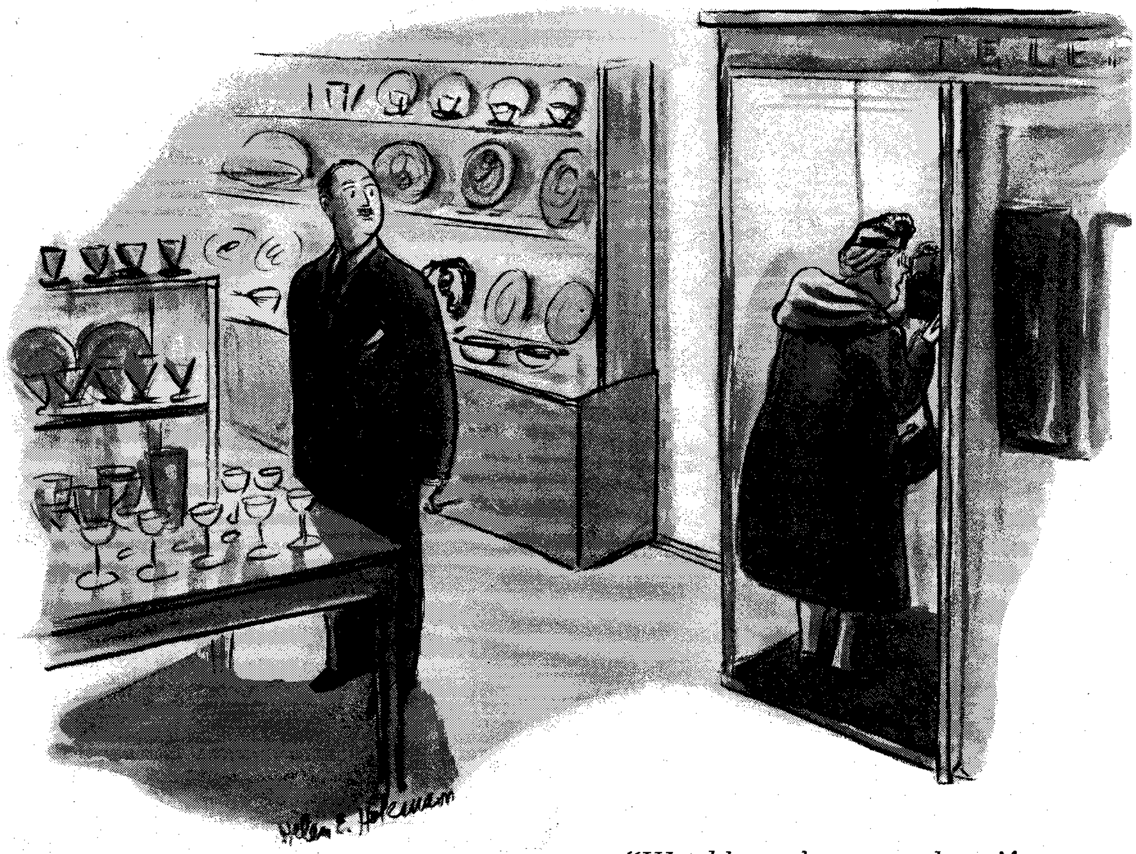
THE antique-furniture and china department at the shop of Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, has an apparently inexhaustible supply of aged objects that are both beautiful and useful. The great furniture standby at this place, as everyone must know by now, is small chairside tables and stands whose tops are made from old trays, platters, bowls, or even cups and saucers. These are present in the customary quantity and variety, which is something for these times. In the collection, tea trays of painted tin with piecrust edges and flowery decorations are attached in tilt-top style to gateleg stands, or else are mounted on stands which are tables in themselves and from which the tray may be lifted for serving. Old mahogany oval trays with brass side handles have been heat- and alcohol-proofed and mounted on mahogany legs, which turns them into coffee or cocktail tables. Samplers under glass, framed in pickled pine or bird's-eye maple (I'll take maple, if anyone should ask) and upheld by matching legs, will be right at home in any room done in one of the American periods, even the Modern. Any room at all, I should think, would take one of the small stands. In this group are some superb old Lowestoft platters, each snuggled in a shallow, mahogany shell, which fits it like a glove, and the whole supported upon graceful legs. The platters, which are removable, will hold food enough to feed a whole fireside gathering. Cup-and-saucer sets are mounted in a similar style, the two pieces separately nestled in a smoking stand with a handle on top. The cup holds cigarettes, the saucer receives ashes. There are even a few tables whose tops are old Sheffield trays, now more precious than ever because of the diminishing supply; these, as it happens, are about the least expensive of the whole lot, averaging $65. The others start at around $75 and mount considerably higher.

As for the old china there, you can spend $250 for a pair of small, covered Lowestoft tureens on plates, or several times that for dinner services running to over seventy pieces, but you can also pick up a little china treasure from the Wedding Gift table and find it marked at only $9. The china-collector's cherished red-anchor Chelsea is on hand, in individual and paired pieces and broken services. A Crown Derby dessert service, splattered with roses and forget-me-nots, is enough to make anybody's mouth water, even at $475, and there is plenty of Colebrookdale, a delicate, flowery British version of Meissen, in vases, covered jars, and so on.

Finally, there are, as always, some of the finest antique hanging shelves and whatnot cabinets, singles and pairs, to be found anywhere.

ASSEMBLING future heirlooms for your own progeny may be more your dish than buying someone else's for yourself. If it is, you can have a lovely time in Georg Jensen's small baby-present corner in his big store at 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd). There you'll see things designed for lifetime use—porringers, in Early American side-handle styles as well as typical Jensen Modern, to be used later (considerably later, let's hope) as ashtrays; orange-juice cups and milk mugs which can become cigarette holders or handy desk pieces when the infant is grown; bib clips which, with proper mounting, will be finger rings, bracelet charms, or pairs of beautiful silver earrings; and so on. Jensen is fond of this idea, and, although he hasn't yet figured out what youngsters can do with their baby-size sterling fork-and-spoon sets (these start as low as $5 for the pair) when they grow up, he will doubtless think of something in due time.

SHIPMENTS from South of the Border are not so frequent now, but a fairly steady supply of pottery tableware in typical tropical style keeps coming through. You'll find a good selection at the Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), as well as what may be the last gasp for that attractive Mexican tinware unless current



"Would you be angry, dear, if I become terribly interested in pewter?"

export-license complications in Mexico clear up. The tin is all but indestructible and keeps bright and rustless indefinitely with nothing more difficult than soap-and-water baths. It makes oblong table mats at $1.75, little urn-shaped vases ($4.75) in which simple garden flowers always look wonderful, and a group of churchly candleholders, sixteen inches tall and four inches square at the base, that would make spectacular lamp bases ($9.50 each, and the shop will have them wired for you for the customary extra charge). Pottery from Oaxaca, the southern Mexican ceramic centre, includes demi-tasse sets of coffeepot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, and six cups and saucers ($9.50) in splash glaze—a mottled effect in two colors (green and yellow, red and blue, and so on). There are salad and pastry plates ($1 and sixty cents respectively) to match. Tea sets are fancier, with all-over hand-painted flower designs in combinations of vivid colors on a cream background; they're $15 a half dozen, and again there are salad and pastry plates in a matching pattern. The splash glaze also occurs (and this is something to remember in the spring) in enormous flowerpots at $1.50, especially fine for imparting a hacienda air to city roof gardens.

The Mexicans who pack these pottery items into the big, round, woven-reed baskets in which they are shipped probably would be astonished to learn that there is as good a market here for the baskets as for what they contain. The Pan American Shop sells them, for $3.50, as log- and kindling-wood holders on the hearth and also as bases for tray-top tables to be used in gardens and on roof terraces. —B. B.

•

Reliable news wire services helped circulate a phony story that hurt Mrs. Roosevelt's reputation. Investigation revealed that the story was based on rumor without a fact to back it up. Can you imagine all the to-doodle that would have been whipped up if this colyumer was that careless?—*Walter Winchell in the Mirror.*

No, our imagination staggers too easily.

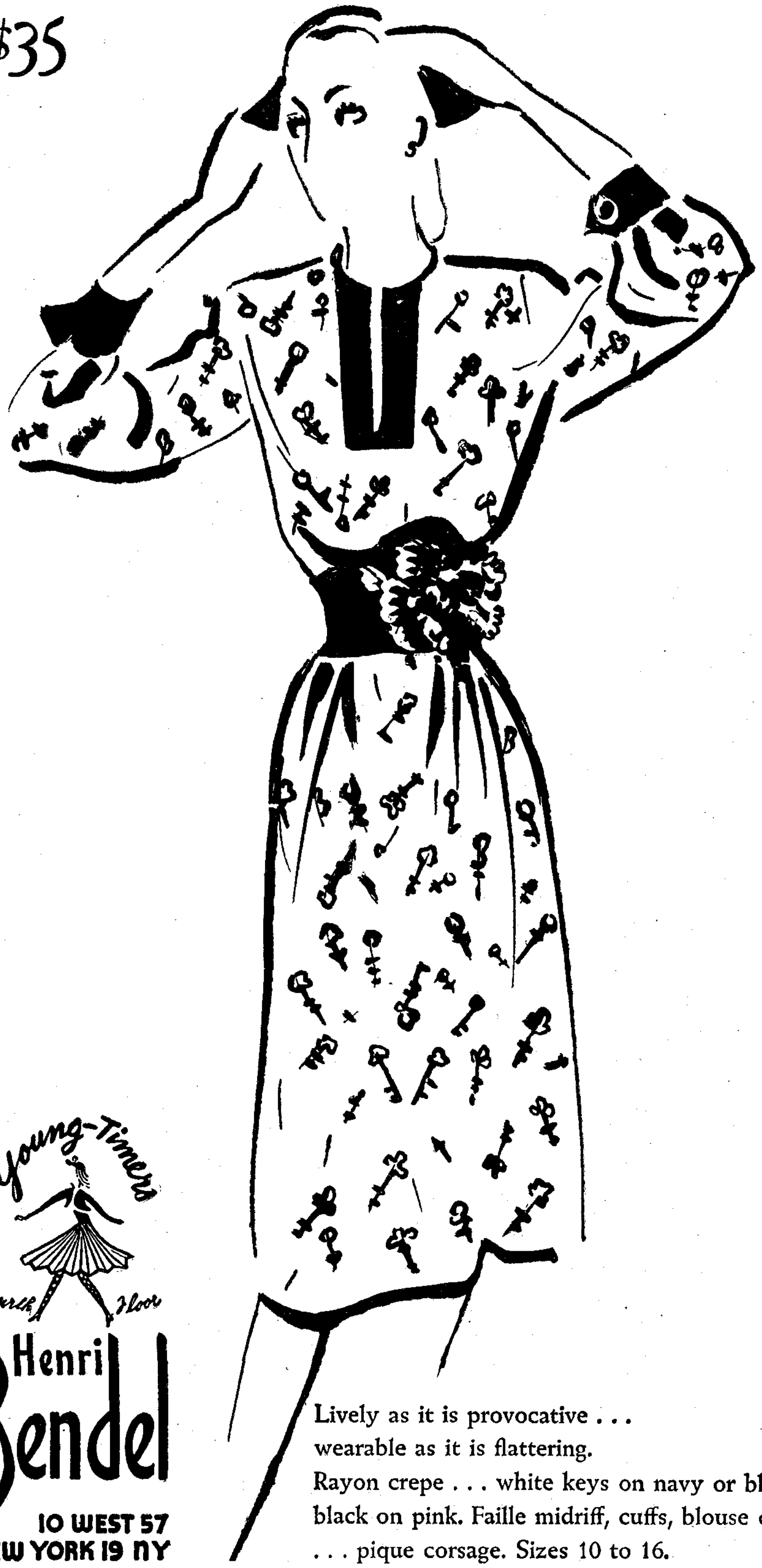
•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

Pettigrew heard four shots and a few seconds later Mrs. Ferry, blood streaming from her face, ran into his apartment which adjoins hers.

"My husband's in a murderous mood," she said, according to Pettigrew.



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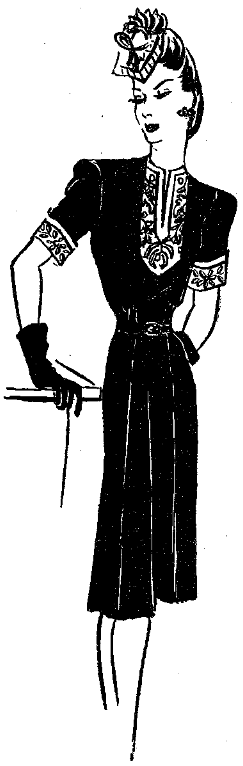

Stepping into Spring

Sheer crepe, with entirely new detail of white appliqué on matching net. In black or navy blue, with white—sizes 12 to 40, $69.95 . . .

Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.

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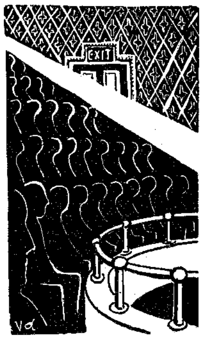
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mechanized Thriller



IN the new screen version of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' "The Lodger," the actor cast as the man who doesn't like girls to go on the stage and who does what he can to deter them with a shiny knife is Laird Cregar, who is probably a reasonably good choice. He is big and powerful-looking and an intelligent performer. If the picture were made over into a perfect job, which it isn't now, he might still belong in it, though he might have to be revamped and made a more forceful character. Somehow, he would have to manage to give off menace without the aid of a baby spot hanging around his eyes and upper cheekbones, a device which is frequently used in scary pictures and which is singularly ineffective. It is also used, sometimes, on glamour ladies in other kinds of pictures, to give their faces a luminous quality. In all cases, it just makes the subject look as though he or she were standing in a strong light and would probably wind up with a case of eyestrain.

Other members of the cast of "The Lodger" are Merle Oberon, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Sara Allgood. Sir Cedric and Miss Allgood play the couple who rent rooms to a mild-mannered medical gentleman who pays cash in advance and doesn't turn out until later to be Jack the Ripper on the side, Mr. Sanders plays the male romantic lead from Scotland Yard, and Miss Oberon plays opposite him as the niece of the house, who sings and dances in music halls and is consequently on the lodger's black list. As you can see if you read the book, there have been some changes made. The main one is the invention of the niece, and it's too bad that the girl had to be built up as a popular variety artist, because Miss Oberon, though alluringly clad in a cancan outfit, isn't quite the type for the part, being unable, in the first place, to do much singing or dancing.

Mr. Cregar or the director or the author or all three have decided to make the main character a rather diffident and sensitive maniac, a bit more given to apology than I remember the one in the book to have been. This is perfectly all

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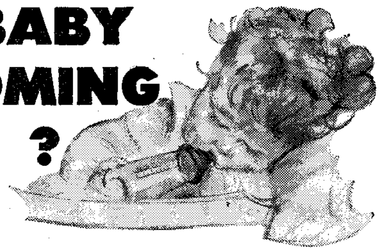

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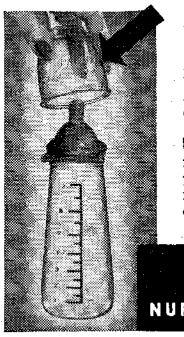

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right with me, but I thought I'd mention it. They may well have studied up on homicidal loonies and found this one to be a common type. However, the book had a good deal of suspense, whereas the picture has rather little. More trick stuff than solid work has been used to establish atmosphere, and if it weren't for weird lighting and some trumped-up fog, there wouldn't be much to intimidate you. All the picture has it owes to the original story, and where it has struck out on its own it has come to no good.

ITALIANS! There's a film called "L'Italia non Muore Mai" which you can see or not as you like, depending on how eager you are to look at some old and some recent shots of the old country and hear Italian spoken at some length by a commentator. The film is a documentary about the Allied campaign in Africa, the invasion of Sicily, and finally the invasion of Italy. The point is simply that Italy is now being freed from Fascists. For the benefit of people who don't speak Italian, the title means "Italy Will Never Die" (I looked it up). Not quite so much for the benefit of people who don't speak Italian, there are only one or two English titles. You can probably understand words like "Roosevelt" and "Eisenhower," though. —DAVID LARDNER

•

REFRAIN FROM A CRYSTAL BALL

What news have the months ahead in store?
Will victory come in '44?
Will rationing end? Will prices soar?
(Hear, hear, "... *and if elected* ...")

What word from the Asiatic seas?
Will the boot be put to the Nipponese?
Will the Dodgers win? What say of these?
(Sing ho, "... *and if elected* ...")

Will science conquer the common cold?
Will the mode revive the styles of old?
Will the movies boom? Will Wall Street fold?
(Sing hey, "... *and if elected* ...")

Will the springtime thaws mean floods again?
Will the paper shortage cease, and when?
Will the net result of two conven—
(Yea, yea, "... *and if elected* ... !")

—AL GRAHAM

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A PERMANENT WAVE
and a smart new hair style
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the beauty that is
naturally yours!

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Of course on Heinz
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It adds a zest
folks can't resist!
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Serve wine cocktails that are
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LETTER FROM LONDON

JAN. 16 (BY CABLE)

THE big show which everyone expects quite soon now is naturally still the major topic of conversation. Every day the papers carry enough prophecies, hints, and rumors to make Allied plans perfectly plain to Berlin—that is, should any of the prophecies, hints, and rumors happen to be true. The prize for second-front headlines, by the way, should certainly go to the *Express* for its solemn statement that "Racing Men Fear Invasion May Cut Programme." This referred to the worries of the Jockey Club, which had announced larger entries than last year's for the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and the two Guineas but was afraid that the railways might be too busy carrying materials of war to have any time or room for racegoers. This crisis hasn't exactly rocked the country, since most people don't expect to be in the mood for caring whether the Derby is run at Ascot or Newmarket or even on some other planet.

Meanwhile a political second front has quietly been opened by the young Commonwealth Party. The other day, as you may have heard, it walked off with the Skipton by-election right under the nose of the Government candidate. This incident, along with the Government's recent narrow squeak at Darwen, when a thirty-year-old newspaper woman called Honor Balfour nearly got herself elected as an Independent candidate, may provide Mr. Churchill with food for convalescent thought. It may even suggest a partial answer to the question "Whither England?," which lots of English, not to mention others, wouldn't mind having settled. This was the second by-election victory for the Commonwealth Party. Its other successful candidate was its president, Sir Richard Acland, a young West Country baronet who has been described by J. B. Priestley, one of the original Commonwealthers, as "an Old Testament character just striding in from the wilderness." The elders of the Government have been trying to explain away Sir Richard's election by saying that he is an attractive young Army captain attractively garbed in a vote-getting uniform and that he undoubtedly drummed up a lot of votes among farmers who are fuming about the Government's unpopular agricultural policy.

What Skipton seems really to indicate, however, is the British people's disinclination to vote for anyone whose platform plank is simply winning the war, as the Government candidate's was, and their immediate support for any party which promises to win a livable peace. One commentator went so far as to call the Skipton affair a contest between the quick and the dead. No one actually believes that the Commonwealth Party would sweep the country in a peacetime election, but it's certainly lively enough under present conditions to make the other parties look rather moribund.

THE clothing ration quota, it has been announced, is to stand unchanged for the next twelve months. This put a satisfactory end to some nasty rumors that there was to be a cut. Every now and then one of these minor domestic rumors gets around and manages to stir up quite a storm. Just recently, for instance, it was said that lipsticks and nail varnish were to be taken off the market after January 1st—a threat which caused acute feminine consternation everywhere, including, naturally, such places as machine shops and messrooms. Nail varnish isn't to be manufactured any more, sure enough, but the Board of Trade has helped the morale of the female half of the population somewhat by announcing that there would be a small increase in the amount of cosmetics released for consumption.

One prediction which definitely isn't a rumor, since it came from Colonel Llewellyn, the new Food Minister, is that the meat shortage will soon be even greater and may remain acute for years. Though he optimistically proposed fish as an alternative, most of us mournfully suspect that less meat in our diet will actually mean still more starch, an ingredient now present in such overwhelming quantities that it results in a feeling which a newly arrived but al-

ready suffering American has called "the London bloat."

THE most talked-of bombs for months were not the ones being lavished upon the enemy but those in the cargoes of long-awaited oranges from Spain. Disappointed Londoners were discussing the event yesterday with so much ire that an outsider might have suspected that they were talking about a direct hit on St. Paul's.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The next point is even more important, and it is a point that is extremely difficult for us, as Americans, to grasp. It is this: Hitler's idea of life, which he proposes in his account of his "struggle," is a concept of life in which war—that is, "total war"—is the normal state of things and anything else is out of the ordinary. Many people who read *Mein Kampf* do not realize that this is what Hitler means (even though he says it very plainly, and repeats it many times) because the idea is so foreign to anything they have ever thought, or may have been taught. However, it is highly important that we do understand this as what Hitler means, even though in our American way of thinking it is extremely difficult for us to appreciate that meaning and keep it clearly and constantly in our minds. Hitler's concept of life as expressed in *Mein Kampf* (and in his actions) is a concept of life in which war—"total war"—is the normal state of things and anything else is an exception. This is the absolute opposite to our way of thinking in which any destruction of life, any abolition of liberty, is a hateful necessity from which we shrink as long as possible and which we discard at the earliest possible moment if ever through necessity we are forced to adopt it temporarily.

In other words, war, total war, total destructive war, is Hitler's concept of normal life.—*The Military Surgeon.*

Guess we're just plain dumb.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From Collier's*]

Gita had been Turay's wife some fifteen years ago. Marisca had once been married to Turay thirty years ago. And Andri, the young Ibsen heroine, had been Madam Turay five years ago. Fulka had left his own wife twelve years ago and stolen Gita from Turay. And twenty-five years ago Vinsey had stolen Marisca from the great playwright. On the other hand, Turay had lured away Vinsey's three later wives from his keep. As of today, the gray-tufted Vinsey was desperately in love with Gita who, however, had given her oath to Fulka that she would marry him—as soon as she got a job; although it was the opinion of several of the guests that it was not the job that stood between Gita and Fulka but the ghost of Turay, whom she had never ceased to love during the twelve years despite her two subsequent marriages and present betrothal. This all seemed a little confusing.

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BOOKS

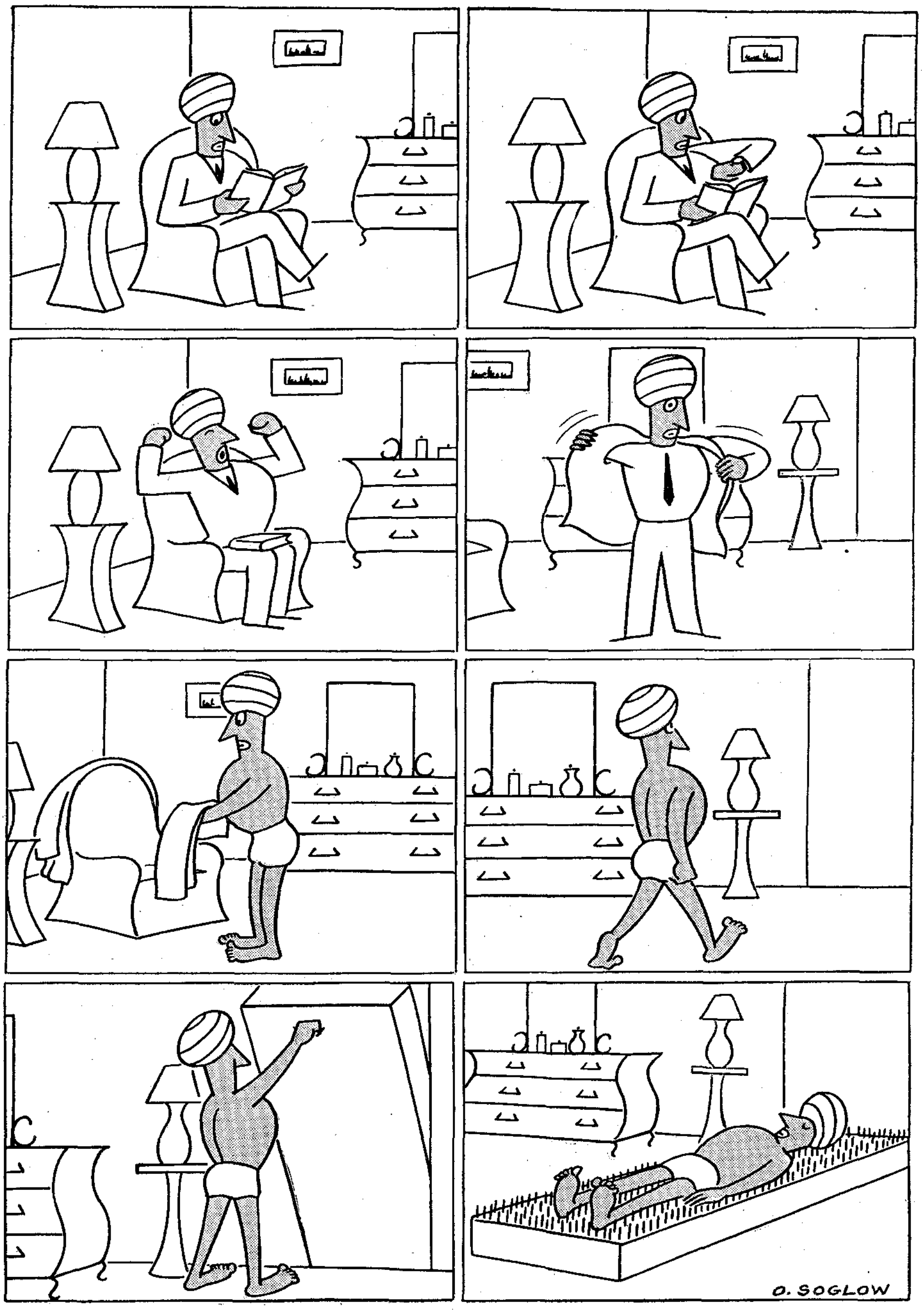
"The Life and Times of John Barrymore"

IF you merely take a glance at "Good Night, Sweet Prince" (Viking), Gene Fowler's biography of John Barrymore, you may suppose that it is a cheap journalistic job.

Certainly the style couldn't be more journalistic in a flowery old-fashioned way, which has sometimes a tinge of O. Henry, sometimes a tinge of Woollcott ("A block to the east of the Arch Street Theatre lay the wise bones of Benjamin Franklin"). For Mr. Fowler, Broadway is inevitably "this street of fickle lustre," a distiller a "maker of spirituous delicacies," and Shakespeare "Stratford's first gentleman;" cigarette-smoking is "bronchial debauchery," hair on the chest "torsorial upholstery," and the men's washroom "ammoniac grottos" equipped with "cracked and homely porcelains." When he wants to convey the idea that some white mice were multiplying rapidly, he says that the "snowy rodents were fruitful;" and when Barrymore sets out to play Hamlet, or take on "the Danish assignment," Mr. Fowler says that he "announced . . . his decision to draw on the black tights of the classic Scandinavian." His notion of syntax and the meaning of words is also of the vaguest. When it is a question of anybody's conduct, the word "behaviorism" is always summoned: "After the passing of his grandmother he entered upon a bouncing behaviorism;" and when, in reporting an interview with Alexander Woollcott, he seems to feel that he should make an effort to have this celebrator of Hamilton College talk like an educated man, he produces the following tribute to grammar: " 'And when you write of him, as I fear you shall, for heaven's sake remember one thing.' "

The language of Mr. Fowler has no structure and no harmonics. It is something that is exhaled like breath or exuded like perspiration. And yet the fuzzy raffish style of this book has its special appropriateness to the subject: it is a literary equivalent for the atmosphere in which the events take place. What we get here is the folklore of the Barrymores; and, as you read, you can smell the aroma of the Manhattans and highballs and cigars of the old Hoffman House and the Knickerbocker bar, you seem to drift on the long late conversations at the Players club and the Lambs on which the Barrymore mythology was nourished. John Barrymore did in a sense live his legend; but you cannot really feel its validity unless you see it presented in terms of the smoking room, the city room, the green room, of the mirrors behind the bar and the shaded lamps at the club, all elements of urban life themselves rather remotely associated with the realities of common day. In this world of nocturnal fancy, Jack Barrymore was a fabulous character: a great drinker, a great man with women, a great comedian of public and private life, and finally a great maker of money. Gene Fowler, with his word-slinging jargon and his husky-throated sportswriter humor, is the right person to tell this story, which might otherwise never have been told; and his book contains a most entertaining collection of funny theatrical anecdotes, phantasmagoric binges, and what would in the days of the Knickerbocker bar have been described as "gorgeous yarns."

YET this "Life and Times of John Barrymore" is absorbing for another reason, too; and the author has put into it something more than the favorite tales of a raconteur. The truth is that you get from this chronicle a much more convincing picture of its subject than you usually expect to find in either a fan or an official biography. Gene Fowler shows both insight into



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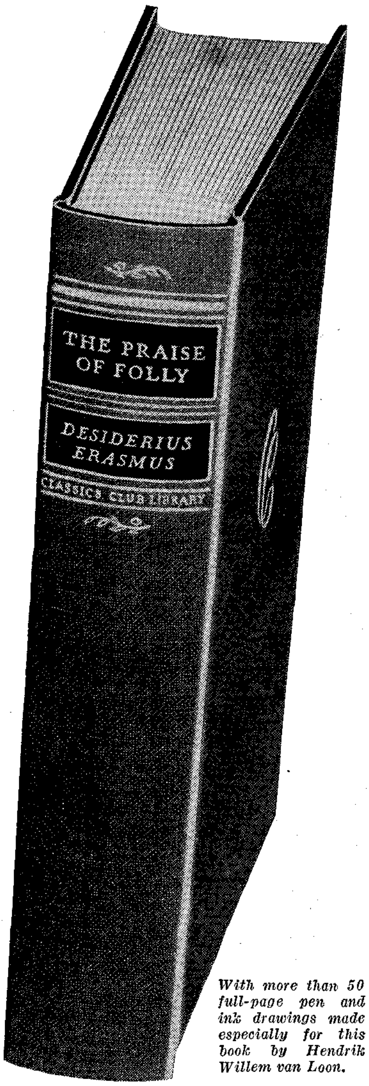

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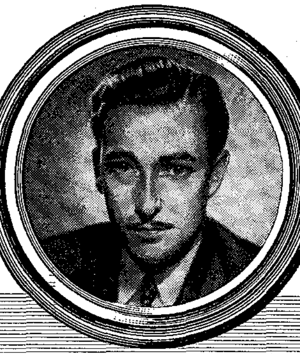

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Barrymore and delicacy in handling his difficult case; and the piecing together of the record becomes fascinating because it is directed by a definite conception, always sympathetic but also quite realistic, of the man inside the reputation.

To begin with: the evidence of this book confirms one's conviction of a fact which the more fanatical admirers of the Barrymores are sometimes rather loath to admit. The generation of John, Lionel, and Ethel never really wanted to be on the stage. Their father, an Englishman named Blythe, who had assumed the stage name of Barrymore, was the son of an officer in India, and had been educated at Harrow and Oxford. It was expected that he would read for the law, and his taking to the stage was a kind of lapse, which, in spite of the long theatre tradition on the mother's side of the family, the children seemed anxious to retrieve. "We became actors," says Ethel Barrymore, as reported by Mr. Fowler, "not because we wanted to go on the stage but because it was the thing we could do best." And Lionel corroborates this: "Neither Jack nor myself preferred the stage. We both wanted to become painters. Yet it seemed that we had to be actors. It was as if our father had been a street cleaner, and had dropped dead near a fire hydrant, and we went to pick up his shovel and broom to continue his work. Perhaps we didn't clean the corners well, but we did a better job at it than someone who never had been in the environment. What other thing could we have done better?"

This covers the case precisely. The Barrymores have occupied a position which has been at least as much social as theatrical. Seeing them on the stage was not always so very much different from meeting them in private life; and there was a tendency on the part of the public to imagine that the events of the play were happening to John or Ethel. They were none of them, even John, great actors, because they never had the actor's vocation. You see it very clearly if you compare them with their uncle John Drew, who, glass of fashion and mold of form though he was, took the theatre with professional seriousness, and even in his later years, at his blindest and most arthritic, kept his cast and himself up to scratch with the rigor of an old general at maneuvers; whereas Maurice Barrymore, Gene Fowler tells us, used to neglect to memorize his lines and "contrive amazing excursions from the text," and John carried this cavalier treatment of the conventions and discipline of the stage to what must have been unprecedented lengths—breaking up his fellow-actors with elaborate and cruel jokes, stepping out of his character to denounce the audience, and, in general, doing everything possible to sabotage an occupation he scorned.

The artistic deficiencies of the Barrymores were thrown into striking relief at the time—the season of 1922-23—when the Moscow Art Theatre first visited America. That was also the season when the Barrymores were attempting their most ambitious rôles: that fall John had opened in "Hamlet" and Ethel in Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd;" but when one compared these productions to the Russian ones, they had almost the aspect of private theatricals. Kachalov, of the Moscow Art Theatre, was by way of being the Russian John Barrymore—that is, he was a good-looking and popular actor with a romantic reputation, who was supposed to do a good deal of drinking. But, if you went to see Kachalov in a play, you would see the dilapidated baron of Gorky's "The Lower Depths" or the elderly and bourgeois Dr. Stockmann of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." If you had not looked at the program, you might sit through a couple of acts before you recognized Kachalov at all: you had absolutely had the illusion that you were watching the creation of the dramatist. When you went to see John Barrymore in "Hamlet," however, what you saw was John Barrymore in "Hamlet." His voice was better-trained than it had been and he had cultivated a new kind of vehemence; but he was obviously the same engaging fellow who had been playing around with the stage for years; and as the run of the show continued —one story Mr. Fowler does not tell— he began kidding with the audiences at Shakespeare's expense by substituting "Hollywood, Hollywood!" for "Wormwood, wormwood!" in the play scene. So Ethel, where a Russian actress would have incorporated herself in the part, would make a serious effort for a scene or two to impersonate a country girl who had been gotten with child by her master, then would drop the whole thing and smile graciously and become her delightful self.

YET John Barrymore was an interesting person, and he counted for something in the life of his time. The extracts from his letters and diaries which Mr. Fowler has included in this book show his wit and his sensibility,

This is a Double-Crostic

You may have read about Double-Crostics and their inventor, Elizabeth S. Kingsley, in *The New Yorker* several weeks ago. The article was entitled Onward and Upward with the Arts: Tow-Row and Hitty-Missy. It has taken your correspondents all this time, and six wastebaskets-full of false starts, to prepare a sample Double-Crostic. Here it is:

1 J	2 A	■	3 F	4 J	■	5 H	6 B	7 J	■	8 U	9 P	10 D	11 F
12 K	13 S	■	14 Q	15 R	16 L	17 T	18 M	■	19 D	20 A	21 R	■	22 D
23 R	24 K	25 I	26 E	27 H	■	28 I	29 A	30 S	31 B	■	32 A	33 S	34 P
35 C	■	36 E	37 V	■	38 R	39 O	40 M	■	41 O	42 I	43 G	44 P	■
45 N	46 E	47 C	48 Q	■	49 J	50 U	■	51 F	52 K	53 B	54 I	55 E	■
56 I	57 B	58 T	■	59 N	60 V	61 U	62 C	63 M	64 G	■	65 T	66 E	67 S
68 H	■	69 P	70 U	71 E	72 V	73 G	74 H	■	75 L	76 R	77 G	78 D	79 H
■	80 I	81 V	82 J	■	83 O	84 K	85 S	86 D	87 N	■	88 T	89 Q	90 C
91 K	92 R	■	93 A	94 L	■	95 M	96 V	97 N	98 P	99 L	100 I	101 J	102 K
103 E	■	104 N	105 A	106 M	107 D	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Like a wise old bird.	20 32 105 93 2 29
B. An imperative expressing remonstrance, etc. (2 wds.)	53 6 31 57
C. A command not to do something.	62 47 90 35
D. An endeavor.	107 19 22 10 86 78
E A thing of no account.	71 46 55 26 36 66 103
F. To check sharply the fulfillment of	51 3 11
G. A confederate; an associate helper.	73 43 77 64
H. Inflexible; petrifying.	79 27 68 5 74
I. A snob (comp.; slang).	56 42 25 100 54 80 28
J. A choice morsel.	4 101 82 49 1 7
K. To urge courteously.	24 102 84 52 91 12
L. Something of such value as to demand doing.	75 16 94 99
M. To try; make an attempt.	18 95 106 63 40
N. Untidy; disordered.	97 104 45 59 87
O. Profound wonder.	39 41 83
P. Region; domain.	9 98 34 44 69
Q. To peruse; learn.	14 89 48
R. More difficult; more resistant.	92 15 23 38 76 21
S. A planet.	85 30 13 67 33
T. The current of influence, etc.	17 58 65 88
U. Not concealed or hidden.	70 8 50 61
V. A complication or difficulty.	81 96 72 60 37

HERE is how Double-Crostics are worked. Guess the words in the column at the left from their definitions. Each letter in the words is numbered. As you guess each word, also fill in its letters in the corresponding numbered spaces in the diagram. The black spaces denote the end of a word. When you have finished, these words, reading from left to right, will form a quotation. Also, the first letters of the words you have guessed at the left will form, reading vertically, the name of the quotation's author and the work from which it is taken.

The answer to this particular Double-Crostic does not appear on page 27 of this magazine, nor will it appear next week. Your correspondents feel that if you cannot, or will not, solve it, you will hardly be interested in the latest collection of 50 hitherto-unpublished Double-Crostics, Series 15. (Price, $1.50.) If you simply must have just one teeny weeny clue, however, the initials of the author in this puzzle are O.N., and he has been known to write verses for *The New Yorker*.

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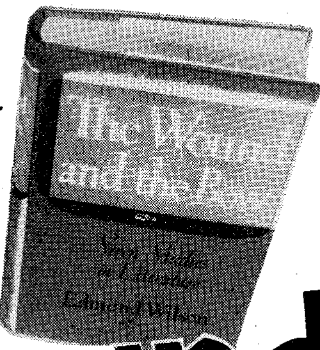
and a refractory integrity of character which has nothing in common with the temperament of the ordinary popular actor. He belonged to an American tradition of the high-strung man of talent who makes hay of the American standards—runs amuck, takes to dissipation, and is broken down young. But poor Barrymore never realized himself in either his painting or his acting as, say, Poe or Stephen Crane did in his writing, and he never found the right thing to do or be. It was only when some aspect of a character he was playing coincided with some aspect of his own personality that he was really creative on the stage: the scenes in which Hamlet takes his bitterness out in baiting the various figures of the Court, the opening scene of "Richard III"—one of the moments he came closest to greatness—in which the young Richard becomes conscious that his deformities must cripple his life and vows himself, with a young man's spirit that moves us for the moment with its passion, to revenge upon normal humanity. Though I saw John Barrymore, through the years, in most of his important parts, from "The Fortune Hunter" to "Hamlet," I can remember, leaving aside the light comedies, only one in which he seemed indistinguishable from the character he was impersonating: the bank clerk in Galsworthy's "Justice," who commits a forgery out of love for a woman and is sentenced to solitary confinement. This came at the beginning of the period when Barrymore's friends were trying to persuade him to take his dramatic abilities more seriously, and gave him a chance, I suppose, to identify with the character he was playing all that shrinking and uncertainty of his nature which, according to Mr. Fowler, made a lady who knew him well call him "a confused child."

He tried hard to find some rôle in life itself that he could count on and that would express him; and this biography is the story of his successive attempts. A disturbing and saddening story; for whenever, through exercise of will, he had achieved a high point of intensity by imposing on life his personal dream, the rôle always failed and let him down with a crash. First there was the effort of hard training that raised him to his Shakespearean rôles, which he tired of and discarded so soon; then there was the quite different effort, inspired, when he was forty-three, by his idealization of Dolores Costello, to find at last some high and enduring ground as lover, husband, father. Barrymore's solitary voyage on his yacht, as recorded

By The New Yorker's new critic
EDMUND WILSON
The Wound and the Bow



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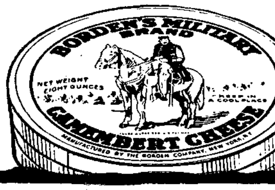

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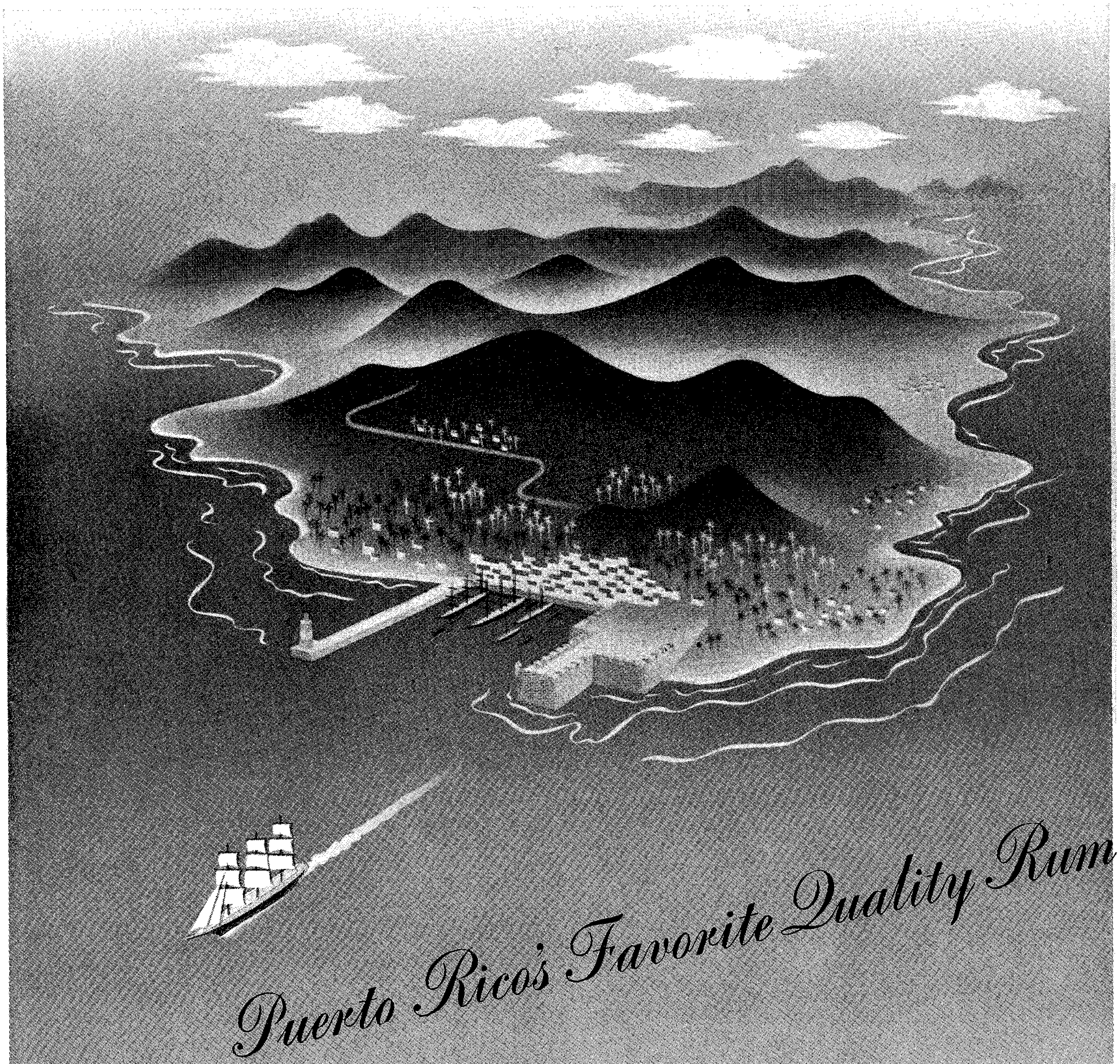
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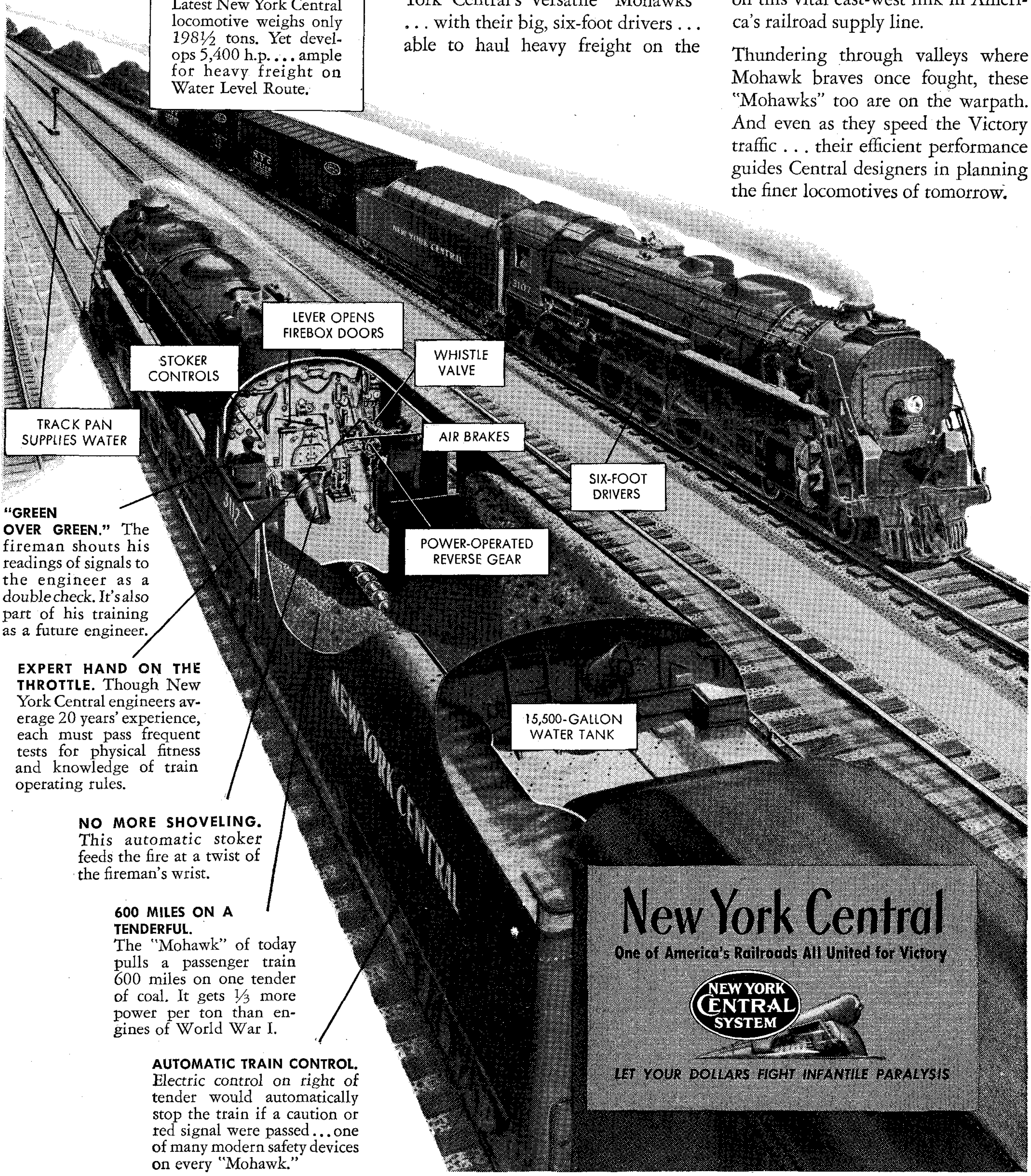
THERE'S a full-throated roar from her stubby stack as "Mohawk 3112" swings into the straightaway with a string of troop-filled Pullmans in tow. There's an answering roar from her twin locomotive, eastbound with a mile-long train of war freight.

Two engines of a kind. Two of New York Central's versatile "Mohawks" . . . with their big, six-foot drivers . . . able to haul heavy freight on the Water Level Route or speed the 20th Century Limited through on schedule.

Made possible by this almost gradeless route, "Mohawks" are newest among Central's fleet of steam, electric and Diesel locomotives. And their adaptability to freight or passenger use means much to wartime efficiency on this vital east-west link in America's railroad supply line.

Thundering through valleys where Mohawk braves once fought, these "Mohawks" too are on the warpath. And even as they speed the Victory traffic . . . their efficient performance guides Central designers in planning the finer locomotives of tomorrow.

MODERN MOTIVE POWER
Latest New York Central locomotive weighs only 198½ tons. Yet develops 5,400 h.p. . . . ample for heavy freight on Water Level Route.



"GREEN OVER GREEN." The fireman shouts his readings of signals to the engineer as a double check. It's also part of his training as a future engineer.

EXPERT HAND ON THE THROTTLE. Though New York Central engineers average 20 years' experience, each must pass frequent tests for physical fitness and knowledge of train operating rules.

NO MORE SHOVELING. This automatic stoker feeds the fire at a twist of the fireman's wrist.

600 MILES ON A TENDERFUL. The "Mohawk" of today pulls a passenger train 600 miles on one tender of coal. It gets ⅓ more power per ton than engines of World War I.

AUTOMATIC TRAIN CONTROL. Electric control on right of tender would automatically stop the train if a caution or red signal were passed . . . one of many modern safety devices on every "Mohawk."

New York Central

One of America's Railroads All United for Victory

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

LET YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS by himself in his diary, when he is exalted by his vision of his love, yet living with his own thoughts and obviously happier alone with them than he is likely to be in relations with others, makes an attractive episode in his story but contains its tragic implications. The dream went to pieces when he tried to embrace it, as he had evidently the premonition it would do, and he had lost forever now the fine dignity of his independence, which had been partly sustained by the dream. It is quite plain from Mr. Fowler's account that the debacle of John Barrymore's final years was almost as much the result of an actual loss of his faculties as the complete mental breakdown which his father had had at about the same age; yet in this hair-raising self-parody and self-ruination there was also perhaps a kind of arrogance, a paroxysm of contempt for the stage, and a last desperate effort in an inverted form to achieve the extreme intensity that enables one to realize oneself.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Work and Play, by Jules Romains, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins (Knopf). The eleventh volume, comprising Books XXI and XXII, of Romains' famous "Men of Good Will" serial. In the first of these two books, Jerphanion, campaigning for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, runs into what promises to be an exciting murder case, but he loses interest just about the same time the reader does. The second book is almost exclusively given over to talk. Haverkamp discusses at great length the possibility of divorcing his wife, but nothing comes of it or of his elaborate plans for building magnificent town and country houses. Some of the characters, however, manage to bring off a trip to Torchecoul's home in Burgundy, the interminable arrangements for which have taken up several chapters. In both parts, there is a great deal of conversation about French politics and the danger of a second world war. But the story lacks any real direction and there is no reason it should not end long before it does.

Nobody Lives Forever, by W. R. Burnett (Knopf). It's such a relief to read a novel which doesn't pretend to be a lot of things it isn't that there is a temptation to overrate Mr. Burnett's clear-cut underworld stories. This one concerns a big-time swindler

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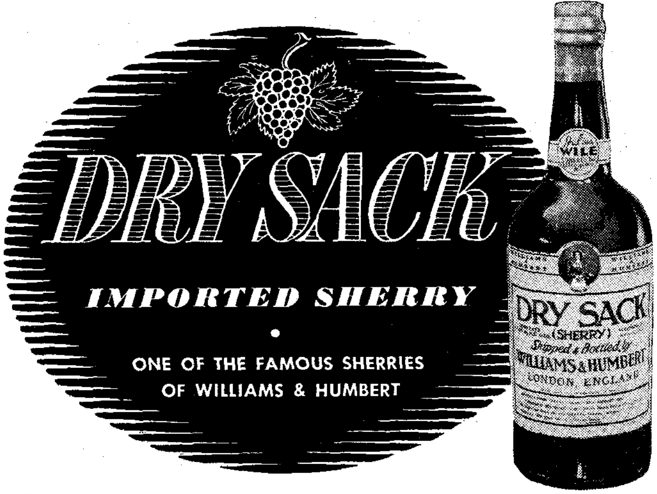

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his Orchestra and Choir
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and his Orchestra
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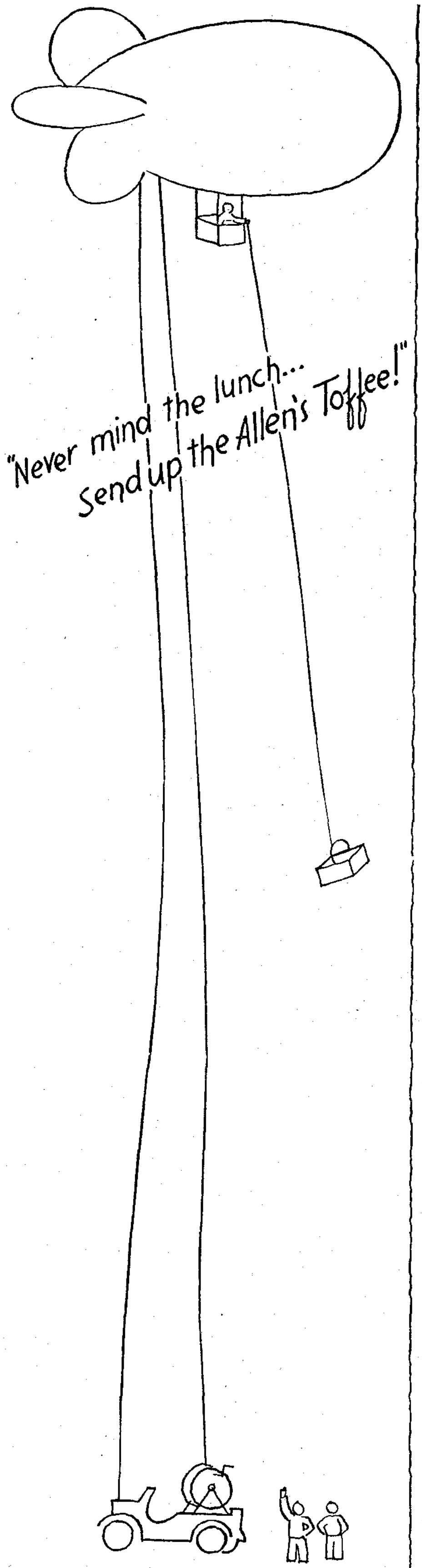
Sunday Dinner-Dance (NO COVER) MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
The WALDORF-ASTORIA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whose victim is a wealthy, gently bred widow. The author of "Little Caesar" has evolved an admirably appropriate style (hard without show-off toughness) for this story of confidence men, gangsters, and strong-arm guys, of whom he writes with humor and authority.

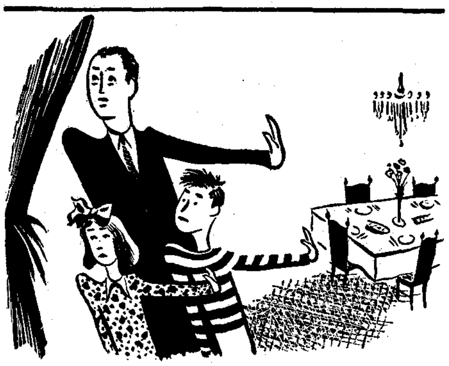
THE GOLDEN FLEECE, by Norah Lofts (Knopf). Miss Lofts, who has shown herself capable of writing historical novels with freshness and charm, doesn't quite make a go of this one. The Fleece is an English inn, the time is the Napoleonic wars, and the plot (a lot too much of it for the novel's own good) revolves around the innkeeper and his two daughters. The picture of early eighteenth-century domestic life is brushed in lightly and expertly, but the narrative is confused and the array of characters confusing.

LIANA, by Martha Gellhorn (Scribner). A pitiful story of a beautiful mulatto girl married without love to the wealthiest white citizen of one of the French islands of the Caribbean. A personable and sympathetic young French schoolteacher, engaged by the husband to educate his wife, opens up to her a passionate and happy adventure, which ends tragically when the lover leaves the island to fight with the Free French. Miss Gellhorn makes her characters, each shut in his separate loneliness, seem credible and sometimes touching and she has done no harm to a not unfamiliar plot.

WINTER WHEAT, by Mildred Walker (Harcourt, Brace). For those who aren't tired of novels about the land, this one will do well enough. There is quite a lot of Montana weather and a story about a girl's deep affection for her parents, whose relationship she misunderstands. There are also a broken love affair, poor crops, and other disappointments, all of which go to prove what the characters are made of, which is, on the whole, good stuff.

GENERAL

A PREFACE TO PEACE, by Harold Callender (Knopf). Reflections by a veteran foreign correspondent on the major events of the long armistice between 1918 and 1939. The author comes to rather conventional conclusions and deals with familiar material, but his excellent organization of this material, along with his calm examination of American foreign policy since the last war, makes his book much better than most of its kind.



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Dispel those fears! Oust the ghost of Meatless Meals! Serve them MEAT . . . the world-famed old Southern delicacy of AMBER BRAND DEVILED SMITHFIELD HAM. Virginny's prize, peanut-fed porkers . . . spiced and smoked over hickory, apple, and oak woods . . . ready to top-off delicious hot dishes in combinations with tomatoes, eggs, macaroni, etc. (Save coupons, too!)

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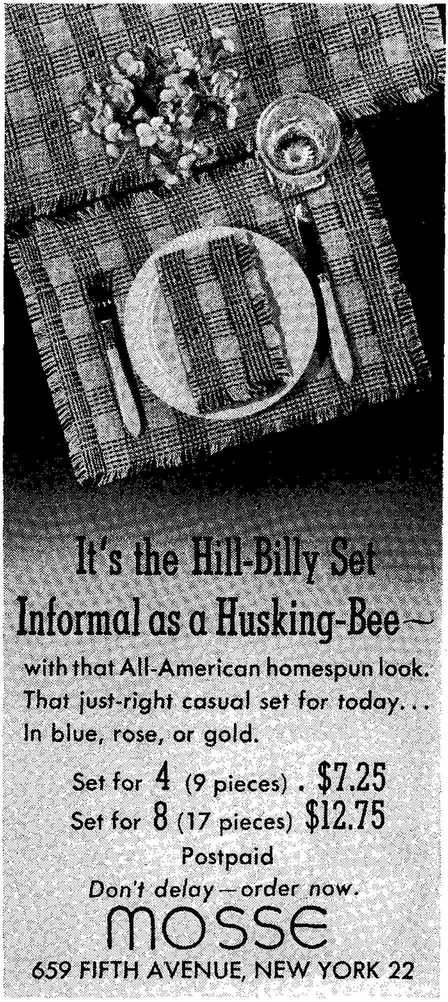
CARRIES YOU BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY



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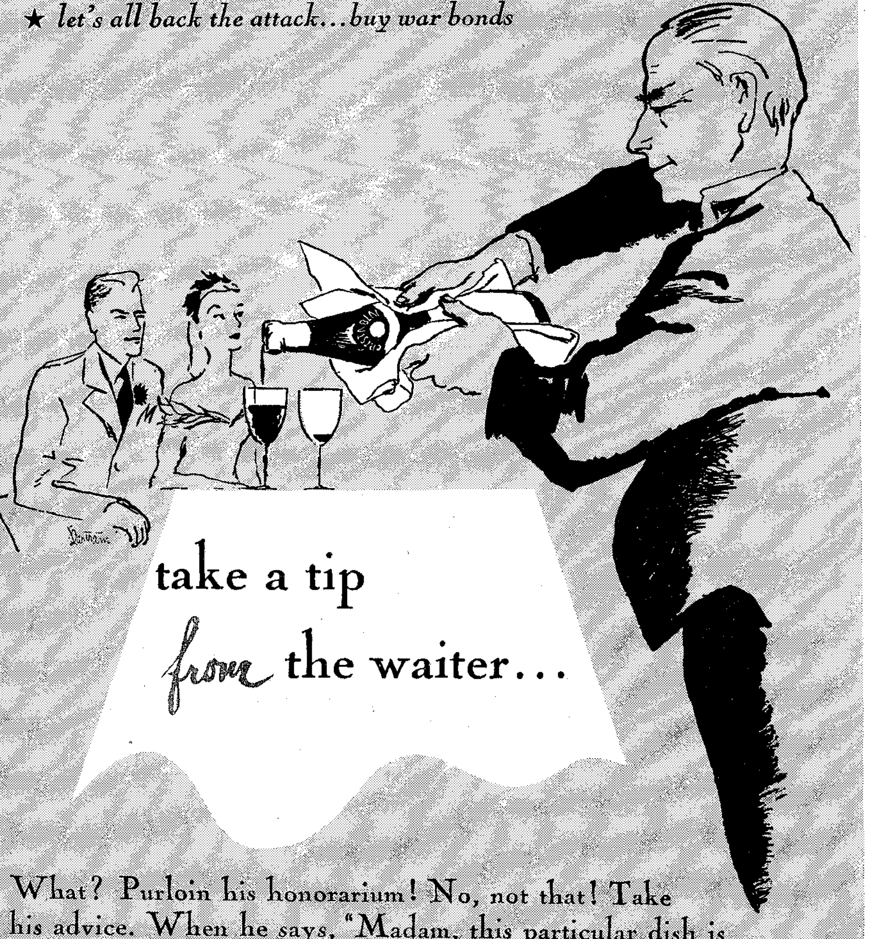
SHARK'S FINS AND MILLET, by Ilona Ralf Sues (Little, Brown). Persons and places in China, by a young woman who has done publicity work for the Chinese government. "This book," she writes, "is a medley of everything . . . a series of big and small events, of great and little people observed not through a high-powered microscope but with the imperfect, naked, sympathetic, twinkling human eye." That's its vein—naked and twinkling.

GOD'S ENGLISHMAN, by Leland Dewitt Baldwin (Little, Brown). An inquiry into the nature of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, based on the dual premise that the Englishman has a special kind of character, as he probably has, and that he is the favorite son of the Almighty, which is quite a different proposition. Professor Baldwin writes in the best tradition of academic scholarship and has packed his book with information, but the only time he comes close to describing the real grain and texture of the English character is when he quotes long passages from Santayana's "Soliloquies in England."

THE RUSSIAN ARMY, by Walter Kerr (Knopf). Half a personal record, half a discussion of the Red Army and the men who lead it. Mr. Kerr is a competent reporter and has collected some interesting facts and figures about the Russian military machine. His book, however, is principally valuable as a demonstration of the inability of journalism *per se* to get hold of the meaning of great historic events.

THEY SHALL NOT SLEEP, by Leland Stowe (Knopf). One of the best of our war correspondents does one of the best pieces of reporting that has come out of the war. Unlike many of his colleagues, Mr. Stowe is more interested in the story he is covering than in the story of himself, and as a result his pages read like mature journalism and not like a crossing of Frank Merriwell and Richard Harding Davis. There are excellent chapters on India and China, an earnest attempt to evaluate the military strength and political influence of Russia, and a description of some German prisoners of war, presented in terms of their own conversations, that will give the reader a good idea of what confirmed Nazis are like.

THE ROAD BACK TO PARIS, by A. J. Liebling (Doubleday, Doran). The author went to Paris in 1939 shortly after the war started and stayed there


★ let's all back the attack...buy war bonds
take a tip from the waiter...

What? Purloin his honorarium! No, not that! Take his advice. When he says, "Madam, this particular dish is excellent today." Believe him. He knows. And if he suggests a bottle of Cresta Blanca wine will go well with it . . . then you know definitely you have come to the right man . . . and the right place . . . America's restaurants and hotel dining rooms are doing a remarkable job these days in feeding our war-crowded cities. They deserve our highest praise. More than that, they deserve our patronage. And, when you dine out, select an establishment with the good taste to serve Cresta Blanca . . . California's finest wine. Then you'll be especially sure of good food . . . good service . . . and good appetite . . . as the delicious wine brings out the flavor of the food . . . adds to the pleasures of the meal. Tune in! "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton . . . C. B. S. every Wednesday evening.

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Bill's Idea Is In The Fight Too!

Bill has only been in the army a short time, but he's been in the war a lot longer!

As a youngster he re-built jallopies in a wrecking yard and at home he built model airplane motors, a hobby that made sense in his life. That was before Bill came to Solar where he was recognized as one of those born mechanics...and given a job equal to his skill.

Now, while he's pitching shells at the enemy and overhead is the air-cover of American planes he helped assure, he feels mighty good about the "Tube-flarer" he developed at Solar. And he should feel good because that part of him, that machine tool, saves hours of tedious hand labor flaring airplane manifold tube ends. Bill's idea speeded the production of American airplanes and it's still delivering the goods that will bring him back sooner to his model motors and the job he deserves.

The reason Bill likes Solar and is looking forward to his peacetime job is because —as he says, "the outfit really *makes* things!" He feels that the future is bright where a fellow has an opportunity to do more than just assemble parts... where thought and skill put an indelible stamp of quality on a product.

ARMY E NAVY

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until just before France fell. Later he went to England for several months, then made a memorable voyage back to America on a Norwegian tanker which was at sea on the day of Pearl Harbor. He went to London again in 1942 and, as soon as the landing in North Africa was announced, he set off for Oran, Algiers, and Tunisia. All this time he was writing for this magazine his remarkably well-informed pieces. The bulk of this book is compiled from them, but there is considerable new, connective material. At present the author is abroad again but not quite yet in Paris.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Escape in Vain, by Georges Simenon (Harcourt, Brace). Two short psychological novels about some very mixed-up young people in prewar Europe. "The Lodger," which deals with the results of a murder on the Paris-Brussels express, will probably seem more satisfactory to mystery readers than "One Way Out," the story of two young provincials adrift in Paris. For everyone except those who demand the added flavor of Maigret in their Simenon.

To What Dread End, by M. V. Heberden (Doubleday, Doran). A young woman doctor, recently arrived from Chungking, comes to an English village to take over the practice of old Doctor Bentley, who is ill. Murder, bombings, family antagonism, and a love affair make things just about as strenuous for the doctor as they were in China. Very different from the author's "Desmond Shannon" mysteries, and very satisfying, too.

Sailor, Take Warning! by Kelley Roos (Dodd, Mead). The sailing of model yachts, apparently the mildest of activities, has its dangerous moments, it seems. When a prominent yachtsman is killed in Central Park, a young married couple named Haila and Jeff take over the investigation and have a remarkably active time before they finish it. There's not, however, quite enough material here for a full-length mystery.

●

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Field Marshal Hermann Göring, January 30, 1943:

In the east, so many natural obstacles fell away that the Russians succeeded in penetrating here and there.... But I am convinced that this is their last fling and their last reserve.

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

V.S.R.
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THREE FEATHERS
VSR
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

WE STOPPED MAKING WHISKEY OVER A YEAR AGO!

Consequently, the whiskey you enjoy in Three Feathers today was drawn from our precious pre-war reserves. There is enough for the duration—if used in moderation.

MEANWHILE, ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE PRODUCING ALCOHOL FOR WAR USE BY THE GOVERNMENT

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

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With men who know tobacco best

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THE NEW YORKER

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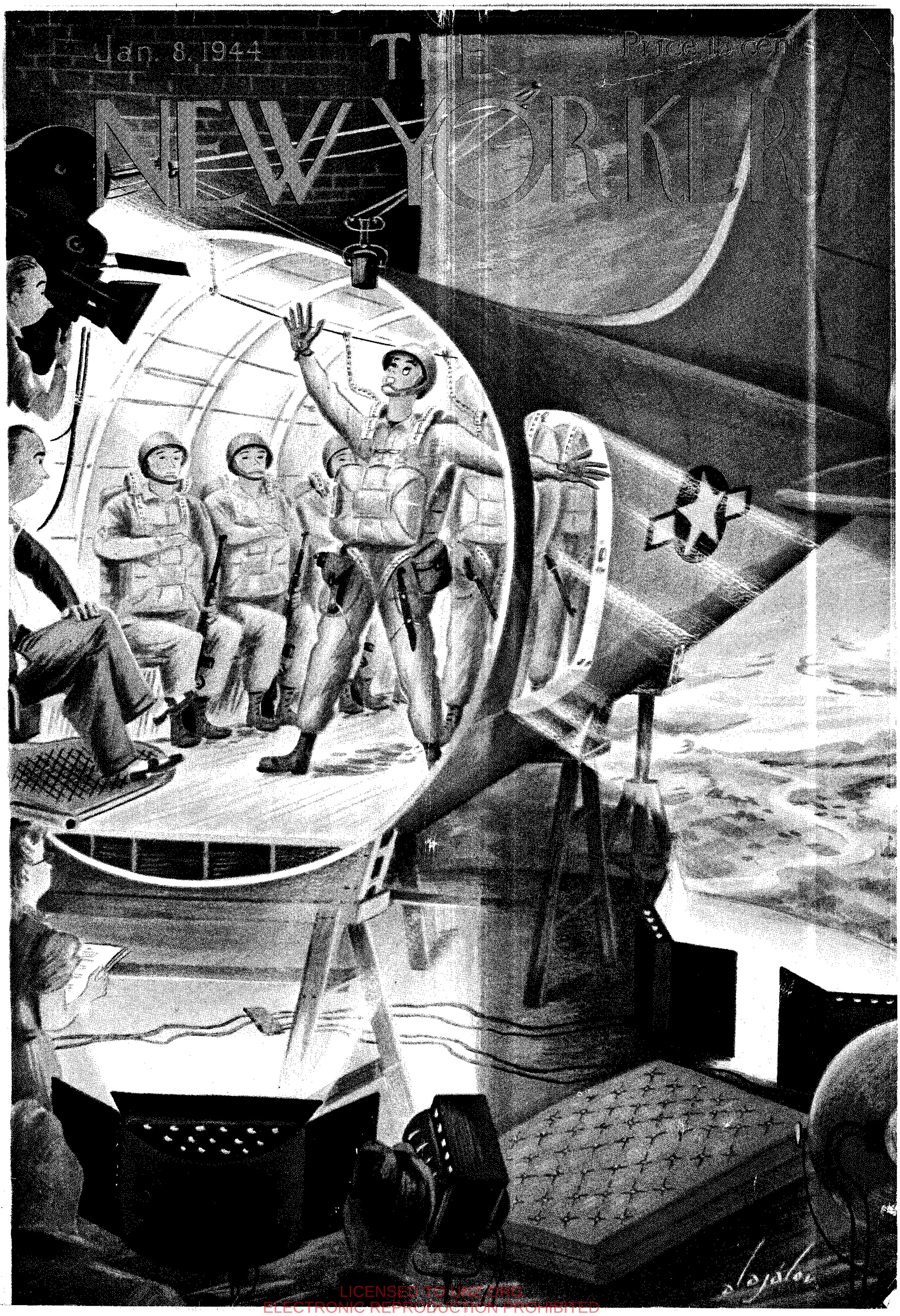
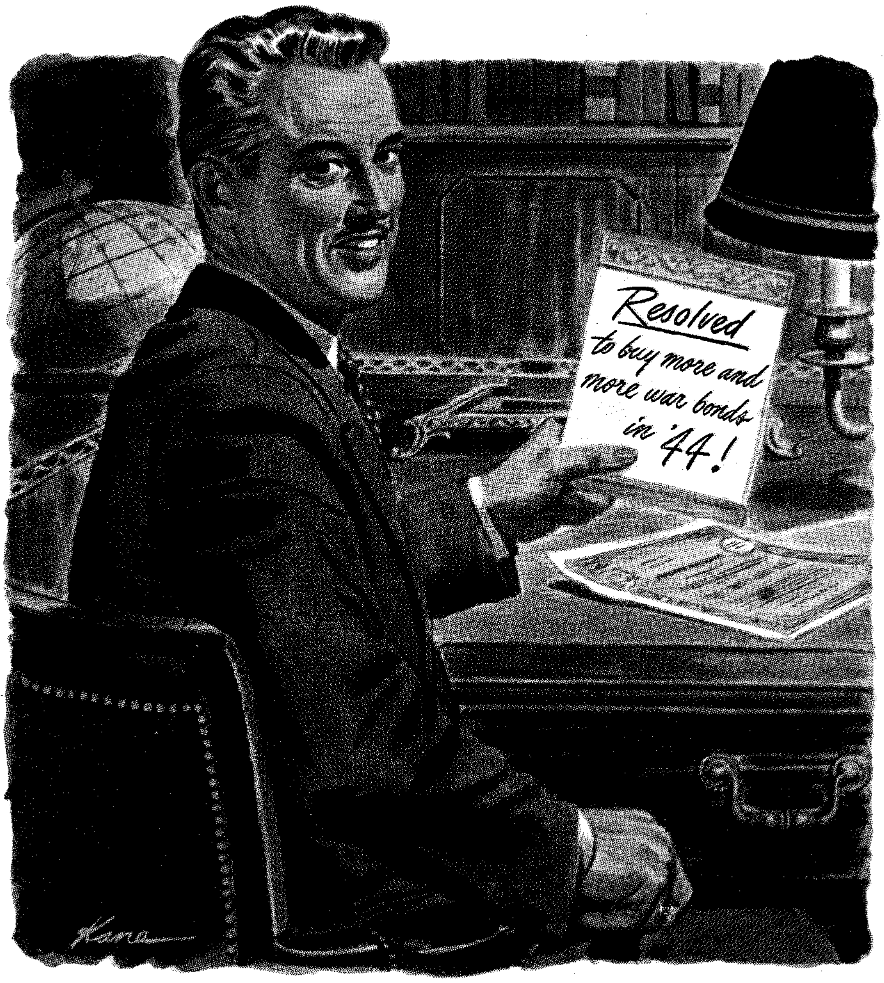


Answering your Question...

"WILL I BE ABLE TO GET SOME SCHENLEY IN 1944?"

Royal Reserve

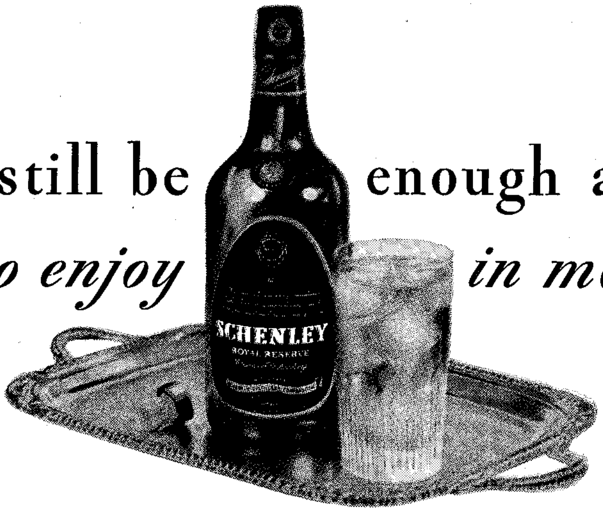

Resolved
to buy more and more war bonds in '44!
Kara

WE'RE GLAD you asked that question . . . because the answer's mighty cheerful . . . *yes, you will!* Not only this month, or next — but *for the duration* — if enjoyed *in moderation.*

Our distilleries are *still* devoted to the production of war alcohol (and will be, until the war need is over) . . . but pre-war reserves are sufficient to make it fairly certain that you'll find SCHENLEY Royal Reserve at your dealer's a lot more often than you'd think! So — ask for SCHENLEY always. And *always* —enjoy it *in moderation.*

**BACK THE ATTACK—
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

There will still be enough available
... to enjoy in moderation!



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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Another Love Story—Frederick Lonsdale back with a comedy involving no less than three love affairs, all shady. Among those in the cast are Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 8.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now beginning its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Doctors Disagree—Rose Franken in again to ask whether doctors ought to marry one another. The answer seems to be yes. Barbara O'Neil and Philip Ober are active in the foolishness. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy, of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Listen, Professor!—The Princeton Triangle Club title disguises a nice, rather earnest little Russian comedy about an absent-minded scientist. Dudley Digges is very good in it. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't very much else to offer. Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, and Carol Goodner are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—An excellent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Visually, at least, Paul Robeson's Moor is perfect, and José Ferrer is a remarkable Iago. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Outrageous Fortune—Rose Franken tries to deal simultaneously with homosexuality and racial intolerance but hasn't a great deal to say about either. With Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Fredric Tozere. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 8.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. A sincere, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult post-war problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

CLEARANCE
RD

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who puts a sergeant up on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than two hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Corps. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by Ruth Gordon, with Miss Gordon, Harvey Stephens, and Philip Loeb. Staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Zasu Pitts and Harlan Briggs in a play by George Batson. Staged by Arthur Sircom and produced by Robert Reud. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another *tour de force*. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart success of 1927, with modern adjustments and one fine new song. A little disappointing, in spite of the effective performances by Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. All very satisfactory. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured show, which also contains Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:35. Mat. Sat. at 2:35. Closes Sat., Jan. 8.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Storm Operation—A play by Maxwell Anderson, with Myron McCormick, Gertrude Musgrove, and Bramwell Fletcher. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Thurs., Jan. 6. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Suds in Your Eye—A comedy by Jack Kirkland based on the Mary Lasswell novel, with Jane Darwell and Brenda Forbes. Staged by Mr. Kirkland and produced by Brown and Del Bondio. Opens Wed., Jan. 12. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jackpot—A musical comedy with Allan Jones, Jerry Lester, and Nanette Fabray, and with songs by Howard Dietz and Vernon Duke. Staged by Roy Hargrave and produced by Vinton Freedley. Opens Thurs., Jan. 13. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—"Our Town," with Frank Craven: nightly, from Mon., Jan. 10, at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Martha Graham—With her company in "Deaths and Entrances," "Salem Shore," and "Punch and the Judy": Sun., Jan. 9, at 8:45 P.M. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075.)

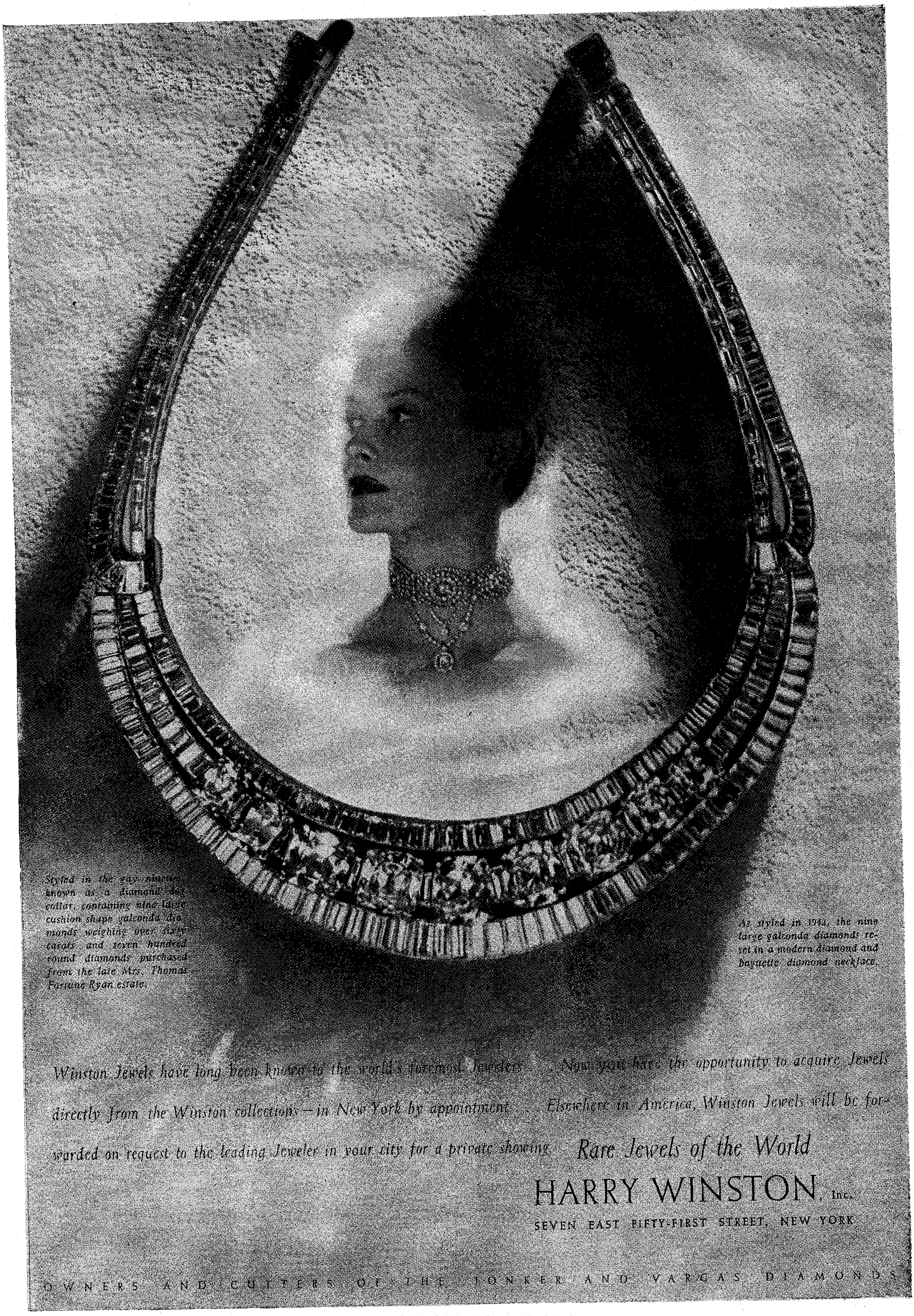
Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Stage Children's Guild—"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sat., Jan. 8; and "The Blue Bird," Sat., Jan. 15; at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A playroom for

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 47, January 8, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

children, with sketching facilities and games, as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, will be open Mon. through Fri. from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5:30 P.M., and Sun. from 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30. (On Mon. and Fri. Afts. the playroom is reserved for members and their children.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has an ice show and Ray Heatherton's band.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo is back, and there's also Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and dances by Pearl Primus.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier than the one in Rio. Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The new Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A popular little place near Third Avenue. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For those who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Now receiving friends in its large new home. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band are still on hand.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is popular with claustrophobes, among others. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has John Hoysradt, pretending he's various people. Bob Grant's orchestra.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—The dinner-dance music in the Oval Room is, of course, sedate.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—An up-and-coming refreshment stand on the East Side. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Charles Baum's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is in the Wedgwood Room, and at the supper hour there is also a small show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is here to remind you of Paris. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan heading the show. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Sheila Barrett in some Sheila Barrett routines. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a log fire, a view of the Park, and some unobtrusive music.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Val Olman's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band; Dwight Fiske turns up at the supper hour. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small ones; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **CASABLANCA,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): blue shadows, palms, and Arabic writing on the walls; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Carmen Amaya and her kin folk. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Abe Lyman's orchestra will be replaced by Nick D'Amico's on Fri., Jan. 7. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, an orchestra, and folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.

●

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins plays his saxophone in this midtown saloon.

ART

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

DAVID BURLIUK—Russian and American scenes, along with portraits of Lenin and Tolstoi: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

XENIA CAGE—Non-mechanical mobiles made of wood, paper, and string: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

JON CORBINO—Recent oils by this American romantic: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

RALSTON CRAWFORD—War paintings based on meteorological charts, as well as some peacetime oils: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

ANDRÉ DERAIN—Portraits, landscapes, and still lifes: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 7 P.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

JAMES ENSOR—Paintings by an English forerunner of surrealism: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

FRENCH—Sixteen paintings by Dufy, Derain, Rouault, and others of the Paris school: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

MAXWELL GORDON—Oils, prints, and a few water colors, by a Cleveland artist: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Mon., Jan. 10.

GROUPS—At the **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57: a review of the gallery's exhibitions during the last seven years. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8. . . . **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB,** 16 E. 10: water colors and sculpture by members of the club: Tues. and Thurs., 11 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.; other days, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Constantin Guys, Edgar Degas, Eugene Berman, Salvador Dali, and many others; also, sculpture by Winifred Lansing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

JAMES GUY—Recent paintings based on scenes in an aircraft factory: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

FREDERICK HAUCKE—Nineteen recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

EARL KERKAM—Recent portraits in oil: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

ISRAEL LITWAK—Hunting scenes, the African jungle, and Rockefeller Center, by a modern primitive: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

JOHN MARIN—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 9.

FLETCHER MARTIN—Paintings and drawings of the North African campaign: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Sun., Jan. 9); and a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

PARIS—A loan exhibition of Parisian scenes by Daumier, Dufy, Gromaire, Renoir, and others: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51. Thurs. and Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 8.

I. RICE PEREIRA—Paintings by one of the leading American abstractionists: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

FERNANDO PUMA—Recent oils, mostly of the circus and the sea: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

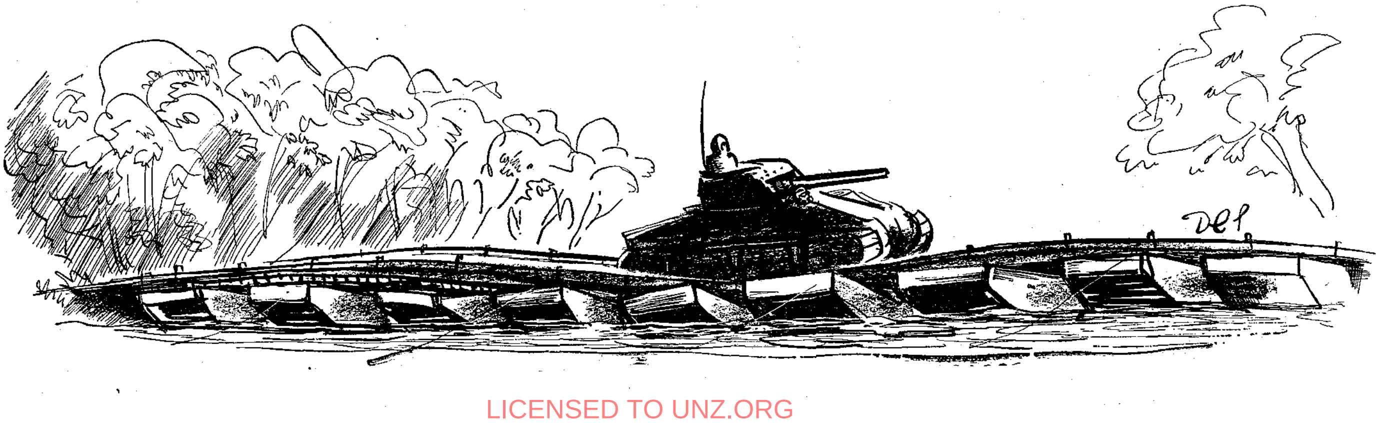
SCULPTURE—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

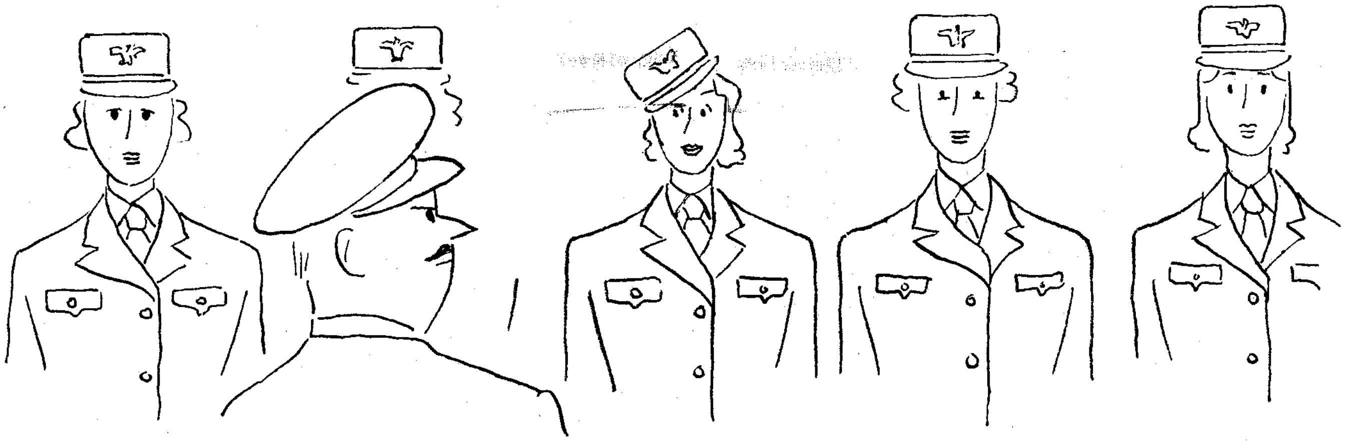
(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

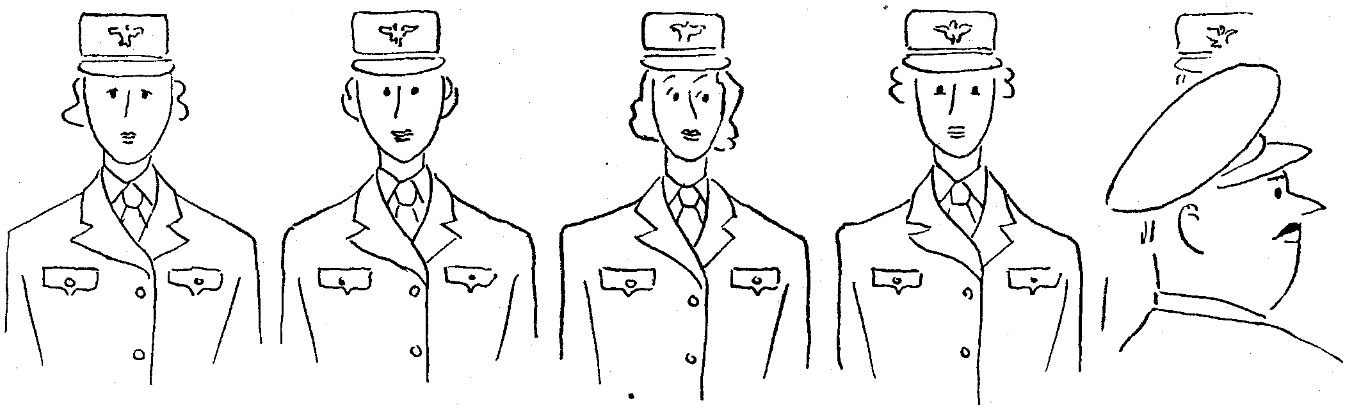
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Artur Rodzinski conducting—Carnegie Hall: Fri., Jan. 7, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 8, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 9, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Jan. 13, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Jan. 14, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Ruth Posselt, violin, Jan. 7; Hortense Monath, piano, Jan. 8-9; Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Jan. 13-14.) . . . Hotel Plaza: Philharmonic-Symphony League concert, Mon., Jan. 10, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-6923.)

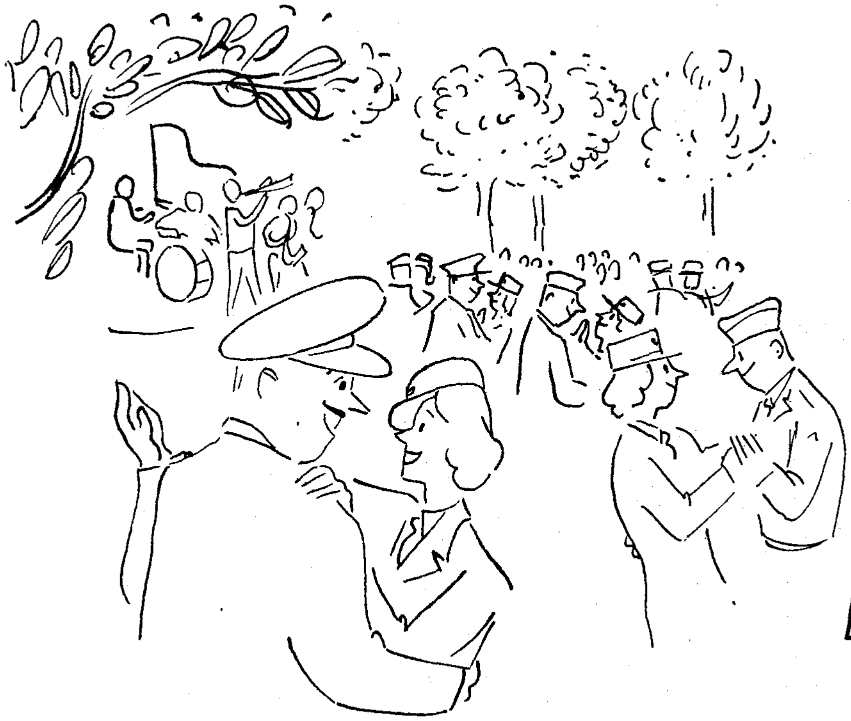
BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—



Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!







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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.

Carnegie Hall: Thurs., Jan. 6, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist, Mischa Elman, violin.) . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., Jan. 7, at 8:30 P.M.

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., Jan. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Jazz Concert—The second of a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring Miff Mole, trombone; Max Kaminsky and Billy Butterfield, trumpet; and Joe Bushkin, piano. Sat., Jan. 8, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin conducting; soloists: Carroll Glenn, violin; and Eugene List, piano. Mon., Jan. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Gianni Schicchi" and "Salome," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 6. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Fri. Eve., Jan. 7 (a Smith College benefit; for tickets, call WI 2-0372). . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Aft., Jan. 8. . . . "Faust," Sat. Eve., Jan. 8. . . . "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Mon. Eve., Jan. 10. . . . "Tannhäuser," Wed. Eve., Jan. 12. . . . "La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 13. . . . "Falstaff," Fri. Eve., Jan. 14. . . . "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Aft., Jan. 15. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Jan. 15. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.) . . . Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, Jan. 9, at 8:30, will be Irene Jessner, soprano; Ira Petina, contralto; and John Brownlee, baritone.

Emile Baume—Piano. Fri., Jan. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—Lotte Lehmann, soprano. Sun., Jan. 9, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Erica Morini Quartet—Chamber music. Sun., Jan. 9, at 8:50 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400; Ext. 22.)

Jan Cherniavsky—Piano. Mon., Jan. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Sonata Recital—Orrea Pernel, violin; and Bruce Simonds, piano. Mon., Jan. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

John Garris—Tenor. Tues., Jan. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. Tues., Jan. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Fritz Kreisler—Violin. Tues., Jan. 11, at 9 P.M.; a Salvation Army benefit. (Metropolitan Opera House. For tickets, call CI 7-5445.)

Lotte Lehmann—Soprano. Wed., Jan. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. Wed., Jan. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Blanche Thebom—Mezzo-soprano. Wed., Jan. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Mishel Piastro—Violin. Sat., Jan. 15, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano. Sat., Jan. 15, at 3 P.M.; the first of a series of three Bach recitals given as a war-relief benefit. (Town Hall.)

Lener Quartet—Chamber music; soloist, Ania Dorfmann, piano. Sat., Jan. 15, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Wanda Landowska—Harpsichord. Sat., Jan. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

SPORTS

Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: St. John's vs. Rhode Island State, and N.Y.U. vs. Connecticut, Sat., Jan. 8; L.I.U. vs. West Virginia, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Brooklyn, Wed., Jan. 12; at 8:15 P.M. . . . COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, B'way at 119: Columbia vs. Cornell, Sat., Jan. 15, at 8:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Lulu Costantino, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 7; Bobby Ruffin vs. Tippy Larkin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Jan. 6; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Jan. 9; and Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Jan. 13; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Jan. 9, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

Photography—At the PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years, mostly by American photographers. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 13. . . . NORLYST, 59 W. 56: recent experimental photographs by Man Ray, George Platt Lynes, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Jan. 13.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

Americana—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Jan. 9, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Jan. 8 and 15, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Jan. 9, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Jan. 9, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Jan. 9, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons and James Melton, Sat., Jan. 8; "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Jan Peerce and Zinka Milanov, Sat., Jan. 15; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Lulu Costantino, Fri., Jan. 7; Bobby Ruffin vs. Juan Zurita, Fri., Jan. 14; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French eighteenth-century porcelains, furniture, and art objects owned by the late J. P. Morgan: Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 6-8, at 2 P.M. . . . The library of the late Charles C. Kalbfleisch: Mon. and Tues., Jan. 10-11, at 2 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Chinese porcelains and pottery, owned by the late Mrs. Samuel T. Peters: Wed. through Fri., Jan. 12-14, at 2 P.M.

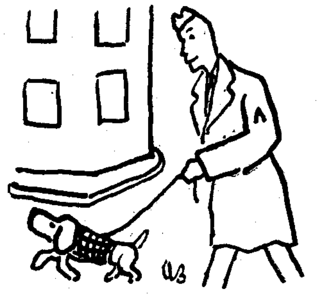
MOTION PICTURES

The Battle of Russia—A documentary neatly and dramatically put together by the U. S. Government to show Russia's part in the war. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 11-12.)

The Constant Nymph—A conscientious re-interpretation of the much-interpreted novel, with Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Jan. 6.)

The Cross of Lorraine—A vivid adaptation of "A Thousand Shall Fall," Hans Habe's memoirs of life in a German prison camp, marred by a slipshod ending. Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 7-9. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 7-10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 12-14.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A handsome adaptation, notable for its fast pace, its Technicolor, and some fine bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)



A Guy Named Joe—A flying picture that's amusing and intelligent except when the fantasy gets out of hand. Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Holy Matrimony—An inspired bit of casting puts Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields in this new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive." (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Jan. 6. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 8-11.)

Madame Curie—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a good, popularized version of the biography by Eve Curie. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The North Star—Lillian Hellman has written a movie about the Russians that combines good international thinking with fine cinema art. The cast includes Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Sahara—Humphrey Bogart in a tough, all-male movie about the North African campaign. The cast also includes Rex Ingram and J. Carrol Naish. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Jan. 8. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Jan. 10.)

This Is the Army—A number of Hollywood civilians have been added to the soldier cast, but no harm done. The newcomers include George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Jan. 7. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sat., Jan. 8.)

Victory Through Air Power—Walt Disney's lively animation of Seversky's theories on long-range bombing. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Jan. 7. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Jan. 8. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Jan. 12. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 9-10. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 11-13.)

REVIVALS

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder, with Claude Rains. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 8-10.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Jan. 6.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Jan. 8.)

Hangmen Also Die (1943)—Fancy guesswork about the assassination of Heydrich. Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 11-13.)

Lady in Distress (1942)—British melodrama about a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 11-13.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 6.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Jan. 6.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, Cagney and Rooney. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 6.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Jan. 6. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 9-11.)

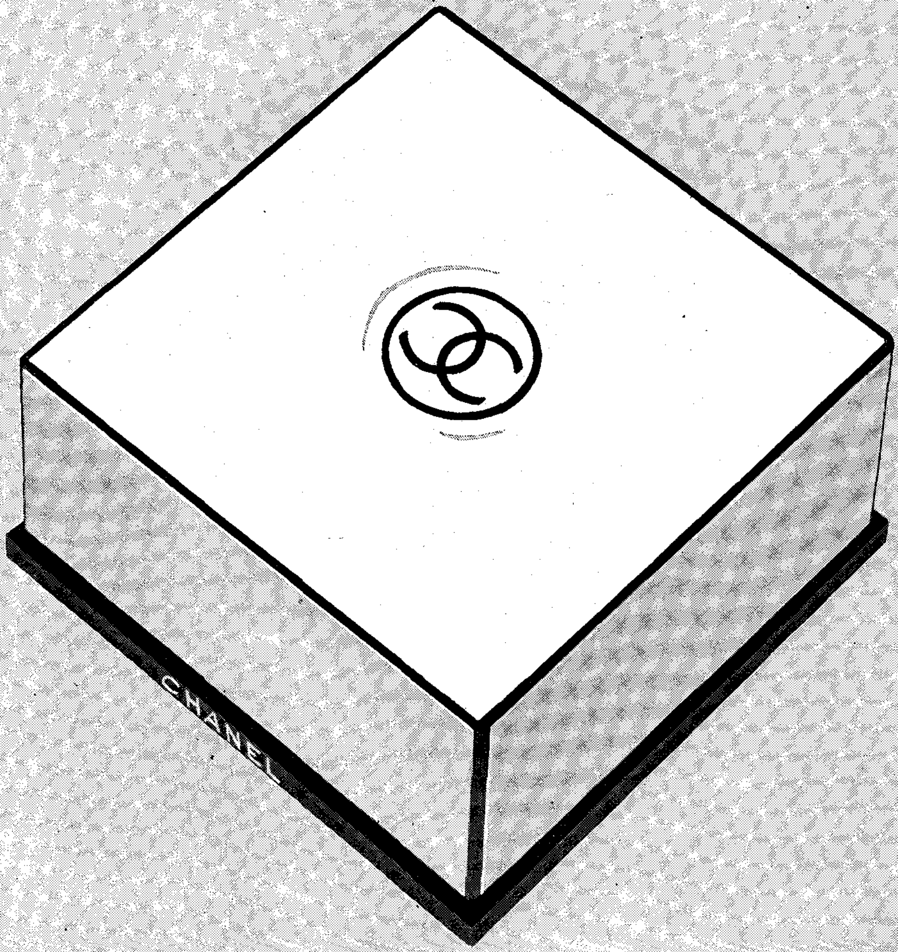
The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Jan. 8.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur miracle play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—A movie director turns himself into a bum. Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 8-10.)

Topper Takes a Trip (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 11-13.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 6-7: "Outward Bound" (1930), with Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. SAT. AND SUN., JAN. 8-9: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), German film, with Dorothea Wieck. MON. AND TUES., JAN. 10-11: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. WED. AND THURS., JAN. 12-13: "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers. FRI. AND SAT., JAN. 14-15: "The Lower Depths" (1936), with Jean Gabin.



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Ray-Ban is the name of a type of glass created by Bausch & Lomb for exactly that sort of performance, and made to government specifications to meet the needs of American military aviation. For twelve years Ray-Ban lenses and Ray-Ban Sun Glasses have been used to equip the Army and Navy. And thousands upon thousands of civilians have found in Ray-Ban's comfortable, scientifically correct glare protection the perfect answer to eye distress, the ideal glass for outdoor wear.

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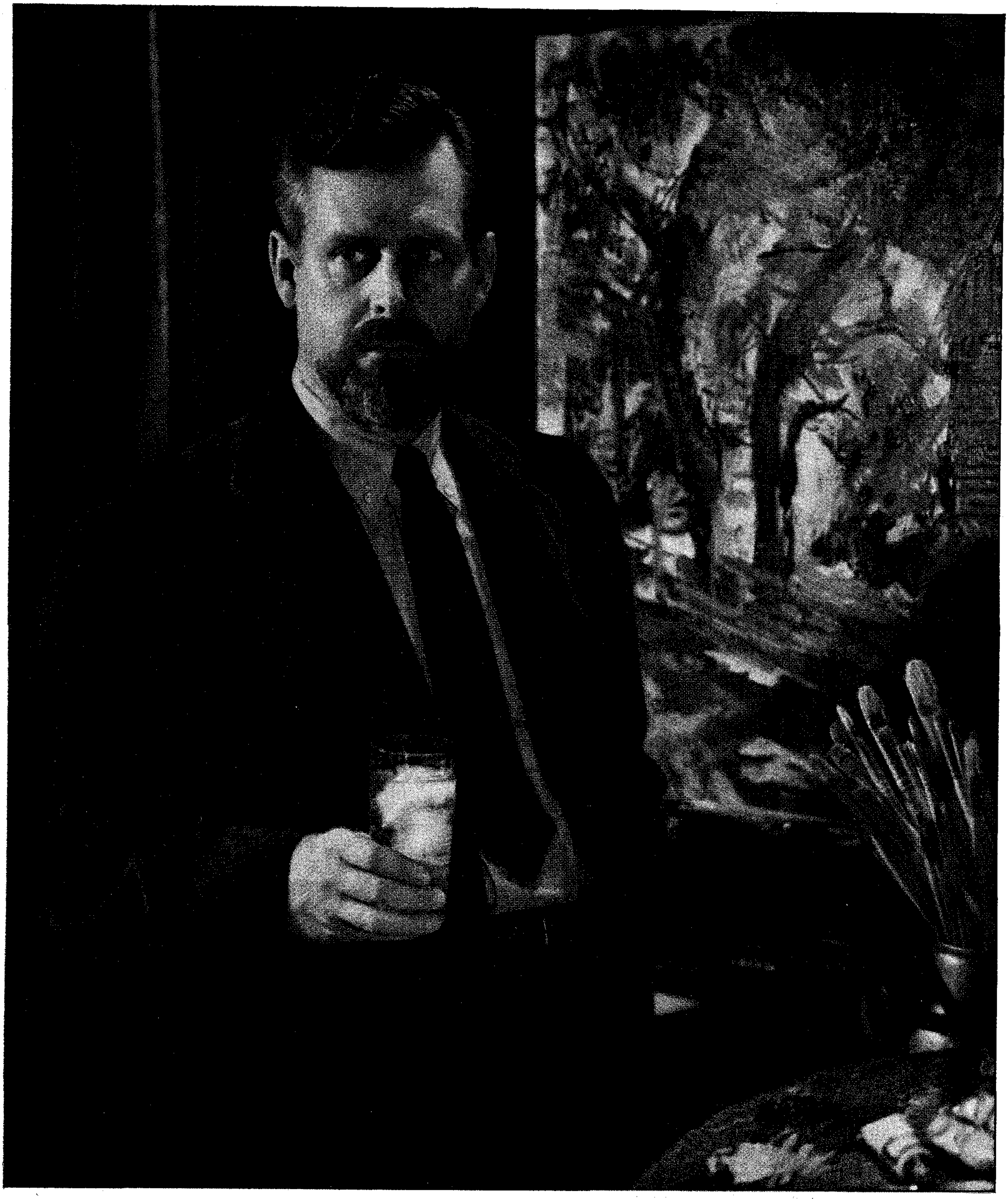

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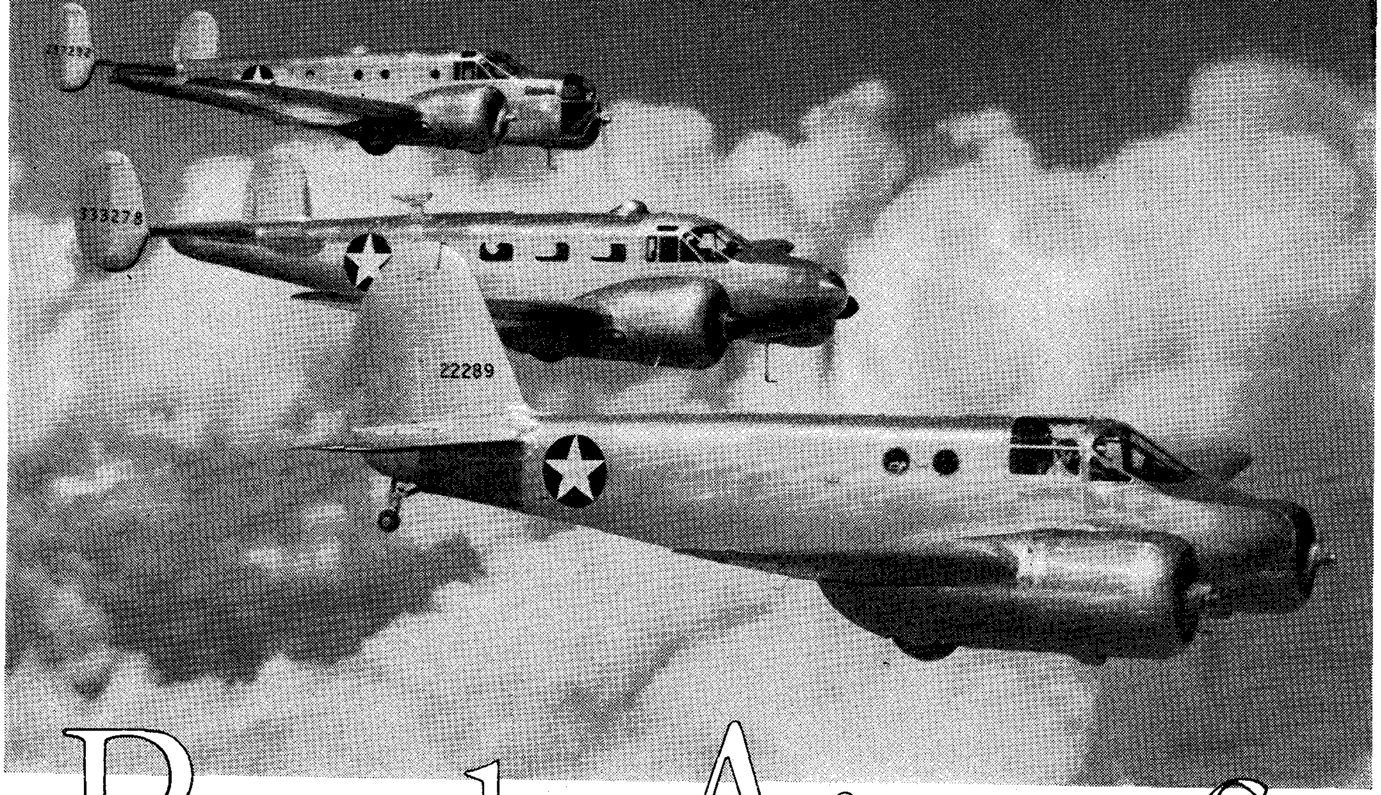
Beechcrafts at work

In the three specialized types of Beechcrafts shown in formation below, a large proportion of Air Forces bomber crews gain the skills that serve them so well in their flights over Axis targets. ★ Pilots learn the technique of handling heavy, fast, multi-engine bombers in the plywood AT-10 Beechcraft transitional trainer (leading formation). ★ Navigators master their complex art in the all-metal AT-7 (Navy SNB-2) Beechcraft navigation trainer (second in formation). ★ Bombardiers learn to make the most of those crucial split seconds over the target in the all-metal AT-11 (Navy SNB-1) Beechcraft bombing trainer (third in formation) which is also adaptable for instruction in flexible aerial gunnery. ★ Like the commercial Beechcrafts which were prototypes of the AT-7 and AT-11, these trainers combine near-tactical high cruising speeds with exceptionally low landing speeds, easy maneuverability, and great sturdiness. ★ Like the men they help to instruct, these Beechcrafts work hard and efficiently at their vital tasks with the world's finest Air Services.



Beech Aircraft

CORPORATION

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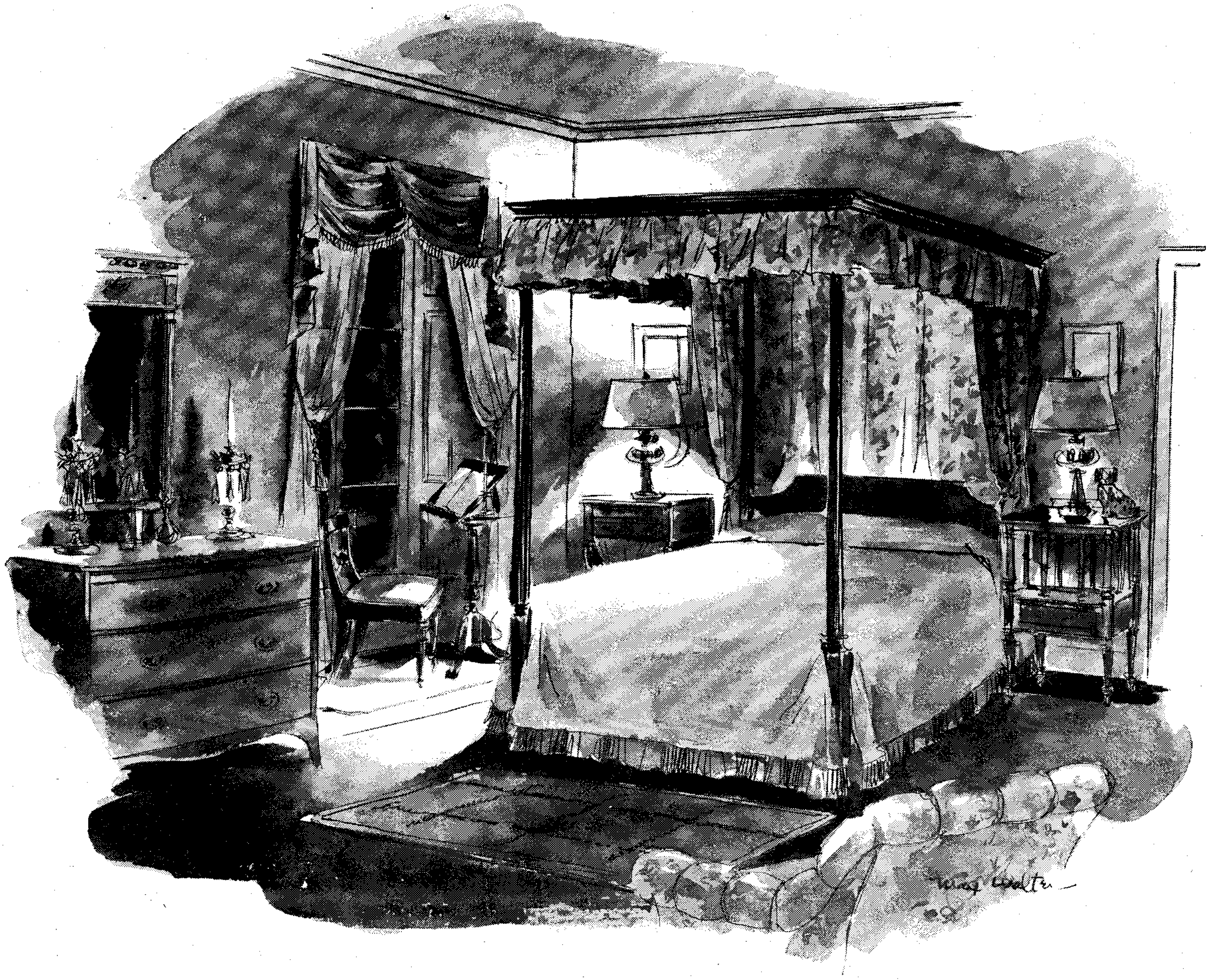
ANNE.



Homes of and for the years are the only ones Sloane has ever believed in. They look... and feel... and *are* permanent because the taste and quality that have gone into them will always be good. When Victory comes and normal lives are resumed again, more people are going to want such homes. More people, too, will discover that fine lasting things are the heart and core of Sloane.

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THE NEW YORKER

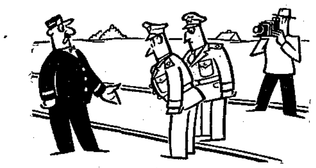
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE was a whole page of the finely wrought prose of General MacArthur in *PM* the other Sunday. It included everything from the famous "foxholes of Bataan" to the pronouncement on fatherhood, acknowledging his designation as the "Outstanding Father of 1942": "A soldier destroys in order to build; the father *only* builds, *never* destroys." When it comes to prose, though, MacArthur is not our general. We give you a really distinguished stylist, General Ike Eisenhower, whose most recent prose utterance was "I can tell you one thing. We will win the European war in 1944." That's some prose!

NOW, if anybody had asked *us*, we'd have said turn the operation of the railroads over to L. C. Armfield. Mr. Armfield is the Pullman Company man whose name appears on the club-car menus—or did, at least, on the one we saw the last time we travelled on the Twentieth Century. We're assuming that Armfield is responsible for the admirable organization and crisp, terse style of this document, which makes the average timetable look vague by comparison. On the outside of the menu, for example, is a picture of an Army tank, photographed in action by the Signal Corps, and a printed admonition to buy War Bonds. Just to keep the matter absolutely straight, however, Armfield's caption identifies the tank as a "United States Army Heavy Tank" and the credit line for the photograph reads, "United States Army Signal Corps." The War Bonds thus advertised are fully identified as "United States War Bonds." Bread-and-butter and olives are listed among the light refreshments: "Bread and Butter (3 slices)" and "Manzanilla Olives (8)." Travellers also get the assurance that the Irish Whiskey is (Imported) and even that the Imported Champagne is (French). These days the arr. and dep. of any train are likely to be somewhat off schedule, but things are still under control in the club car.

TURNING the railroads over to the Army was not accomplished without the assistance of news photographers, as who supposed it would be? The pictorial evidence was not very encouraging, however. The *Times* and the *Tribune* both published views of two majors getting "pointers on railroading" from some New York Central veterans, and as God is our witness the first lesson the military men were receiving was a lesson in the Lantern. Somebody had actually fetched a lantern, and the officers were being instructed in its operation. Well, first things first. Some clement day soon, you mark our words, the railroad men will take the Army men into the great outdoors for an eye-opening stroll. "Now, those long steel things that you see there, running parallel to each other—those are what we fellows call 'rails.'" And the delighted majors will want to be told about the "big black thing with all those wheels." Before you know it, the whole vista will open up, and the Army will be running the railroads and the news photographers will be far gone on another assignment.

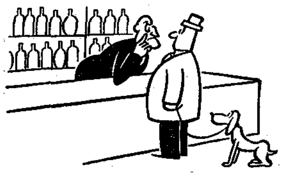


CURIOUSLY enough, if the papers really had wanted a good picture of the railroad turnover, using a lantern, they could have arranged one quite easily. They could have published a picture of the Army men being shown the lantern which, on that cold and memorable night in North Carolina, should have stopped the northbound streamlined express—should have stopped, but did not stop. The caption could have been "Wipe that smile off!"

NOTE FOR THE COUNCIL ON BOOKS IN WARTIME: The Poe Cottage has in its attic window a service flag with one star.

NOTE BROUGHT BY A DOVE: A local corporation was asked by the Navy Department to submit a bid for a certain type of service required by one of the posts nearby. The corporation, in a sporting mood, offered a choice between a fee of two hundred dollars a month or a flat twenty-five hundred for the duration of the war. The Navy Department, doubtless after due consideration, elected to pay on a monthly basis.

THE liquor shortage may have made life more difficult for consumers, but it has obviously brightened the world up for the persons who work in liquor stores. Clerks who wait on you in liquor stores, as we recall them, used to be a dull, depressed lot. You would give your order, they would take from the orderly shelves the neat bottles, receive your money, and hand you the change, and the entire transaction would bore them to extinction. Now all is different. You ask for a bottle of whiskey and the clerk goes into a deep, dark session with his inner self. He wears a look of incredible wisdom and mystery. He examines your face, your habit, your dog-in-leash, and then refers your impudent request to an invisible confederate in the



rear. The two of them toss the matter back and forth for a while, as though neither had heard of the brand and they were, in general, appalled by the grotesque nature of your desires. The clerk then shakes his head sadly, produces a pint of some very strange medicine indeed, and stares straight ahead. Obviously this man is having a wonderful time.

Morton

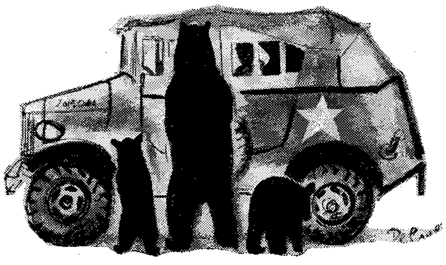
LAST Friday a lady bent on exchanging some ill-chosen gifts in one of the big stores heard an eager voice rising above the clamor in the express elevator: "Morton? No, Morton couldn't get into the Navy *or* the Army—he's unphysically fit."

Our Own Baedeker

VATICAN CITY covers a hundred and nine acres of ground and is the only independent state in the world whose borders an active tourist could walk around in three-quarters of an hour, if his feet didn't hurt. At the beginning of the war, there were a thousand or so citizens living under the flag of the Papal State, a yellow-and-white banner showing the crossed keys of St. Peter and the Pope's triple tiara. The Vatican issues its own stamps and coinage, and it has its own railroad station, fire department, electric-power plant, and radio station. There are more telephones per capita than in any other state in the world. You have to show your passport to get into the city, and once inside you are under the legal jurisdiction of the Pope. Everybody has heard about the Swiss Guards, an outfit which was organized more than four hundred years ago by Pope Julius II and which still wears Brooks Costume Company uniforms and carries halberds, but there are also three other organizations charged with keeping order in the city—the Papal Gendarmes, who police the Vatican Palace; the Palace Guard, a militia composed of Romans, who serve on special dress-up occasions; and the Noble Guard, a more or less honorary corps distinguished from any other military outfit we know of by the fact that all its members are officers. This is a fact that should definitely interest the members of the American Fifth Army in due course. The Swiss Guards are the Pope's personal escort, and, as in the old days, they're still recruited from the forest cantons of Switzerland.

In the pagan days of Rome, the Vatican was a pleasant suburb, with gardens and villas. It took its name from the *vaticinia*, or prophecies, pronounced at a temple of Apollo which stood nearby. The neighborhood changed as the years passed, and finally Caligula built an amphitheatre there. In it he had set up an obelisk from Egypt, and it was near this obelisk that St. Peter, one of the twelve apostles, was crucified. Today the obelisk stands in St. Peter's Piazza, before the church where the saint's body lies. St. Peter's Church is, of course, the largest in the world; its floor space is 163,200 square feet, as against 64,100 for Notre Dame and 109,000 for St. John the Divine. Only the Pope may say Mass at the high altar. The church dates back to 326 A.D., when Pope Sylvester I asked the Emperor Constantine to build a church over the spot where St. Peter was buried. Charlemagne was crowned there, by Pope Leo III, and Napoleon I intended to arrange a like ceremony for himself, but he had a tiff with the reigning pope and it never came off. The last of the Stuarts are buried in St. Peter's—James III, Charles III, and Henry IX. So is Queen Christina, the brisk and masculine lady who abandoned the throne of Sweden, became a Catholic, and spent the rest of her life scandalizing the Vatican set. To her dying day, she never got over being sore because the cardinals wouldn't tip their hats to her.

It was Pope Julius II, the founder of the Swiss Guards, who commissioned Michelangelo to do his famous Scriptural paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo erected the scaffolding with his own hands, hoisted up his materials and a mattress, and stayed up there for two years. Once in a while Pope Julius would tiptoe in and inquire how it was going, and Michelangelo would always bellow at him to get out. After two years, Michelangelo knocked off to rest and recuperate from a severe case of ankylosis, or stiff joints, which prevented him from lowering his arms from the position in which he painted. The scaffolding was temporarily taken down to give the Pope a look, and then the artist went back to work for another two years. The Vatican Palace is the largest residence in the world; it has eleven thousand rooms, and until a generation or so ago was the largest building in the world. It covers thirteen acres and has two hundred staircases. At that, it's nowhere near as big as Nicholas III, a fifteenth-century pope in whose reign most of the palace was built, wanted it to be. He hoped that subsequent popes would add to it. Their tendency, however, has been to retrench and use the superfluous rooms for museums. Because the popes chose to confine themselves to the Vatican between 1870 and 1929, as a protest against the claim of the Italian government that it had jurisdiction over Vatican City, there is a summer residence for the popes in the Vatican gardens, just a stone's throw from the palace.

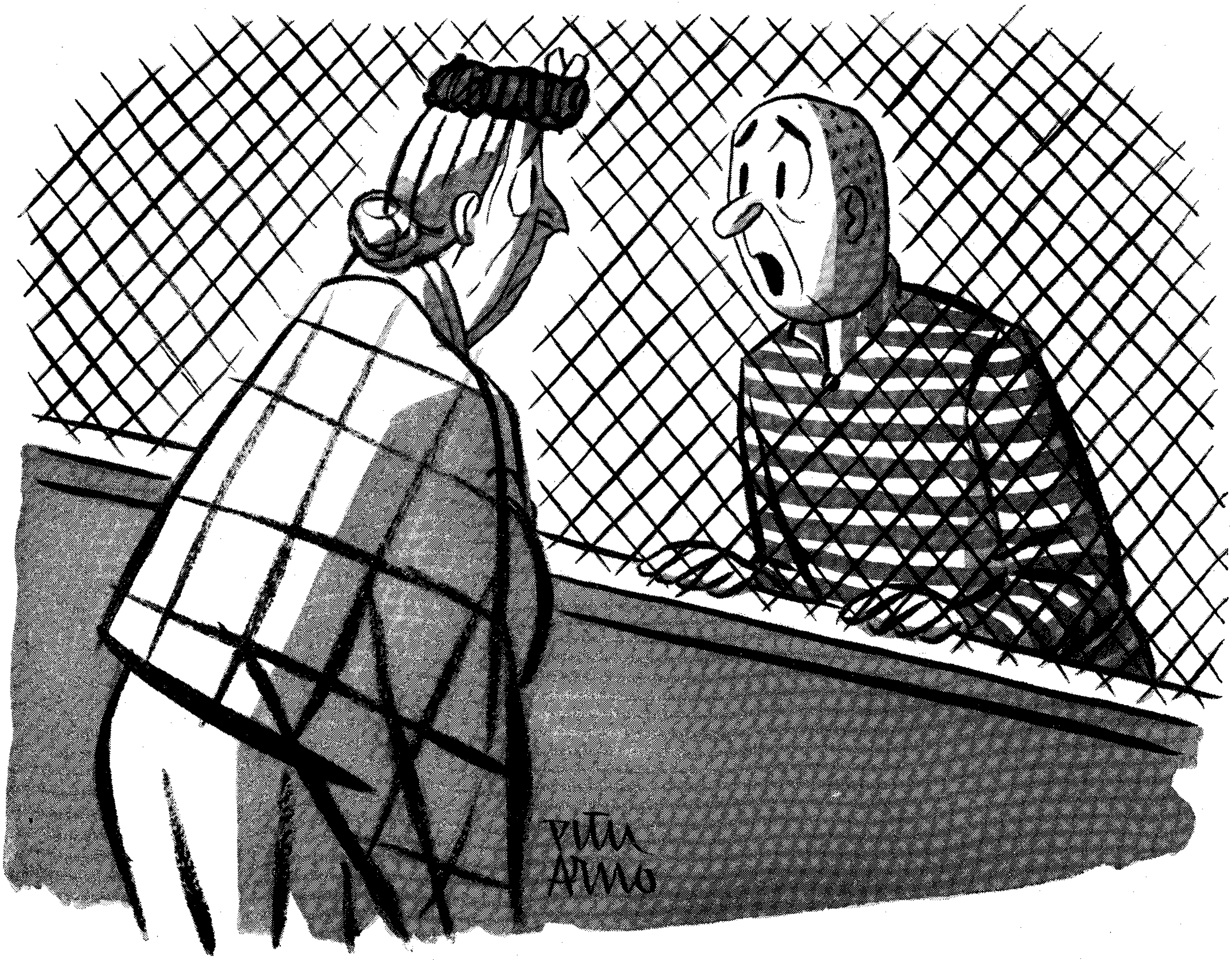


Memories

A LADY who stopped to wonder at some hats in the window of a Madison Avenue establishment was joined by another window-shopper, a nebulous, middle-aged woman. After a few seconds of friendly silence, the newcomer pointed to one of the hats on display, a black creation with droopy black festoons, and inquired if her companion thought it was a mourning hat. She said no, she thought it was probably just another Madison Avenue inspiration. "Well, I wore one like it when my husband died," the middle-aged woman said. "We were living in Chicago then, and I wore it when I took my little boy to the World's Fair. I wanted to ride on the elephant, but he said I couldn't do it in that hat." She brooded a moment, then added, "Only chance I ever had to ride an elephant, too."

Quest Among Fowl

THE Madison Square Garden Poultry Show was held last week for the first time since 1931, and we went around there looking for a trend, having read in the *Times* that many of the show's exhibitors were backyard poultry keepers whose activities had been stimulated by the wartime scarcity of meat. We found ourself in a basement lined with cages as far as the eye could see, and, raising our voice above the rustic noise, we asked a woodsy-looking man near the entrance whether he was a backyard poultry keeper. "I'm an official of this show," he said. "I specialize in Cochins." He showed us a silver-

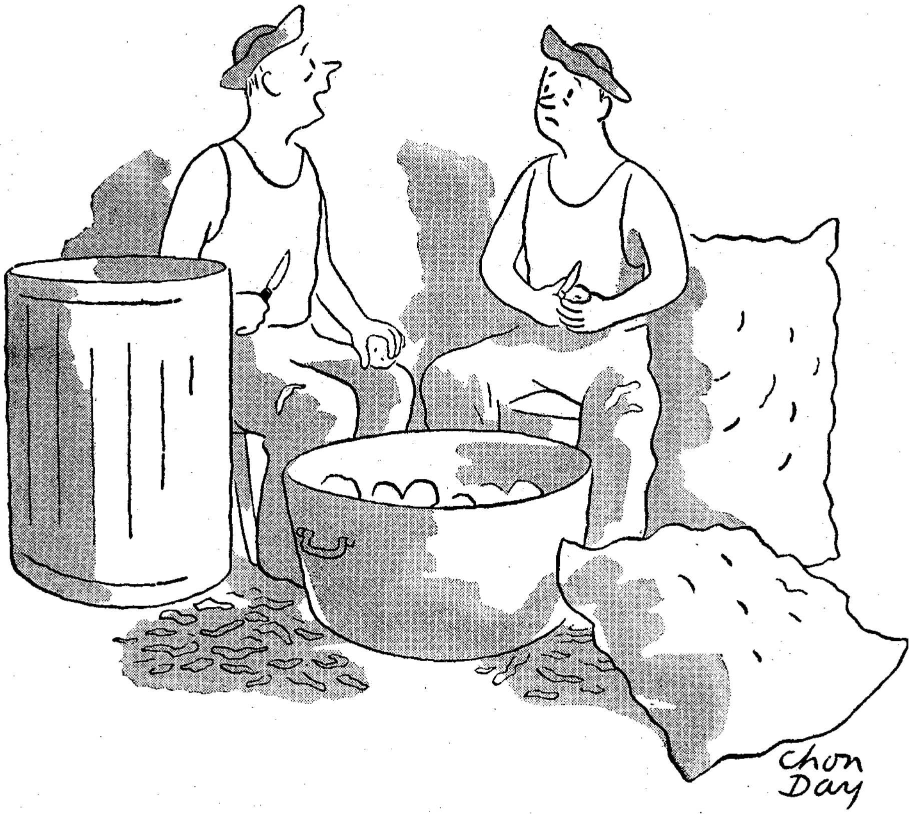


"You mean to say there was a file in that cake you sent me!"

• •

laced Cochin named Gilda Rosina, from Lily Pons' place at Silvermine. "Originated by Mort Cooper, Lansdale, near Philadelphia," he said. "Every feather white with black lacing. I'm Mort Cooper. We've got twenty-five acres and are the largest breeders of Cochin fowls in the world. We're going to restock China with them after the war. They came from China, you know; used to be called Shanghais." We asked Mr. Cooper whether he would put us in touch with a backyard poultry keeper and he turned us over to a Mr. Brosemer, of whom we sought the latest backyard-poultry tidings. "I'm general technical adviser to the Gaines Food Company, dog food, Sherburne, New York, near Utica," said Mr. Brosemer. "I happen to be single. I live in a hotel and never owned a chicken, but I bought an assortment of twenty-one of the best game fowl I could get and have 'em here." He reached down to a crate and pulled out a protesting, henlike, grouse-colored bird. "Henny cock," he said with pride. "Only breed of fighting cock that looks like a hen. It's got a hen's hackle and tail, but there's nothing effeminate about it. It strikes so fast that you need a special camera to catch the motion." Mr. Brosemer said that this particular bird is the only one of its kind in America and that it belongs to his brother, a colonel who had been stationed in the Philippines and who is now in Jap hands. "The Japs told my brother they were going to eat his fighting cocks," he said. "Some of his outfit escaped and took three of his cocks with them; only this one survived. It travelled to China, to India, to Cairo, to Natal, to Miami, mostly by bomber, arriving here just in time for the show. I've had a hot time getting him to eat corn, oats, and barley. I can't imagine what he ate in Manila. This chicken is priceless to me. I'm going to cross-breed him and carry on." "Can you keep him in your hotel?" we asked. "I'll find a place," said Mr. Brosemer. "My first name is Lao; one of my ancestors brought back a clipper bride from China many generations ago. I happen to be single, but I've always been fond of chickens."

We made another try for a backyard poultry fancier, buttonholing a tall man who was standing disconsolately in the pigeon section. "I'm Richard Whitney, Boston, Mass.," he said. "I'm a pigeon judge and I've been standing around all day waiting to judge pigeons. My God, I wish I could get back to Boston." Our attention was next attracted to an unusually pretty girl in a dark red velvet dress who was being photographed with a bird on either shoulder. After several pictures had been taken, an elderly man with a mustache relieved her of the birds and we went up to him. "Fred Huyler, Pope & Huyler, Bernardsville, New Jersey," he said. "These are white-crested black Polish bantams." "Your daughter?" we asked, nodding toward the girl. "Conover model," said Mr.



"*Just think! We're in Italy at last.*"

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Huyler, who turned out to be manager of the show. "You a backyard poultry raiser?" we asked the girl, whose name, we learned, was Bobbie Hanson. "My goodness, no. I've never been near a bird before," she said. "I walked into Conover's this morning and they said, 'Quick! Go to the Poultry Show at the Garden.' I just stood here and they put birds on my shoulder. I've never heard so much noise in my life. I've got to go uptown in five minutes and model a dress. I don't know how I feel about birds.' We asked her whether she knew Sherman Fairchild and she said no.

On our way out, we encountered a young man holding a large rabbit and waiting to have it photographed. He told us that a number of rabbits were on exhibit and that rabbits were customary at poultry shows. "I'm Robert Stoudt, manager of Mordele Farms, Riegelsville, Pennsylvania," he said, "and this is one of our Castor Rex rabbits. 'Castor' means 'beaver' in Latin and 'rex' means 'king'—Beaver King. This buck's fur is a good imitation beaver. Its meat is good to eat. It's an all-round rabbit."

Speed

ONE of the Sir Malcolm Campbells of the taxicabs was weaving an incomprehensible flight the other evening between East Fifty-seventh Street and lower Fifth Avenue and as he tore in and out among the "L" pillars, one of his fares, a nervous lady, cried out, "Driver, please, not so fast." The driver slowed almost imperceptibly and said cheerily over his shoulder, "There are occasions in this business, lady, when tempo is necessary." There was nothing else for anyone to say after that.

Mystery

A PROVIDENCE lady had rather an exciting telephone call the other day—Long Distance wanting to know if she would accept a collect call from Miami. "We're not allowed to tell you who is calling," the operator said. "It's a military secret." Being a shrewd guesser, the lady accepted the call, and sure enough, it was her son, who is in the Navy. His first words were, "Hello, Mother, this is George. I can't tell you where I am—military secret."

Woolsey, J.

THE retirement of Judge John Munro Woolsey of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York seemed to call for some sort of action on our part, since he has long been known as a friend of literature. It was Judge Woolsey, you will remember, who in December, 1933, handed down that literate and mellow decision in the case of U. S. v. Ulysses, which permitted a copy of "Ulysses" to be brought into the country and the work to be later published here. Judge Woolsey does not, however, welcome references to the case. "Oh, that Joyce book," he said fretfully when we mentioned it during a brief talk we had with him. "I suppose I will become part of history as that 'Ulysses' man. That's better, though, than becoming part of history as that Marie Stopes 'Married Love' man. I let that in, too, you know."

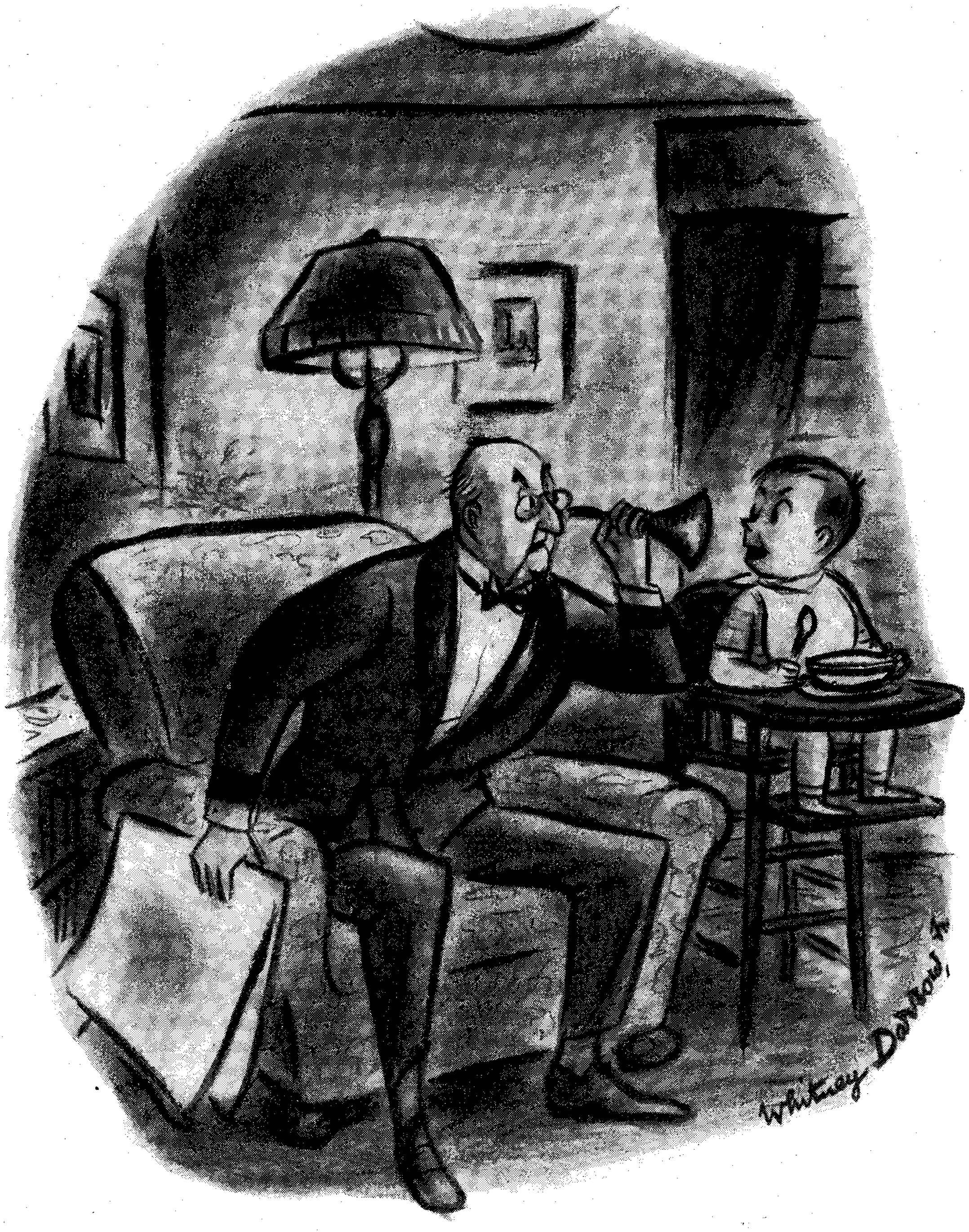
The Judge is a stout and dignified old gentleman with a round face and heavy-lidded brown eyes. He went to Andover, Yale, and Columbia Law School, and in private practice specialized in admiralty law. He was appointed to the district bench in 1929; an earlier appointment, by President Coolidge, had fallen through in the Senate. "Hell of a situation," he told us amiably. "Almost made a fellow feel he wasn't wanted." He recalled that the first case he heard involved the patent rights to a certain type of doll's wig. "There I was, sitting on the bench for the first time, trying like sixty to look as though I belonged there, and I was up to my elbows in dolls' wigs." He thinks he decided for the defendant, but he can't quite remember. "A judge I know says a case is like a bathtub—you throw in all the facts and arguments and legal paraphernalia and hand down your decision, then you pull out the plug and the hell with it. Me, too. The hell with it." It just happened that Judge Woolsey tried very few admiralty cases; mostly he handled litigation involving copyright, patent, and bankruptcy, and an occasional criminal trial. "Oh, Lord, those criminal cases!" he said. "The defense lawyer throwing himself around and putting on a big show—I certainly got tired of bad acting. Of course, we didn't try murderers or anything like that—just mail-fraud and narcotics boys. Nothing on earth is duller than a narcotics case."

One of the copyright cases Judge Woolsey decided was Helen (Boop-Boop-a-Doop) Kane v. Betty Boop, in which the actress claimed that her personality was being plagiarized by the celluloid Miss Boop or something to that effect. In his decision, Woolsey wrote, "The character which was depicted combined in appearance the childish with the sophisticated—a round baby face with big eyes and a nose like a button and framed in a somewhat careful coiffure, with a body of which the most noticeable characteristic is the most self-confident little bust imaginable." The upshot of the decision was that busts are in the public domain. Similarly, Judge Woolsey made the color red free to all comers, at least on phonograph records. Seems R.C.A. sued Decca and Columbia for putting out records bearing red labels, claiming that it had dibs on red labels. The decision (Woolsey, J.) was against R.C.A. "My favorite color, red—given me a lot of pleasure," he barked. "Didn't see any reason for discouraging its use."

"Ulysses" can't be said ever to have given Judge Woolsey any special pleasure. He spent two months currycombing it, at his summer place in Petersham, Massachusetts. "Just about the hardest two months of my life," he told us. "Some of it I couldn't understand, and some of it—well, that was what disturbed me—I seemed to understand it. I couldn't figure out what to do. Then, on Thanksgiving Day morning, I was in the bathroom shaving and looking myself straight in the mirror, and I could see that it was fine weather outdoors, and it came to me how I was going to decide it and just what I was going to say. I went right to my desk and wrote the whole thing down, still waving the razor in the other hand." The decision is something of a literary gem and includes such breezy lines as "In respect of the recurrent emergences of the theme of sex in the minds of his characters, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season spring." The decision was printed in the *Saturday Review* and also in the first legal American edition of the novel, and the Judge began to get fan mail—"letters and telegrams from all over creation," he recalls. "Dullest mail I ever did get." The favorite author of the man who gave "Ulysses" to the quivering American public is—hold tight, now—Anthony Trollope. The Judge is looking forward with glee to spending his new leisure gobbling up the complete works of Trollope. "I bet that fellow wrote fifty books," he says with relish. "Greatest fun in the world. But I'm getting on, damn it, getting on."

Feathers for Russia

A MAN we know, who has friends in Moscow, decided recently to send them some food and clothing. He called the World Tourists office to ask what restrictions there were on parcels for Russia, and a girl with a heavy Russian accent told him that the only restriction was that the parcel must not weigh more than eleven pounds. "No rules about size?" he asked. There was a blank silence at the other end, so he amplified his question: "I mean, do you care how bulky the package is? Could I send ten pounds of feathers?" "Why do you want to send feathers into the Soviet Union?" the girl demanded. "There are enough feathers there." The man tried to explain that the question was hypothetical, but he had no success. In the end, she called one of her superiors to the telephone and our man had to listen to a longish lecture on why it would be a bad idea to send feathers to Russia. He promised not to and was profusely thanked by the Russians.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Never mind. It wasn't important."

HIT HIM AGAIN, HE'S SOBER

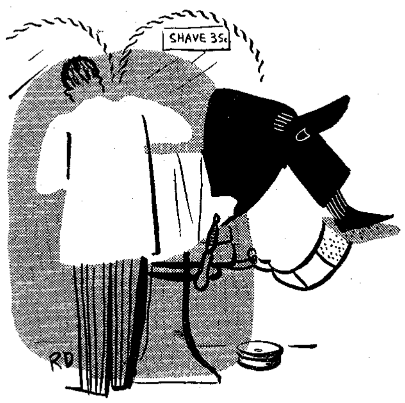
HAD the late Henry James been standing on the steps of his house at 21 Washington Place early this morning, he would have seen the deponent, his neighbor, totter out of a cab and collapse with a sob in the arms of the night elevator man. No doubt Mr. James, who oddly enough *was* standing there gassing with Mark Twain and Richard Harding Davis, imagined he was seeing just another drunk. That is Mr. James's privilege; personally, I do not give a fig for his good opinion of me. But I do most definitely want to clarify the incident before it becomes distorted. It is typical of our sick civilization that a man as temperate as myself, abstemious to the point of fanaticism, should become the butt of gossip. And yet, paradoxically, it was my very sobriety that brought down on me vilification and physical abuse worse than was ever heaped on an early Christian martyr.

The whole wretched affair began yesterday afternoon. When the late sunlight filtered through the blinds onto my Tyrian-purple couch, it revealed a very sick man. Three Lilliputians in doublet and hose, armed with nutpicks and oyster forks, were enfilading my big toe, from which the letters "O-U-C-H" zigzagged away into infinity. During the night, parties unknown had removed my corneas, varnished and replaced them, and fitted me with a curious steel casque, several sizes too small. Lying there cradled between softest Fruit of the Loom, a deep cocoa-flavored sense of remorse welled upward from the knees and constricted my heart.

"You mucker," I said through my teeth, "if you've an ounce of manhood in your makeup, you'll get down on all fours and beg her forgiveness." This gaudy monologue continued uninterrupted through my ablutions, except when the can of tooth powder slipped from my fingers and exploded on the floor with a roar like a fragmentation bomb. A few seconds later, I entered my wife's presence with the smug exaltation of a character out of a Hall Caine novel, clothed in a white dimity frock and a blue hair ribbon, fingering the temperance badge pinned to my breast.

"I'm through," I declaimed. "Never again. Goodbye, John Barleycorn, hello, Walker-Gordon. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Look at this hand—steady as a rock." My peach blossom looked up from her buhl writing cabinet, shrugged coldly, and resumed adding up the liquor bill. Determined to prove I had undergone a moral regeneration worthy of "Pilgrim's Progress," I conjured up a corn popper and a volume of Colley Cibber's memoirs and snuggled down before the hearth. After I had read in silence for twenty seconds, the pica type tired my eyes and I leaned my head on my hand for support. Suddenly the phone shrilled and I arose, adroitly demolishing a vase of chrysanthemums. Two members of our young married set were holding an impromptu cocktail party. Next to Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh, they assured me, my presence would establish it as the social event of the season. I was refusing politely but firmly when I heard my wife whinny over my shoulder.

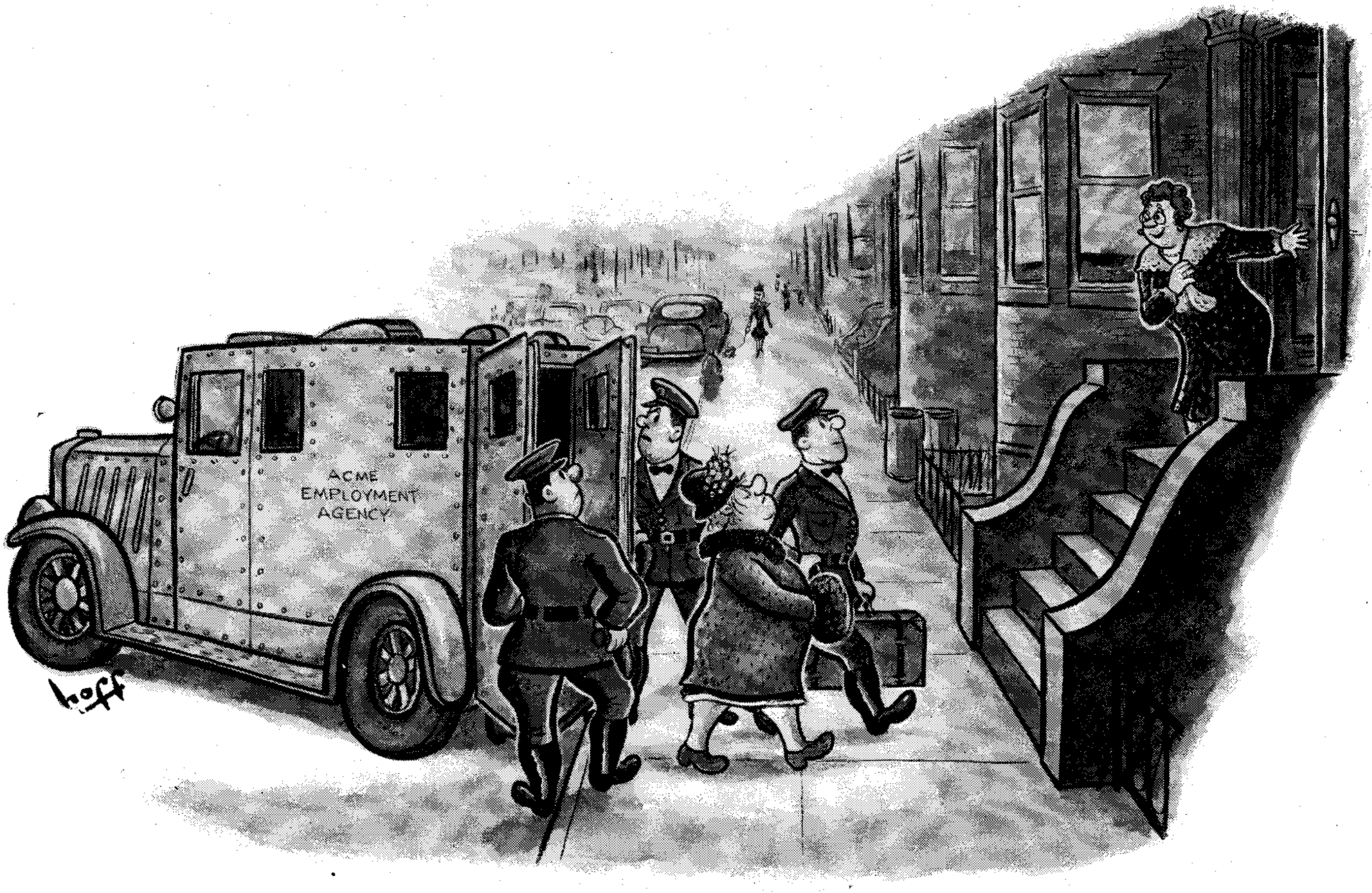
"A party! A party!" she bleated. "You never take me to a party! I want to go to the party! Party . . . party . . . party . . ." Before I could reason with her, she flung herself on the counterpane and started sobbing into the bolster. Aware of the futility of trying to combat tears with logic, I acceded wearily. On the way uptown in the taxi, however, I made it plain that my decision to abstain from alcohol was irrevocable. My wife's lip curled superciliously. "Tell it to Sweeney," she advised. I leaned over to Sweeney, who was beating an impatient tattoo on the steering wheel while waiting for the lights to change, and told him my decision to abstain was irrevocable. His contemptuous chuckle infuriated me, and I lost my head. "You wait, the two of you!" I screamed, hammering my tiny fists on the jump seat. "May I fall down dead if I so much as touch a drop!" I was still defying the lightning as we swept into the pleasure pavilion. Eighteen or twenty voluptuaries, in varying stages of repair, were holding wassail in a cozy two-room apartment. To make the proceedings more intimate, someone had introduced a Great Dane, a parakeet, and a progressive child who was busily emptying fruit rinds and cigarette ends into the men's hats. Yet amid the sickening debauch, suggesting Babylon at its most dissolute (Babylon, Long Island, that is), I stood a figure apart, a pillar unmoved by the blandishments and mockery of my fellows.



"Just one teentsy-weentsy sip," begged my hostess, a tantalizing blonde, all black georgette and open-mesh stockings. "Don't be thataway, you inflexible boy." For a moment her dear nearness maddened me, but I resolutely averted my face and called for a glass of Adam's ale. The more turbulent the carousal, the more steadfast I became; Cromwell at his flintiest was an orchid compared to me. In my foolish pride, I believed that I had found the philosopher's stone, that I was immune from disaster. And then the Moving Finger moved. The host, a broth of a boy who had once run seventy-nine yards down the Bowl with the Harvard backfield clinging to his waist, linked arms with me.

"Going get you sandwich," he proposed indistinctly. "Come on kitchen." I rashly extricated myself and stepped away. As I did, he reached down to the vicinity of his tibia and came up with a haymaker that caught me flush on the button. An interesting display of Catherine wheels, Very lights, and star shells flashed before me, and uttering a taut "Mamma," I melted into the parquet. I awoke on a pile of krimmer coats in the bedroom to discover my wife applying a cold poultice to the submaxillary region. In between embrocations, the Angel of the Crimea, her cheeks aflame with Martinis, informed me that I had forever alienated us from the beau monde. I had deliberately pinched the hostess, kicked two Whitneys in the shin, and smashed a priceless collection of Royal Worcester china. I protested I was innocent, a victim of some hideous conspiracy. "I'm as sober as you are!" I pleaded. "Soberer! I haven't had a dram since yesterday!" "Yes, yes," she agreed soothingly. "Help me with him, will you, Ariadne? His legs get rubbery at this stage." Before I could wrench free, kind hands thrust me into a topcoat, jammed an alien derby over my ears in the classic manner of Ben Welch, and hustled me downstairs in a freight elevator. While I kept trying to raise my head, which hung dahlialike on its stalk, the rescuers started wrangling over my future.

"Take him home. . . . No, he'll cut



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himself. . . . Who is he? . . . I know a spot where we can get him some soup. . . . Yeah, soup's good." I gurgled a feeble remonstrance that passed unnoticed; when the dust blew away, I was propped up at a table in a sleazy bar off the Gay White Way, staring wanly into a bowl of buttermilk. My wife and her grouping had disappeared and a noisy Syrian, representing himself as the owner of a chain of shoe stores in Hartford, was offering to take me into partnership. Midway in his harangue, he broke off and, hailing the bartender as "Four Eyes," ordered him to serve me a highball. The gibe evidently climaxed a long, hard day for the bartender. With a hoarse bellow, he hurdled the beerpulls and uncorked a left hook that I intercepted nimbly with my ear. The Syrian thereupon lashed out handily and in a moment I was bobbing between them like a cork. The estimate is, of course, unofficial, but sports writers have since estimated that I stopped more punches than Jacob "Soldier" Bartfield in his entire career.

I came to in an alley with two handsome shiners suitable for framing and the Hall Johnson Choir singing "Stabat Mater" inside my head. My wife had mysteriously reappeared and, aided by a shrill young couple, whose dialogue had been written for them by Clyde Fitch, was sponging me off. "Now take it easy, will you?" she implored, brushing back my widow's peak. "Everything is going to be all right. Just relax." I closed my eyes with a grateful sigh. When I opened them again, I was lying on a banquette in a clip joint off Amsterdam Avenue. Dawn was peeping in at the window and a spurious gypsy violinist was rendering gems from "The Bohemian Girl." At the next table, a gaunt trio resembling Picasso's "The Absinthe Drinker," dimly identifiable as my wife and the Fitches, was sobbing brokenly for Alt Wien. I stumbled to my feet, flung my last bit of collateral at the management, and, herding the revellers before me, started toward the door. Right outside it stood two monumental Texans fourteen feet high, with snow on their hair, clamoring for admission. The ensuing action is somewhat hazy, but as I reconstruct it, our Mr. Fitch curtly bade Gog and Magog step aside, employing the informal phrase "you big crackers." I was scudding across the sidewalk, primly keeping my nose clean and my lips buttoned, when I abruptly felt myself seized by the collar and hoisted four feet into the air.

"What did you call me, you little measle?" one of the ogres was rumbling. "Why, I'll flatten that bugle—" He drew back a fist no larger than a peanut-fed ham; the breeze from the gesture alone dizzied me. I croaked out a pitiable denial and he let me drop. The fall nearly broke my ankles. In that instant, as I slunk after my party, I reached the most vital decision of my life. Three times in one evening I had pursed my lips against the grape and thrice my life had hung in the balance. Come hell or high water, famine, flood, or fire, I was through with milk and large moral resolutions. From here in, it's high carnival and strange purple sins. Bring me another pair of those amber witches, waiter, and go easy on the club soda.

—S. J. Perelman

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Indianapolis Star*]

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 20—(AP)—If Sergt. George Walker can do as well with a cannon as he did with a rock, his potential axis opponents are in for a tough time.

EYEWITNESS

"YOU sit here," Major Pennon said. He pulled a straight-backed chair away from the wall and set it next to his desk. "That all right?"

"Yes, sir," Cotter said. "Sure. Any place."

"And then we can put Mrs. Maywood—well, let me see." The Major took his lower lip between thumb and forefinger as he looked thoughtfully around the small, bare office. One wall was covered by that week's Army Service Forces Newsmap, there was an insignia chart on the wall facing it, and the glass panel of the door from the corridor was hidden by an enlarged photograph of three B-17's in flight. "I guess near the window, don't you think?"

"I guess so, sir," Cotter said. "Yes."

Major Pennon pulled another chair away from the wall and set it in the stream of sunlight that poured in from Fifth Avenue.

"It's not very comfortable, I guess, but it seemed a little better than taking her to a restaurant or a bar or something." The Major was pinching his lower lip again. "I don't want it to seem too impersonal and sort of cold, but a restaurant or a bar—you know, it makes it look like a party or something. Sort of bad taste, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir," Cotter said. "This looks fine, sir."

"Good." Major Pennon smiled suddenly, with relief, and touched Cotter's shoulder. "You sit down, then, and I'll go out and get her."

"Yes, sir."

Cotter remained standing while the Major crossed the room briskly. At the door, Major Pennon paused, his hand on the knob, and gave the small office a final, hasty glance, like a hostess surveying her dining room before going up to dress for dinner. He nodded, tapped his tie into more precise position in the V of his tunic lapels, and went out. Cotter drew a deep breath, exhaled through his open mouth, and turned to look out of the window.

He had heard in London that there was a ban on pleasure driving in New York and the London Sunday papers were full of feature articles on how the face of Manhattan had changed because there were so many uniforms on the streets, but Fifth Avenue looked just about the same as it had always looked in the late-afternoon sun from a seventeenth-story window. Cotter's forehead creased as he thought of what he was going to say, tried to figure out how he was going to begin, and he wished to God it was an hour later, or even twenty minutes later, because no matter how he began, or what he said, it couldn't possibly take longer than that, and all he wanted was to get it over with. Cotter didn't blame Mrs. Maywood for wanting to come all the way from Ohio to see him, or Major Pennon for asking him to talk to her, but he just didn't see what there was to tell her. She knew all there was to know. She knew everything he knew.

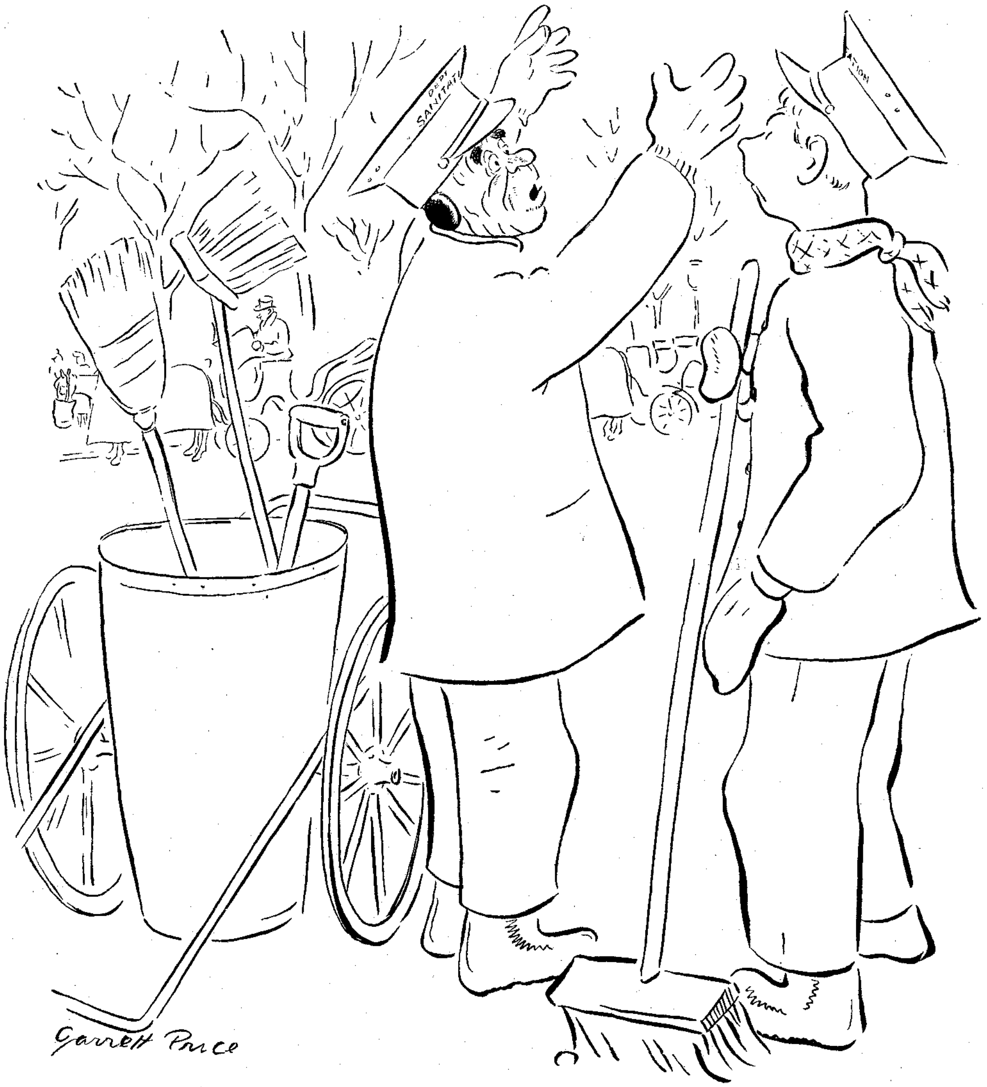
A girl in a bright-green hat stepped off the curb in front of St. Patrick's and Cotter's eyes followed with interest her darting progress, among the taxis and buses, clear across the Avenue. The door behind him opened and he turned quickly.

"This is Sergeant Cotter," Major Pennon said. "Mrs. Maywood, Sergeant."

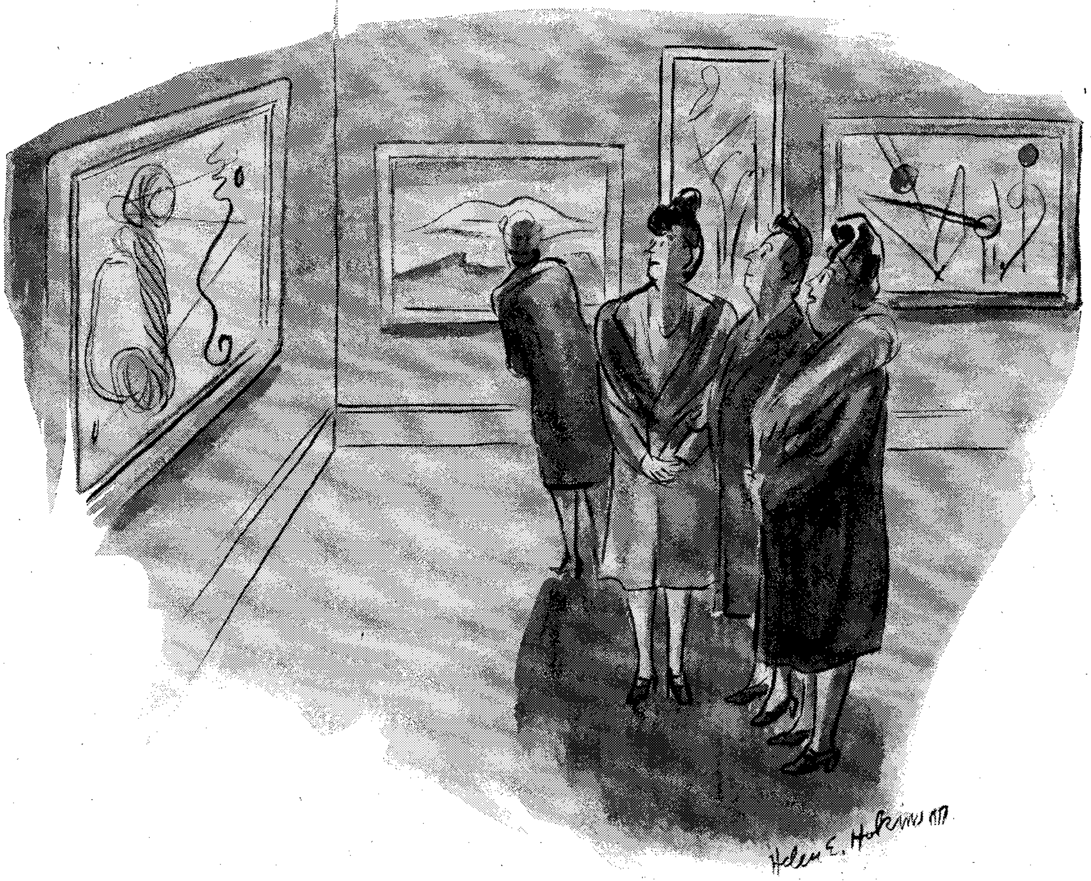
"How do you do?" Mrs. Maywood said. "It sure is swell of you to let me come and see you like this, Sergeant. I certainly appreciate it, I really do."

Cotter nodded awkwardly as Major Pennon helped her into the chair by the window. Mrs. Maywood looked just about as Cotter had expected and probably about the same as she had always looked. There was nothing tragic or unusual about her appearance. She was short and stout, a woman of about forty, with a pleasant, broad face and a slightly unpleasant voice. She wore a black suit with a neat white collar and a small black hat with a brim that was a trifle too saucy. The cloth coat she held folded on her lap showed the label of a Cleveland department store.

"I think, if you don't mind now, I'll leave you two alone." Major Pennon



"I can see it all now. Bands playing! Our boys marching up the Avenue! Cheering throngs and people throwing paper from every window! Oh, it'll be perfect hell."



"Do you suppose it's pro or anti something?"

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smiled kindly. "Is that all right?"

"Yes, I think so," Mrs. Maywood said. "Thank you, Major."

"Yes, sir," Cotter said, even though he had a moment of annoyance. He had not counted on being left alone with Mrs. Maywood. "Sure."

"I'll be back in a little while. In the meantime, if there's anything you want, if you want me for anything, just open the door and speak to the adjutant. He'll get me. All right?"

Mrs. Maywood and Cotter nodded and the Major went out. The door, swinging shut, sent a draft across the room and for a moment the only sound in the small office was the faint crackling of the Newsmap on the wall.

"I want to thank you again for letting me come to see you," Mrs. Maywood said. "It was really nice of you to take all the trouble."

"That's all right," Cotter said. "I live right here in New York and I'm on sick leave. It's no trouble, really." Mrs. Maywood smiled politely, but it was plain that her mind was on other matters. She was looking down at her coat, tracing the stitching of the department-store label with a stubby forefinger. "How long are you staying here?" Cotter asked. "I mean in New York."

"Until tomorrow," Mrs. Maywood said. "I came on just to have this talk with you and then I've got to go back. I left the children over at my mother's house. She's wonderful with them. They love her and all that, but you know how it is, especially now." She stopped and looked up. "Tell me how it happened, Mr. Cotter. Sergeant Cotter."

"Well." Cotter took a deep breath. "There isn't much to tell, I'm afraid."

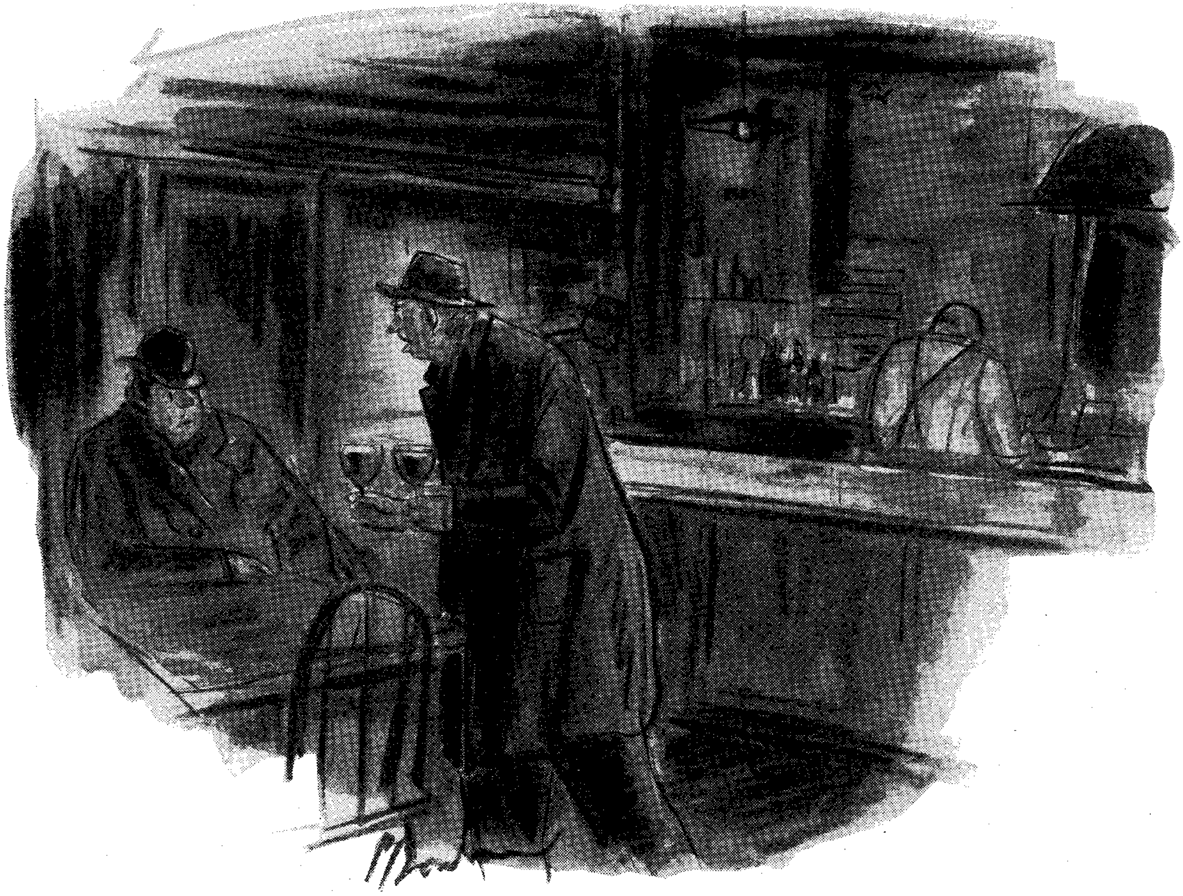
"You were with him, weren't you?"

"Yes. We were together. I was—well, you know what happened."

"Please tell me the whole thing, Sergeant Cotter. The way it happened. Everything."

"Well, sure. Of course," Cotter said. It was not her eagerness that embarrassed him. He could understand her wanting to know in detail, to know more than was contained in the War Department's formal notification, more than he himself had put into the letter that Major Pennon had sent her. What embarrassed Cotter was the fact that there just wasn't any more to tell. He had told it all in his letter. There were no further details. "You see, I was sent down to London from the aerodrome where I was stationed to pick up a truck and drive it back. I don't know why. Those things happen all the time in the Army." Cotter spoke slowly, keeping his eyes on the photograph of the B-17's on the door, trying to enlarge the shamefully trivial incident with irrelevancies about himself. "I got the truck all right, but it was too late to drive back that night because of the blackout, you know, so the lieutenant said I could have the night off there in London and drive back in the morning. I got myself a room at the Red Cross and had my dinner there and played some cards with a few of the men there. Pinochle. Then we went out to a pub—that's what they call a bar over there—for a couple of beers." Cotter stole a glance at Mrs. Maywood. She was leaning forward over her folded coat, her inexpertly rouged lips parted, listening eagerly, like a child hearing an old bedtime story told by a stranger, hoping that perhaps this time the familiar ending would be different. Cotter's face grew hot and he looked away. "There were quite a few American soldiers in the place and when I left a bunch of them were going out. I didn't know any of them—just met them in the pub, you see—and I found myself walking along in the blackout beside one guy—one man. I couldn't even see his face, it was so dark. It turned out later he was your husband."

NOW that he was into it, now that he was reconstructing the scene for Mrs. Maywood, Cotter could see the whole thing clearly, could almost smell the odor of weak beer that came from the stranger in khaki walking along beside him in the blackout toward Hyde Park Corner. Suddenly the siren went, and Cotter could hear again the derisive laughter from the soldiers ahead of them down the street and the ribald comment by the man at his side. Cotter was chuckling at the man's remark when he heard an astonished gasp, followed by a sickening thud. Cotter stopped and spoke to the man. There was no answer. The man had simply



"Well, he says he can change a fifty-dollar bill. Now what?"

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vanished. Cotter called out nervously. The soldiers down the street came back. One of them had a flashlight. He flashed it and they found that the man who had been walking beside Cotter had fallen down an areaway.

"We got him out and found a doctor right away, but it was too late. Fractured skull. He was dead by the time the doctor got there." Cotter paused and glanced at Mrs. Maywood. She was sitting back in the straight-backed, uncomfortable chair, staring at Cotter with disappointment. The story had not come out differently. The ending was the same. Cotter dropped his eyes. "A couple of months later, I received a letter from Major Pennon. He said you'd asked for details, and I wrote him that letter he sent on to you. About three months after that, I was shipped home. Last week Major Pennon got in touch with me and said you were coming to New York and, well, that's all there's to it, I'm afraid."

Mrs. Maywood shifted in her chair and leaned forward. She shook her head very quickly, as though she were brushing away an expected objection.

"That's what Major Pennon told me," she said impatiently. "And that's what you said in your letter. But there must be more. It's very important. Please tell me, Sergeant."

"I wish I could," Cotter said. "But that's all there is, really. There's no more to tell."

"Please, Sergeant Cotter." Her plain, broad face was suddenly creased into lines of anguished pleading. "There must be more. Please try to remember. It's so important."

"Well," Cotter said slowly. "Let me think a moment." He stared across her black hat, with its saucy brim, at the insignia chart on the wall, scowling hard and chewing his lower lip, pretending to be in deep thought and fighting back the exasperation that was rising in him. There was no more to tell. Why did she keep nagging him? It was a silly, a stupid, even a slightly sordid way to die in a war, falling down an areaway and cracking your skull on your way home from a saloon during a blackout. It made Cotter uncomfortable just to think about it. Six months after the event, how could Mrs. Maywood stand talking about it, begging for more details? Cotter supposed he could tell her how her husband had looked when they got him to the Army hospital, a middle-aged, lifeless man, his lips parted in an expression of hurt surprise, as though the shock of death had come like an unexpected insult from an old and trusted friend. The only other thing Cotter remembered was the dead man's hands. They were very white and seemed curiously small, like the hands of a doll, and the fingers were spread wide, as though at the moment of death their owner had been holding them out for a manicure. Cotter supposed he could tell her that, and in his exasperation he was tempted to do so, but he shoved the impulse back and shook his head. "No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Maywood. I've told you everything I can remember. I can't think of anything else."

"What about shooting?" she said. "Wasn't there any shooting going on?"

"Shooting?" Cotter looked at her in puzzlement. "What do you mean, shooting?"

"You said the siren went, there was an air raid. There must have been shooting."

"Oh, that." Cotter shook his head. "No. You see, they came over regularly, and the siren used to go all the time, every time they were reported on the way, but they were usually stopped before they got to London. This was long after the blitz, you know, and the British had air superiority. Every once in a while a plane or two would get through, and then the barrage would go up or a bomb would come down, but very seldom. The siren didn't mean anything."

Mrs. Maywood shook her head, dismissing the explanation.

"There must have been shooting," she said. "Please try to remember." Cotter opened his mouth to say no again, but she wagged her hand quickly to silence him. "You must remember," she said angrily. "What am I going to tell the children? What am I going to tell my parents, the neighbors? I've got to go home tomorrow. The other men who were with you when it happened, Major Pennon says they can't be traced. You're the only one who was there, the only one I can talk to. You're the only

THE SINKING OF THE SCHARNHORST

The British force was disposed in two main formations. One, under the immediate command of the commander in chief of the Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, K.C.B., K.B.E., flying his flag in the battleship H.M.S. Duke of York (Captain the Honorable G.H.E. Russell, C.B.E., R.N.), was covering the convoy at a distance against possible attack by enemy ships based in northern Norway. With him was H.M.S. Jamaica (Captain J. Hughes Hallett, D.S.O., R.N.) and four destroyers.—*The Herald Tribune.*

'Tis dawn upon the Arctic sea,
The ships in convoy are a-cold,
Oh dreary lies that northern sea,
No place for you, no place for me,
But just the place for a K.C.B.,
A spot for an admiral bold.

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

Oh just the place for the King's Na-vee,
For Captain the Hon'rable G.H.E.
(Skip two beats, please) Russell.
Ah what a place for a tussle!

The thin light spreads across the sea,
The loathsome Scharnhorst stalks her prey,
A terrible, terrible place to be,
When what does her *Kapitän* chance to see
But the British flag and cruisers three
And a chance to run away.

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

Oh what comes up in the Scharnhorst's lee
But an Admiral (vice) with a D.S.C.
And a K.C.B.,
And a C.B.E.,
And many an initial of His Maj-es-tee,
An A.B.C.D.E.F.G.,
A Captain the Hon'rable G.H.E.
(Hold it a second) Russell.
With a Russell
And a tussle,
With a sting-o
From the King-o
And a great big bing bing bing bing bing-o!

Oh what comes up in the Scharnhorst's lee?
Oh what comes o'er the sullen wave?
The whole wide long gray Arctic sea
Is alive with the guns of His Maj-es-tee.
Is that the Duke of York I see?
Is that the Norfolk brave?

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

The frantic Scharnhorst alters course,
She turns and runs like a frightened horse,
The guns go boom and the ships go round,
The cold sky shakes with the awful sound,
The chase moves east and the chase moves west,
The brave little Savage springs for the breast,
The Scharnhorst prays for a pair of wings
As the deadly Scorpion stings and stings,
And the whole wide long gray Arctic sea
Swells with the pluck of His Maj-es-tee
And the weight of British titles:
Oh the wile and the wits of the K.C.B.
And the Admiral (vice) with the D.S.C.,
The K.C.B. and the C.B.E.,
The A.B.C.D.E.F.G.
And Captain the Hon'rable G.H.E.
(*Eins, zwei, drei, vier*) Russell.
Oh what a glorious tussle!

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

The light has gone from the northern sea,
The convoy steams in the peaceful dark,
The waves have closed o'er the enemy,
But hark!
Do you hear any sounds in the dark and the cold?
Do you catch the initials of a captain bold?
With an A. . . .
and a B . . .
And a Captain the Hon'rable X.Y.Z.
And other little echoes of His Maj-es-tee?

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, auf der bottom . . .

—E. B. W.

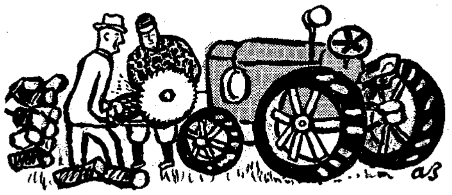
• •

one who can say it. Please help me, Sergeant. Please try to remember. Please."

"Well," Cotter said, feeling in his throat the slight, painful constriction he had felt during his first air raid. He looked down at his hands until the tightness eased a little. "Now that I think of it, there was quite a bit of shooting."

"There was?"

"Yes, quite a bit." Cotter continued to look at his hands so he would not have to see her leaning eagerly toward him. "A couple of them must have got through, more than a couple, probably, because the anti-aircraft batteries opened up with everything they had. It was a mess, as I remember. The papers said the next day it was the heaviest raid on London since the blitz. Many people were killed, a great many."



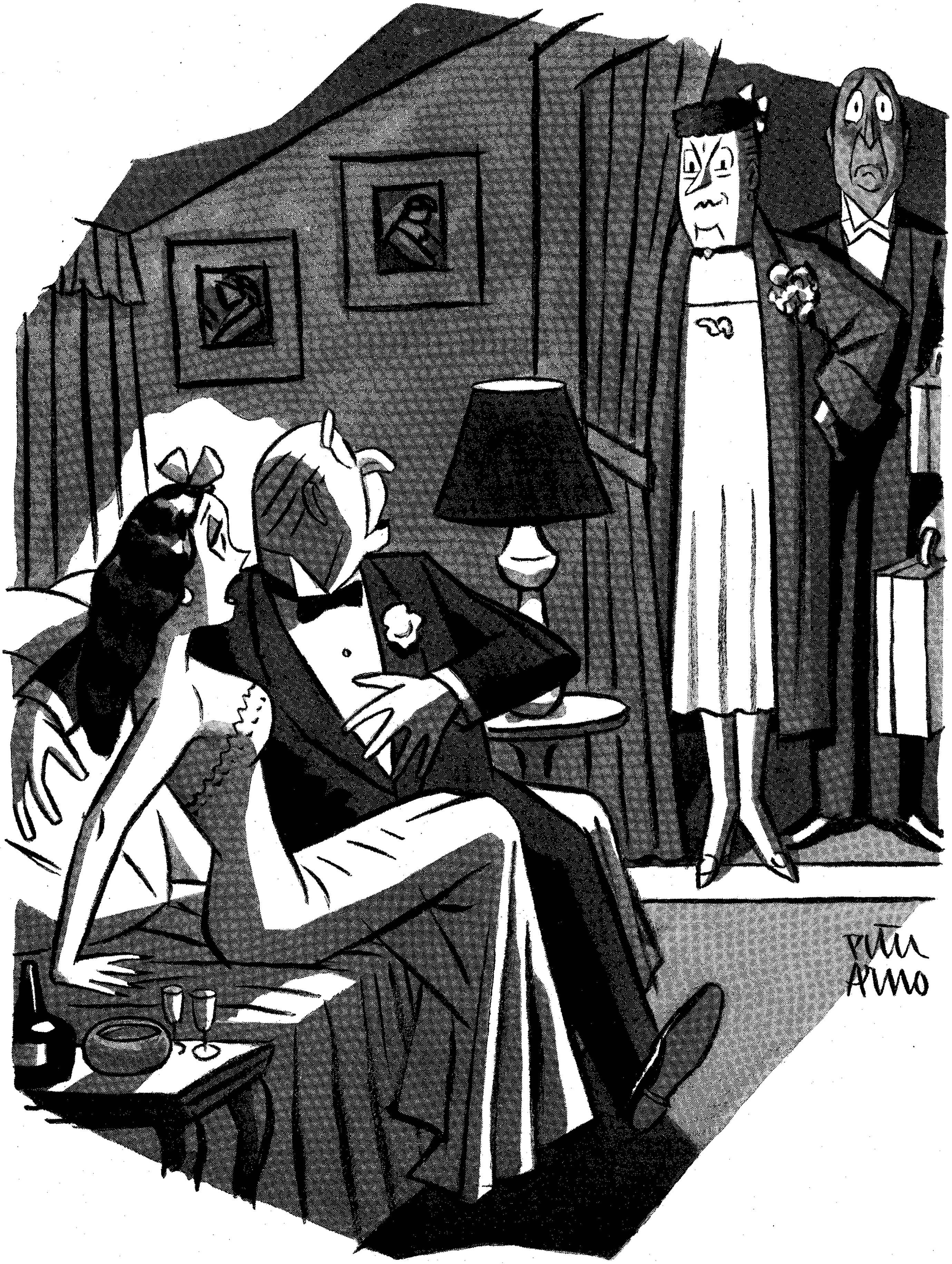
The door opened, sending a draft through the room that caused the Army Service Forces Newsmap to rustle on the wall, and Major Pennon entered.

"Well," he said, "everything all right?"

Cotter stood up and Mrs. Maywood began to gather her coat and purse.

"Oh, yes, Major," she said, blinking her eyes rapidly through a cheerful smile. "Everything is fine now."

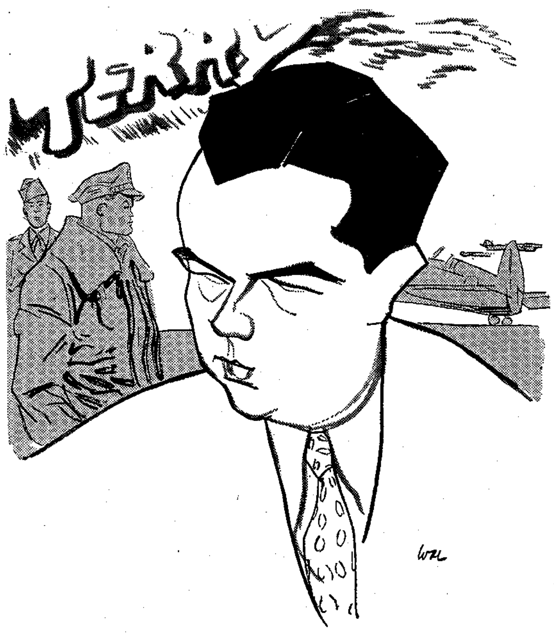
—Jerome Weidman



"Good Lord, Hawkins! You might at least have said 'Ahem'!"

PROFILES

SIGNIFICANT SIG AND THE FUNNIES



Milton Caniff

In many ways, Milton Caniff, who draws "Terry and the Pirates," is typical of the country's dozen most successful comic-strip artists. The popularity of his strip, which appears locally in the *News* and is syndicated to a hundred and seventy-five newspapers with a combined circulation of seventeen million, is neither sensationally large nor disgracefully small. With an income in the neighborhood of $55,000, Caniff ranks in the middle brackets in the trade. Unlike such unorthodox strips as "Krazy Kat" and "Barnaby," which have a following chiefly among intellectuals, "Terry and the Pirates" is in the tradition. Its disciples range from Dr. Hu Shih (former Chinese Ambassador to the United States) and John Steinbeck to an I.R.T. motorman who has spoken well of the strip's philosophical content and a Bronx housewife who has written Caniff an appreciative letter every week for the past four years. Politically, Caniff's work is middle-ground too, being neither as reactionary as "Little Orphan Annie" nor as liberal as "Joe Palooka." Furthermore, like almost every other comic-strip artist in the country, he has got his characters deeply involved in the war. In several important respects, however, Caniff stands apart from his colleagues. He is fairly generally acknowledged to be the best draftsman and the most accurate workman in the business. Also, he is the only comic-strip artist who has ever been favored with a one-man show by the stylish Julien Levy Gallery and whose works have hung in the Metropolitan Museum, and he is the only living cartoonist who has staged the death of a leading character in his strip. When this character, a woman named Raven Sherman, died two years ago, Caniff received fourteen hundred letters of sympathy and a number of floral offerings. A Pennsylvania newspaper, which didn't subscribe to the strip, carried the story of Raven's death as a news item, Caniff was interviewed on the radio so that he could explain his motive for killing her off, and on the day she was buried in the hills north of Chungking, four hundred and fifty students of Loyola University, in Chicago, paid tribute to her by gathering on their campus and facing east for one minute of silence. Not since the late Sidney Smith killed off little Mary Gold in "The Gumps," fifteen years before, had a death in the funnies so stirred the nation.

The genesis of "Terry and the Pirates" goes back to one afternoon late in the summer of 1934, when Captain Joseph Patterson, publisher of the *News*, was sitting in his office looking through an early edition of the *Sun*. After reading the comic-strip page, which is the section of any paper he always turns to first, he turned to a syndicated cartoon feature titled "The Gay Thirties," which showed a young woman, just back home from a Mae West movie, saying something to her husband about his coming up to see her some time. Patterson laughed out loud. This was an event, for, although Patterson's affection for comics approaches idolatry, his risibility is not easily touched. Three days later, Caniff, the man who drew the cartoon that made the Captain laugh out loud, was summoned to Patterson's office and offered a job doing a new comic strip for the Chicago *Tribune*-New York *News* syndicate. "The offer from Patterson," Caniff has since remarked, "was the end of the line. I knew then that I had arrived." He had.

Like the majority of comic-strip artists, Caniff (pronounced "k-niff'") came from the Middle West. He was born, the only child of Scottish and Irish parents, thirty-six years ago in Hillsboro, Ohio, where his father was a printer on the local newspaper. The family moved to Dayton when Milton was eleven, and two years later his first cartoon was published on the "amateur page" of the Dayton *News*. Milton was, and still is at heart, the complete American boy. He attended public school and joined the Boy Scouts, in which he worked his way up to the rank of Eagle. He spent his summer vacations from high school as a councillor at a Scout camp called Cricket Holler and during the school year he worked after classes in the art department of the Dayton *Journal*. He also helped to conduct an evening drawing class at the Y.M.C.A.

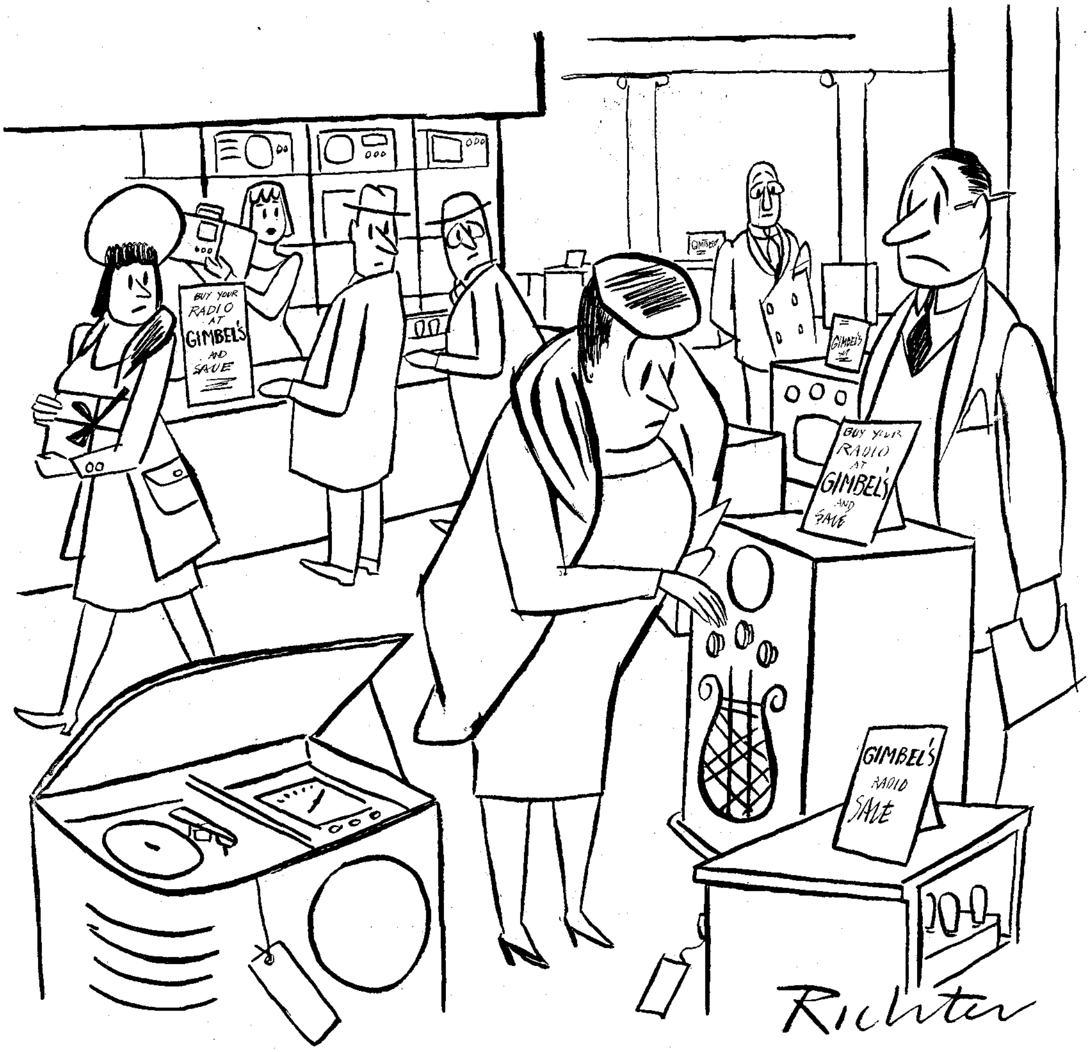
Caniff, like the creators of "Dick Tracy" and "Little Orphan Annie" and a few other colleagues, is a college graduate. At Ohio State University, he established himself as a big man both on and off the campus by belonging to Sigma Chi fraternity and an impressive list of other social, dramatic, and honorary societies, by serving as art editor of his senior-year yearbook and of the college humor magazine, and by working afternoons at seventeen dollars a week as a retoucher in the art department of the Columbus *Dispatch*. He was graduated in 1930 and went to work full time on the *Dispatch*, but was fired two years later when the paper retrenched. In the spring of 1932, Caniff landed a job with the Associated Press Feature Service in New York. He was hired to handle such routine assignments as doing crayon drawings of political figures, but he was soon given the job of turning out two daily A.P. features called "The Gay Thirties" and "Puffy the Pig." Puffy was an animal whose cute observations on human nature were expressed in a four-line jingle. Like most cartoonists, Caniff soon began hatching a comic strip of his own, and a year after his arrival in New York he submitted to the A.P. samples of a strip called "Dickie Dare," which was built around a story about an imaginative Cricket Holler type of youngster. A year after it was accepted, "Dickie Dare" was appearing in a hundred newspapers. When Caniff kept his appointment with Patterson at the *News*, he found that the publisher had been a constant reader of both "Dickie" and "The Gay Thirties."

In the interview, Caniff behaved with proper humility. He was aware that he was in the presence of the man who, having assisted in the birth of "The Gumps," "Smitty," "Harold Teen," "Winnie Winkle," and "Dick Tracy," had midwifed more comic strips than any other person in the country. Caniff listened respectfully to Patterson's specifications. He told Caniff he wanted an adventure strip with a universal appeal. That meant, he said, a youngster to get a juvenile following, a handsome hero to provide the love interest, and, for comedy, a daffy character who could logically become involved with the two principals. Make the locale the Orient, since that's the last outpost of adventure, Patterson added, put the heart throbs in the daily strips, and draw the Sunday color page primarily for youngsters. Finally, Patterson said that somewhere in the action he'd like to see a character called Old Pop and that he wanted plenty of blood and thunder. "Get Old Pop hanged," Patterson said. "Show him hanging."

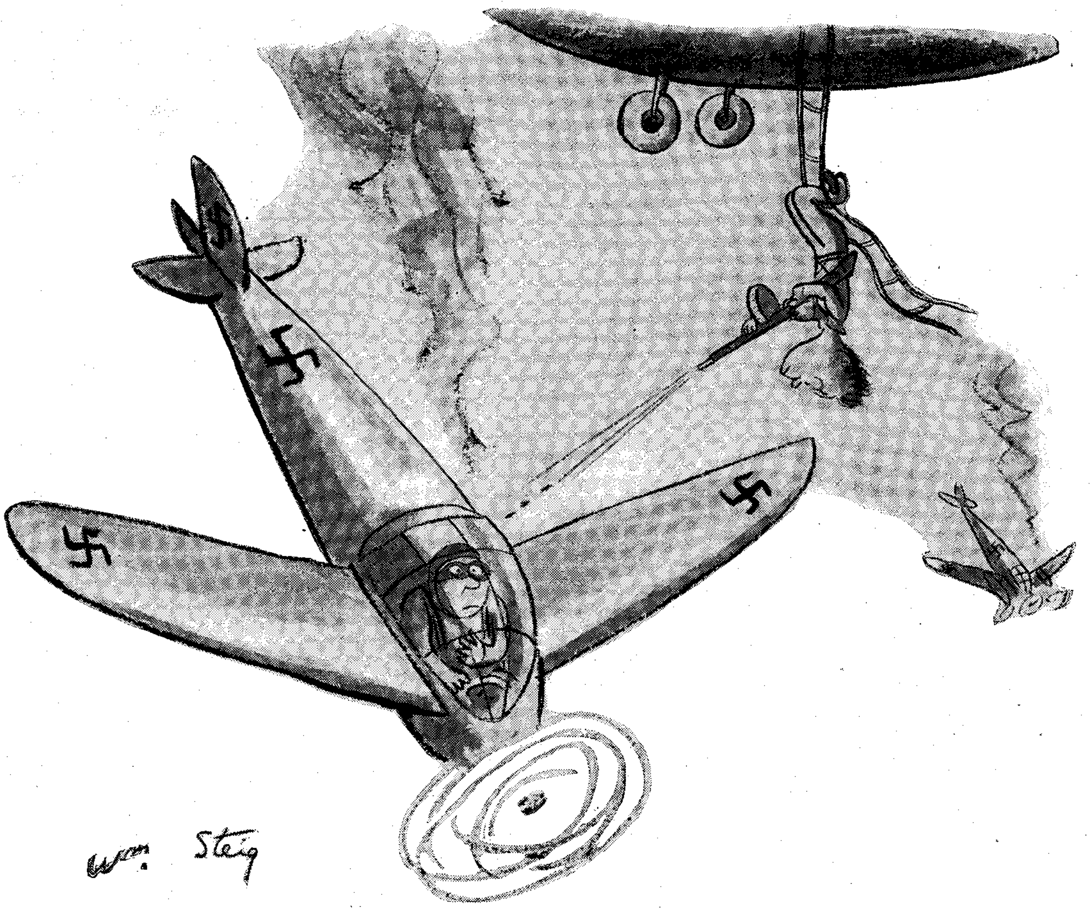
Caniff met with Patterson on a Thursday and Patterson wanted to see sample strips the following Monday. In his spare time during the next three days and nights, Caniff, who had never been nearer the Orient than the corner of Mott and Pell, read some books by Pearl Buck to pick up background material, invented and named a cast of characters, worked out the beginning of a plot, and drew a two weeks' supply of strips. He named his youngster, a tow-headed American boy of twelve, Tommy Tucker, and his hero, a wavy-haired, pipe-smoking brunet, Pat Ryan. The first episode began with Tommy and Pat landing in China to search for a secret gold mine, the map of which had been willed to Tommy by his grandfather. Pat and Tommy immediately hired an English-speaking Chinaman, comically named George Webster Confucius, as their combination interpreter, guide, and valet. To get up the river to the gold mine, Tommy, Pat, and Confucius engaged a boat owned by an ancient American mariner called Old Pop, who had a daughter named Dale. One thing Patterson hadn't mentioned was a villain, but Caniff provided one. Instead of the orthodox oily male, he invented a beautiful half-caste woman who led a gang of river pirates. Caniff named her the Dragon Lady. By the end of the second week's strip, Tommy, Pat, and Confucius had started up the river with Old Pop and Dale and were about to be attacked by the Dragon Lady's pirate gang. Caniff named his strip "Tommy Tucker." Patterson liked everything about it except the title. That night Caniff jotted down a list of fifty other names on a sheet of foolscap and sent it over. Toward the end of the list, he put in the name "Terry." When the sheet came back to him, Caniff saw that Patterson had circled "Terry" and written "and the Pirates" in the margin. "Terry and the Pirates" was launched simultaneously in the *News* and Chicago *Tribune* in October, 1934.

Caniff takes his calling very seriously, as well he might. According to studies made by Dr. Gallup and other feelers of the public pulse, comic strips are read with regularity by well over half of the country's adults and two-thirds of the children over six, a public of approximately sixty-five million people. More Americans read comic strips than any other form of literature. Four out of five persons who buy newspapers read comic strips, and it is a truism in newspaper-publishing circles that, next to the news itself, the funnies sell the papers. Only one daily newspaper in the United States, the New York *Times*, manages to exist without comic strips. The *Times* has a daily circulation of 419,447. The *News*, which prints eleven comics, not counting its editorial page, has a daily circulation of 2,014,027. Some observers might interpret these figures to mean that the opinions of Arthur Krock are less highly regarded by the multitude than those of Daddy Warbucks. That interpretation would seem to be correct. Fourteen per cent of the men and women in this country have a favorite newspaper columnist; fifty-one per cent have a favorite comic-strip character, or so the surveys solemnly say. The American disposition to prefer comic strips to columnists is regarded in some musty quarters as a sign of cultural infantilism. Who knows?

The men who feed us intellectually, whether in the comic strips or in the columns, are selling pretty much the same


BUY YOUR RADIO AT GIMBEL'S AND SAVE
BUY YOUR RADIO AT GIMBEL'S AND SAVE
GIMBEL'S RADIO SALE
Richter

"*Macy-Macy-Macy saves you dough-dough-dee-oh-dough-dough.*"



DREAMS OF GLORY

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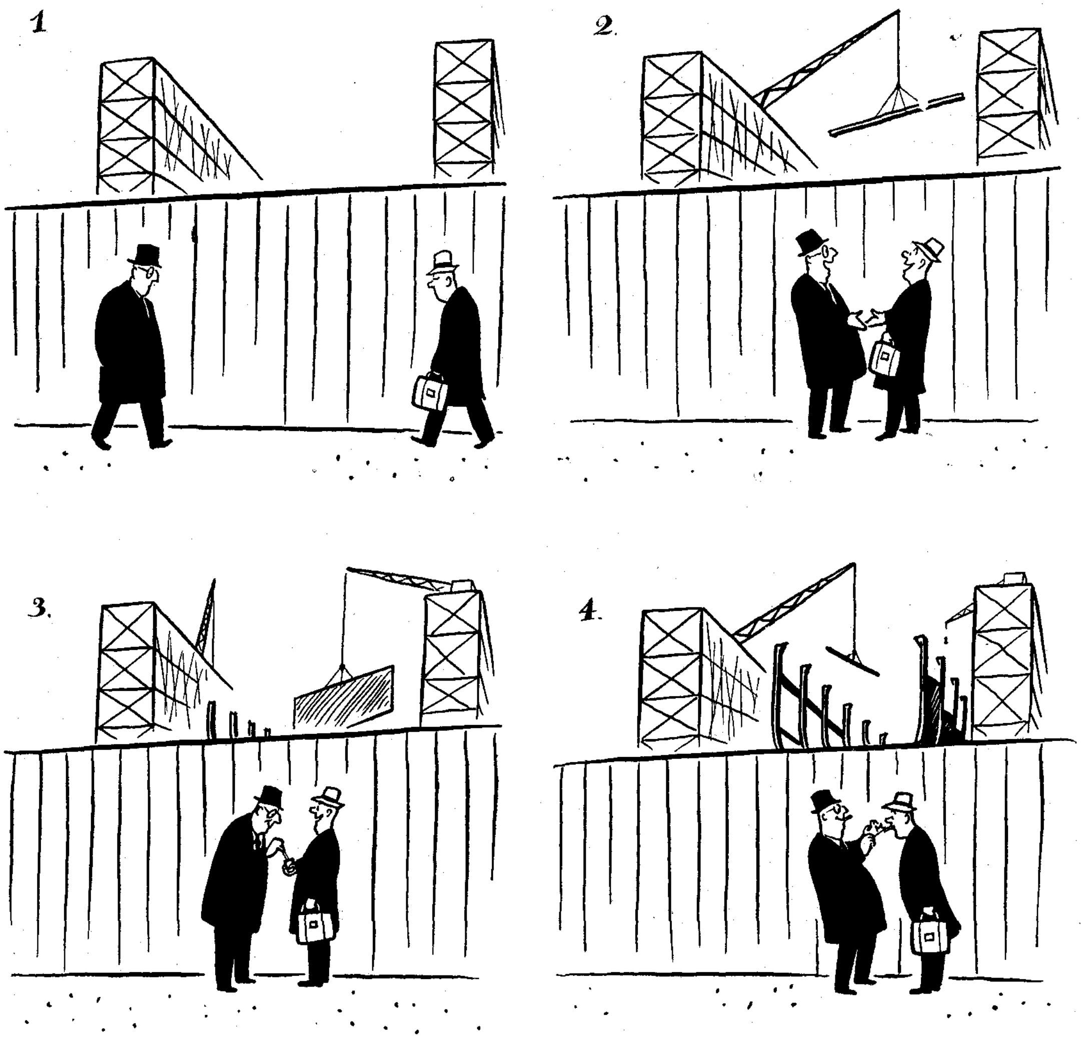
line of goods. Westbrook Pegler, batting for the conservatives, attacks the New Deal, snipes at organized labor, and moans for the return of the good old days. So does his intellectual and political twin, Little Orphan Annie. But Annie, a child with a chronic talking jag, wields more influence and always has. Back in 1935, when Pegler had not yet hit his stride on the subject of the unions, Annie had already so distinguished herself as a critic of labor that she had earned an attack by the *Daily Worker's* ideological comic-strip moppet, Little Lefty. Pegler has never been thus recognized. A few years ago, when Annie's dog, Sandy, got lost, the Orphan's creator received a rather surprising telegram, which he later discovered was not a hoax: "PLEASE DO ALL YOU CAN TO HELP ANNIE FIND SANDY. WE ARE ALL INTERESTED. HENRY FORD." If Pegler's dog, Toby, got lost, would Ford care? It is doubtful. For some time, Annie and her rich foster father, Daddy Warbucks, have been casting a jaundiced eye over the administration of the home front. An industrialist greater than Girdler, Warbucks eventually found the New Deal so intolerable that he got out of the country. "He was quick to see the trend the government politicians were following," Annie's creator, whose own income is over $100,000 a year, explained not long ago to a friend. "Hence, to avoid being suckered into the typical double play of strike called and government seizure, Warbucks beat the politicians to it and turned his plant over to the government as a patriotic gesture. Being a successful industrialist, he was naturally blackballed for any U. S. Army or Navy commission by our government, so he hustled out to the Orient, where he became a general in an unspecified army." Annie, more courageous, has stayed at home to slug it out with the "politicians." In the town of Gooneyville, where she is at present visiting friends, she has discovered the rankest inequalities in the gas-rationing system, as well as much political maltreatment of the hard-working small businessman. Although Annie and Pegler carry the same torch, Annie, not Westbrook, is the Tory's darling. Pegler's attacks appear in a hundred and seventy-nine papers with a combined circulation of ten million, Annie's in two hundred and fifty with a circulation of twenty million. Annie is, it appears, exactly twice as effective as Pegler in shaping the main currents of conservative thought.

In the liberals' corner stands Samuel Grafton, a skilled and able columnist who has opposed appeasement, argued for racial tolerance, and supported the administration. Grafton's opinions are syndicated to thirty-three newspapers read by not many more than three million people. However, the opinions of Ham Fisher's Joe Palooka, a comic-strip liberal who has also opposed appeasement, argued for racial tolerance, and supported the administration, are syndicated to four hundred and fifty newspapers read by thirty millions. Grafton carries on his struggle unassisted, but Joe Palooka has received the support of the American and British governments. In the winter of 1939, Fisher, an interventionist, had Joe give up his peacetime occupation, which was being world's heavyweight champion, to enlist in the Army. The willingness and good humor with which Joe took to military life presumably had a good effect on the morale of some of the millions of young men who were beginning to be drafted. At least, the President of the United States thought so. He invited Fisher to the White House for lunch. When the cartoonist walked into the President's study, the Commander-in-Chief stuck out his hand and said, "Thanks, Ham, for helping me put across the draft." During the battle for Tunisia, in which Joe Palooka took part, Fisher was faced with the problem of how to make his comic-strip version of the campaign wind up concurrently with the actual victory. He knew that the timing of the Allied drive depended largely on the arrival of sufficient supplies for Montgomery's army, but the facts about this were naturally not easy to get. The British Ministry of Information obligingly assigned a British Army major, on duty in this country as a liaison officer, to get in touch with Fisher once a week to keep him posted on Montgomery's plans. Joe Palooka and General Montgomery were accordingly able to finish their respective campaigns simultaneously. A few weeks ago, a high-ranking American officer, a friend of Fisher's, returned to this coun-

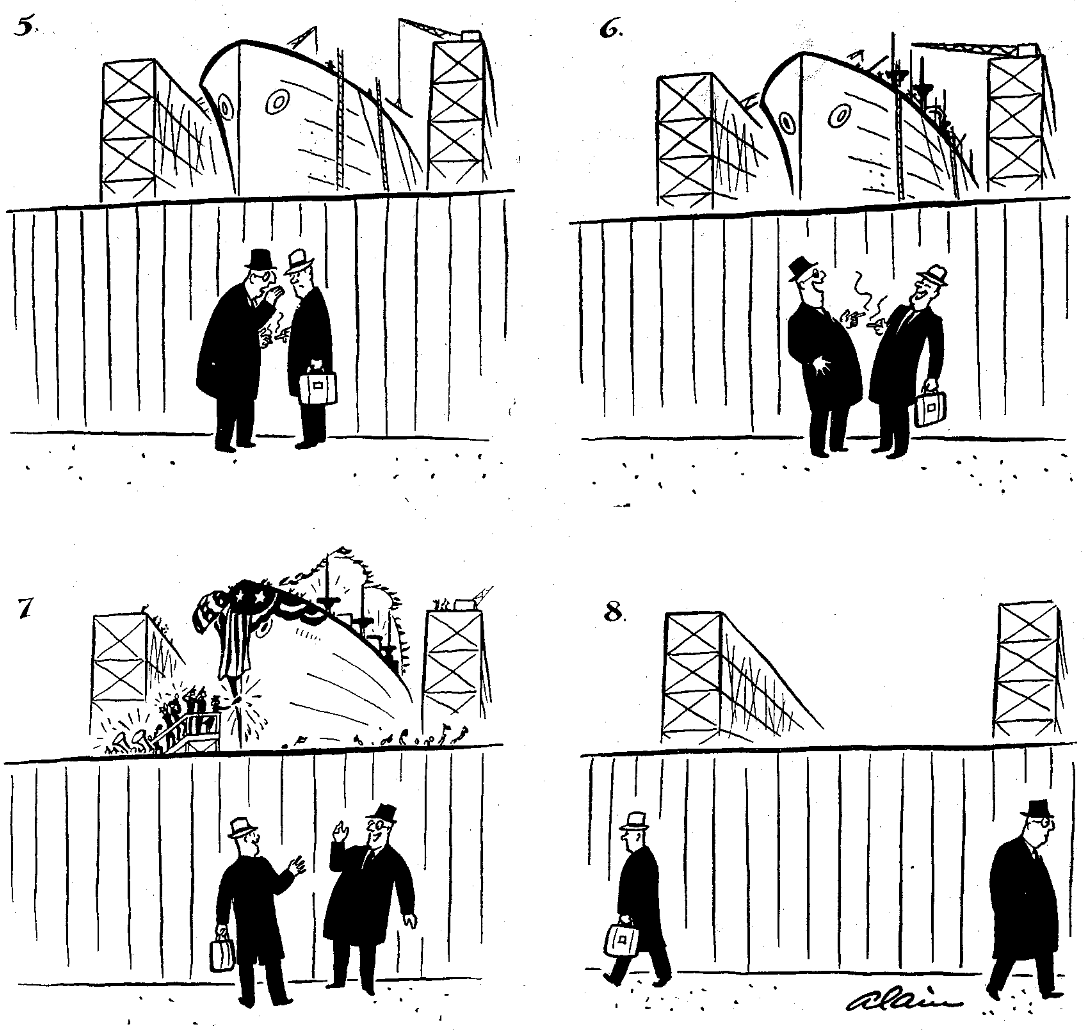


try from the Italian battlefront and immediately telephoned him. "For God's sake, Ham," he said, "will you please keep Joe from going out under fire to rescue any more of his comrades. We're losing men like flies trying to be like Palooka." Clearly, in the matter of influence, Grafton is a piker compared to Fisher.

One reason comic strips have more influence than the syndicated thinkers, at least on our armed forces, is undoubtedly that they are more accessible. Strips by leading cartoonists are printed in all the various regional editions of the *Stars and Stripes*, published for American troops overseas, and in over twelve hundred camp newspapers issued in military establishments in this country. None of these publications carries Grafton, Pegler, or any other home-front sage. Their absence is due to a War Department directive forbidding the appearance of the remarks of columnists and other contemplative civilians in these journals. This War Department ruling has caused considerable alarm among certain easily agitated individuals, but there is no cause for alarm. In opening its publications to cartoonists and closing them to columnists, the Army is simply doing the decent, democratic thing—providing what the majority wants. Surveys show that comic strips are first with the men in the Army, the Navy, and the Marines, and that in this country comic books, which are comic strips in concentrated form, outsell the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, and the *Reader's Digest* combined by a ratio of ten to one in the post exchanges. There is thus some ground for believing that the brave new world is being built by men whose minds are nourished on the funnies.

It is hard to say what this will mean to the future of civilization. Maybe nothing. On the other hand, is it possible for a race of men to watch Superman perform his wondrous feats day after day and not get big ideas? That question has disturbed even the German government. In 1940, after Superman stepped overseas and destroyed the Westwall, the Government of the Third Reich took the trouble, through an abusive article in *Das Schwarz Korps*, to call Superman a Jew. And what, for example, will be the reaction of long-isolated soldiers whose notions of the feminine form will have been influenced by such puissantly endowed comic-strip companions as Cindy Lou and Daisy Mae when they come marching home to their more conservatively constructed wives and sweethearts? Are we headed for a plague of divorce? You can't tell. Many religious groups detest the comics, but though their voice is strident, their strength is not as the strength of ten or even of one like Bat Man, Hangman, or Hyper-Man. Children no longer need attend Sunday school to receive Scriptural instruction. Curled up at home with a comic book called "Picture Stories from the Bible," they can learn all about Adam, Eve, Moses, and Elijah, who are interestingly portrayed in four colors. A while ago, in Atlanta, a clergyman rather more complacent than most of his confrères enlightened his flock by explaining that when Jesus was found by Mary and Joseph in the temple in Jerusalem and asked to come home to Nazareth, He obeyed "just as willingly as Baby Dumpling obeys Dagwood."

Unlike theologians, psychologists are not disturbed about the effect of the comic strips on the nation's emotional life. Writing in the *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, Drs. Lauretta Bender and Reginald Laurie have placidly stated that "The comics may be said to offer the same type of mental catharsis to their readers that Aristotle claimed was an attribute of the drama." The other day, a five-year-old boy, who was not a subscriber to the *Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, climbed to the ledge of a second-story window in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, said "Here's how Superman flies," and fell thirty feet, landing on his head. It is idle to brush comic strips aside, as some psychiatrists have done, simply by labelling them adult daydreams. To many readers, they are stark



reality. When Lady Plushbottom had twins, she was showered with such tangible gifts as a perambulator and a complete layette. When Harold Teen refused to marry Senga, a lovely adventuress, a dozen bachelors gallantly offered to take his place, and when Skeezix Wallet's fiancée, Nina Clock, went to work in a war factory without wearing a net to keep her hair from getting caught in the machinery, she was scolded by scores of admirers for her carelessness. When Dick Tracy was wounded, he received letters from thousands of sympathetic friends, including one man in Brooklyn who offered, if a transfusion was needed, to give a pint of his blood.

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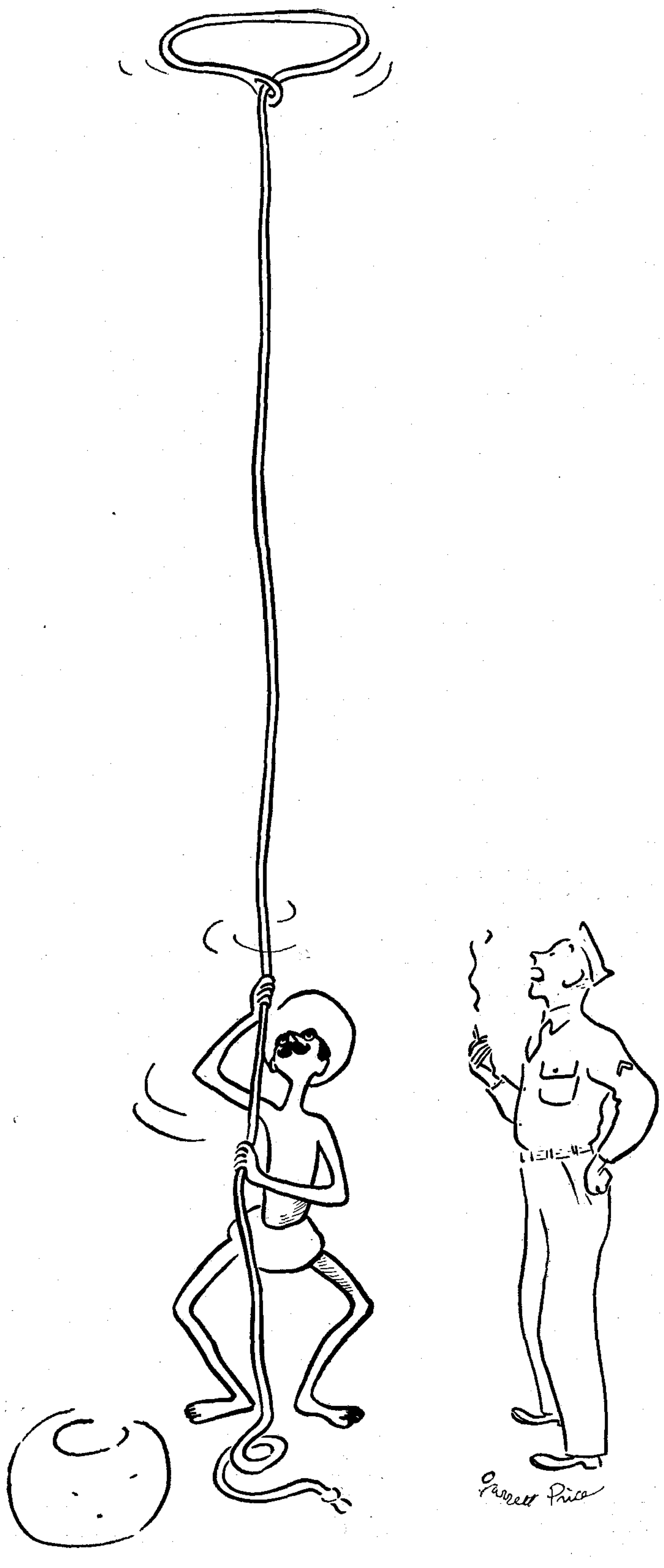
THE funnies, when they began to appear in this country, about a quarter of a century before the début of "Terry and the Pirates," were supposed to be funny, and sometimes they were. If "Mutt and Jeff," the "Katzenjammer Kids," and "Abie the Agent" were not exactly comic, they were at least sufficiently preposterous, irreverent, or satiric to be entertaining. In the early days, comic strips were judged by a simple standard: if they were funny, they were popular. The funnies have come a long way since then. They have become not funny and they have also become increasingly popular. The anti-comic trend in the comic strips is the result of the arrival, in the early twenties, of Skeezix Wallet of "Gasoline Alley." Skeezix, unlike the Katzenjammers or any other comic-strip characters before him, started to grow up strictly in accordance with the calendar. Little by little, "Gasoline Alley" began to approximate actuality in other ways, and the trend toward realism in the comic strips was on. It has reached its extreme in "Terry and the Pirates," which has changed in the past nine years from a comic strip to what Patterson describes as a "romantic and dramatic continued serial." Caniff now tries to make his strip as real as life. He has exchanged comedy for accuracy and is proceeding on the premise that facts are more entertaining than fantasy. He not only has his characters grow up, he even arranges matters to indicate that they have a well-rounded sex life.

Caniff has retained his original two male leads—Pat Ryan, who is now a full lieutenant in Naval Intelligence, and Terry Lee, who recently became a fighter pilot in the Army Air Forces—but he has done away with the pirates. Caniff's chief villains today are Japs. Neither unbelievably clever nor incredibly stupid, they are probably a good deal like real Japs. Caniff has even let them win a few battles. Unlike most comic-strip artists, who work continuously with the same small cast of a half-dozen to a dozen characters, he has invented, in all, forty-five characters who have played sufficiently important rôles in the strip to be remembered by regular readers. Some of the people who show up in "Terry" are, like some of the people accosted on the street by the *News's* Inquiring Fotographer, calm, well-adjusted types, but many are bundles of emotional quirks. One character is troubled by an anxiety neurosis, another with nymphomania, and still another with transvestitism. In the current episode, a character who is masquerading as a French officer will eventually be revealed as a rather virile Frenchwoman. It is inevitable that a few of the kiddies who read "Terry" may miss some of the Krafft-Ebing undertones, but this doesn't worry Caniff. "I'm interested in pleasing their daddies," he says simply.

Most "Terry" characters are more or less imaginary, but several bear considerable resemblance to real persons, both living and dead. The many similarities between one of Caniff's leading women and the late Jean Harlow cannot be called coincidental, since he planned her that way. Caniff's devotion to accuracy approaches delirium in the delineation of a half-dozen characters whom he models after living people. Colonel Philip G. Cochran, the Air Forces hero, has been a friend of Caniff's since they were at Ohio State and is, as most everyone probably knows by now, the original of Caniff's character called Flip Corkin. Caniff not only has Corkin look, talk, think, dress, and act like Cochran, but he also faithfully promotes him soon after Cochran is promoted in the Army Air Forces. About the only important difference between the original and the facsimile is that Cochran has no steady girl, while Corkin is in love with a nurse named Taffy Tucker. When Cochran returned a few months ago from North Africa, where he won six medals and five citations, he found, to his momentary annoyance, that most of the people he met here were not especially interested in the details of the Tunisian campaign. What they were really interested in was how he was getting along with the Tucker girl.

Caniff's method of creating a character is rather different from that of an old-school cartoonist like Bud Fisher, the author of "Mutt and Jeff." For the first three years of his strip, Fisher used only one character, a race-track tout named A. Mutt. One day, when Fisher was hard up for a gag, he had Mutt wander into an insane asylum, strike up an acquaintance with a little inmate named Jeff, and walk out with him. Fisher estimates that it took him an hour to think up Jeff. Caniff estimates that he put in about three months, off and on, in creating Taffy, who probably will never quite approach Jeff's stature as one of the world's great comic-strip characters. Caniff spent several days just worrying about a name for Taffy. Since he visualized her as a pert, snub-nosed girl from Georgia, he wanted a name with a typically Old South sound. He finally settled on Guinevere Marianne Tucker, nicknamed Taffy because of her candy-colored hair. She had to be short, because she was scheduled to fall in love with Flip Corkin, who is short, and she had to be blond for contrast with Flip, who is dark. Caniff decided to make Taffy a Red Cross nurse, so he got in touch with the Red Cross, which sent a representative to his studio to tell him how Red Cross nurses are selected and trained and to supply him with a set of nurse's uniforms as models. Caniff went through much the same routine with the War Department, since he planned that Taffy would eventually transfer from the Red Cross to the Army Nurse Corps. He was put in touch with an exceedingly articulate Army nurse, who furnished him with details about Army nurses—their slang, their special problems, how they feel about dates with soldiers, and other minutiae. People often ask Caniff whether he believes that his readers appreciate all this painstaking work. He replies by producing from his files a stack of letters from Red Cross and Army nurses. With considerable ecstasy, all these correspondents say that Taffy Tucker is simply wonderful and as real as life. "They're the critics," Caniff says. "If you get rave notices from them, you can figure the rest of the customers aren't going to walk out on you."



"There! Now you're getting the hang of it."

If Caniff has unconsciously patterned any of his characters after himself, it is Pat Ryan. Caniff, like Ryan, has changed in the past decade from an ambitious collegian to a poised, easy-going man in his middle thirties. Caniff, who is tall, dark, and handsome, has been described for the ages by a reporter on *Mademoiselle* as "sweet and kinda plump, with nice big blue eyes." Being old Boy Scouts, Caniff and Ryan have not forgotten the sound teachings of Uncle Dan Beard, and, being members of Sigma Chi, both are paragons of fraternal friendliness. Caniff's fraternity means a good deal to him. He keeps in touch with many of the chapter brothers and frequently contributes drawings to the *Magazine of Sigma Chi* with rousing captions like "Hold the Cross high, Gang!" In 1937, at the annual Grand Chapter convention, the gang awarded Caniff a Significant Sig Medal. He is the youngest member ever to be so honored. Ryan is not so significant, but Sigma Chi has meant a good deal to him, too. He was once saved from a horrible death because he was wearing his fraternity pin. Unlike Ryan, who is on very active war duty in the Pacific, Caniff

Who was it said, "Democracy is inefficient"?

EVERYBODY knows who — and it was one of the worst of his wrong guesses — as many things are proving.

One proof is the record of the American railroads.

In the year just ended, they handled a volume of traffic which dwarfs anything in the history of transportation.

And this job was done—not under the arrogant compulsion of dictatorship, but by voluntary cooperation in the finest American tradition.

There was first of all, the cooperation of railroad men and railroad companies with one another.

There was the surpassing cooperation of shippers and receivers of freight, who did their indispensable part in keeping freight cars on the move.

There was the helpful cooperation of government agencies with railroad management.

And there was, on top of all this, the cooperation of the Army and Navy — the greatest shippers in the world.

Without all these, the record would never have been possible.

And finally, there was the friendly and patient cooperation of the traveling public — which accepted the inconveniences, and sometimes the hardships, of wartime travel, with typical American good humor and good sense.

So far have we come together along the road to victory. The road ahead calls for still more effort, still closer cooperation, in getting the utmost transportation service out of our railroad plant.

And when the victory is won — as surely it shall be — it will have been won by free men, working together under the rules free men established for themselves — the thing we are fighting to preserve.

• • •

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

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CLEARANCE
SALE
GUNTHER
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Reductions are made on every fur in our entire stock and each one is a compelling value — for example coats of:

NATURAL MINK
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•

Convenient terms of payment with no charge for such service.

Gunther
666 FIFTH AVE. AT 53rd

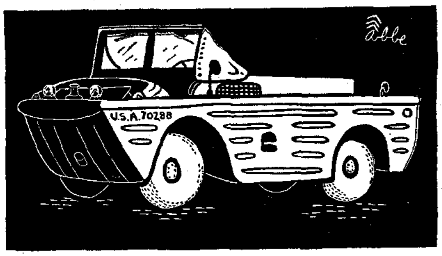
was turned down by the services because of a childhood leg injury. Since we got into the war, however, he has been spending much of his time doing jobs for the armed services, such as illustrating the Army's "Pocket Guide to China," published for soldiers. His biggest task for the Army is producing a weekly strip titled "Male Call," which is furnished free to over a thousand Army camp newspapers and to a couple of dozen Navy and Marine publications. "Male Call," an extremely racy series which some service papers label a "comic-strip-tease," features an alluring little number named Lace and her spicy adventures among enlisted men. The strip has been denounced as immoral by the Brooklyn *Tablet* and praised by at least one chaplain for its "frank, clever, and tasteful" way of treating sex.

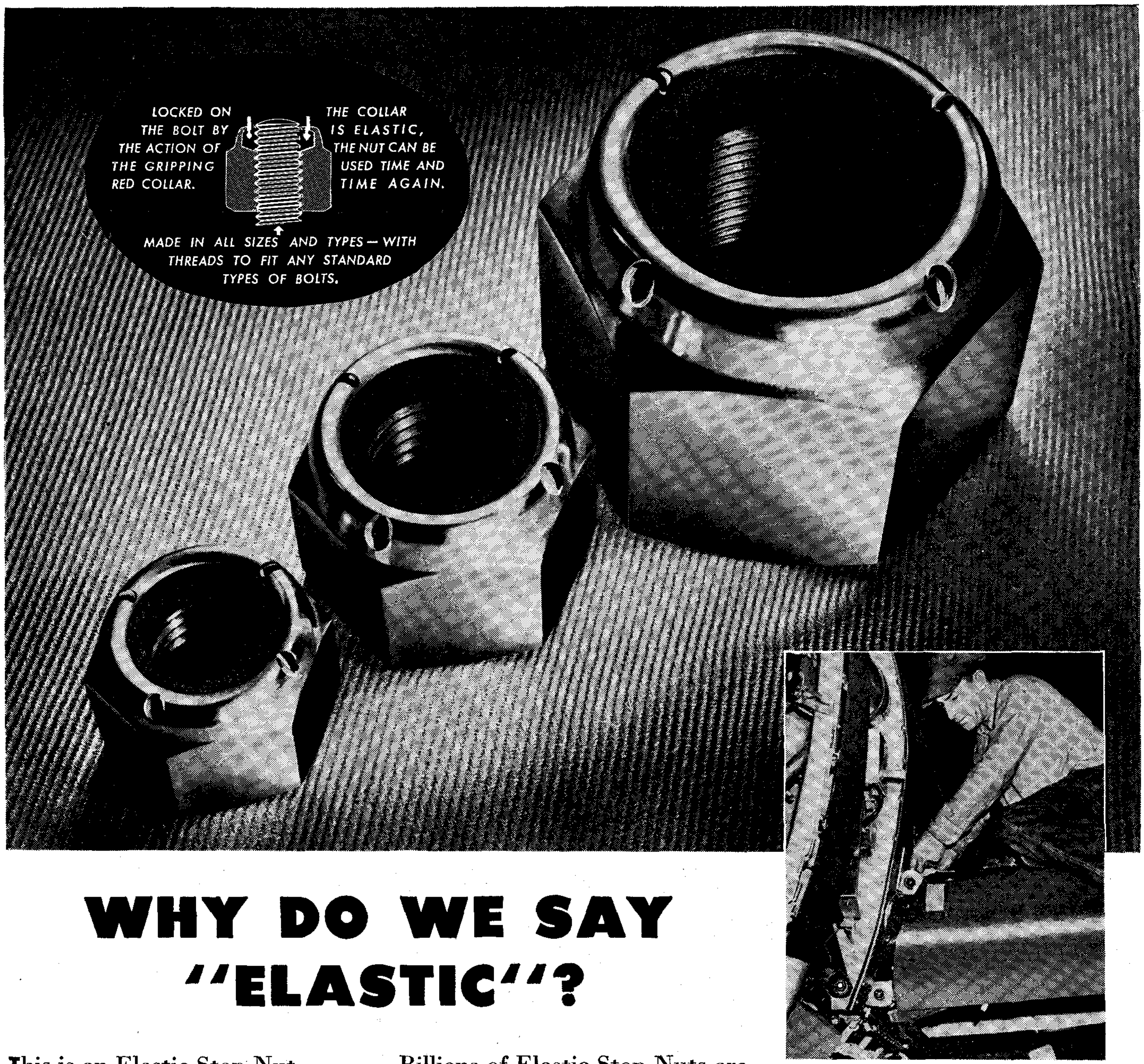
Caniff and his wife, a reserved, statuesque blonde who reads Proust but not "Terry" or any other comic strip, live in a large, modernistic house outside Haverstraw. The house, which he rents from Henry Varnum Poor, the painter, is on the top of a small mountain near High Tor, Maxwell Anderson's mountain. Anderson and his wife are Caniff's near neighbors and close friends. Caniff owns two cars and a station wagon, has a Great Dane called Captain Blaze (after a "Terry" character) and a wire-haired terrier called Flip Corkin, and keeps two servants to take care of the house and a full-time gardener to take care of the property, which covers several acres. Caniff, however, is too busy to have much chance to enjoy his possessions. He puts in around fifteen hours a day at his work, but, even though, like most comic-strip artists, he has assistants, he is always behind schedule. According to his contract with the *News*, he must deliver his daily strips to the syndicate office four weeks in advance of publication and keep nine weeks ahead on the Sunday color page. Caniff has managed to meet this deadline twice in the nine years the contract has run.

Caniff's day begins at noon and ends the following morning around six. In between, he takes an hour off for dinner and two for a nap. The nap is between midnight and 2 A.M. He devotes the day to drawing and the night to such creative tasks as writing dialogue, thinking up characters, and getting ideas for plots. He never writes a synopsis of his plots. He believes that charting the characters' actions in detail far into the future would rob the story of realism. He has worked out the general plan of the strip for the next ten years, but he makes alterations as he goes along. During this period, Terry, who has so far been playing second string to Pat Ryan, will move into the hero's rôle, and Pat, getting gray at the temples, will become an older man with an avuncular interest in Terry. Ultimately, Pat will get married, and after that Caniff will introduce a juvenile replacement for Terry and begin the whole cycle all over again.

At noon, when Caniff arrives in his studio, a large, light, two-storied room on the second floor of the house, he finds his two assistants, Frank Engli and Ray Bailey, waiting for him. Both Engli and Bailey, who live nearby with their families, are experienced cartoonists, and besides working for Caniff, each draws a syndicated Sunday strip of his own. Neither, however, is responsible for any of the creative work on "Terry." Caniff does all of the original drawing and writes all of the dialogue. As a rule, he spends three of his fifteen-hour days a week on the daily "Terry" strips, two on the Sunday page, and one each on "Male Call" and incidental tasks such as handling correspondence. He begins a week's daily "Terry" strips by writing the dialogue, in pencil, on the set of six. These are passed to Engli, who inks in the lettering. Caniff then sketches the characters in pencil, inks them in himself, and finishes the series by filling in the backgrounds. He follows the same routine for the Sunday page, on which he also does the water-color work, which takes him an additional four hours. After finishing a Sunday page, Caniff turns it over to Bailey, who makes a copy for the Chicago *Tribune*, whose Sunday comic section is a different size and shape. If he has time, Caniff mails the completed strips to the syndicate office. Usually, though, they have to be rushed into town on a train by one of the assistants, or, if they also are pressed for time, by Caniff's colored maid.

As a man who would rather be right than punctual, Caniff is willing to spare practically no expenditure of time or effort to avoid making a mistake. He has accumulated a reference library of a couple of hundred volumes, ranging from the Bible and a Sears Roebuck




LOCKED ON THE BOLT BY THE ACTION OF THE GRIPPING RED COLLAR.
THE COLLAR IS ELASTIC, THE NUT CAN BE USED TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
MADE IN ALL SIZES AND TYPES — WITH THREADS TO FIT ANY STANDARD TYPES OF BOLTS.

WHY DO WE SAY "ELASTIC"?

This is an Elastic Stop Nut.

You know it by the red collar.

That collar is plastic—and elastic.

This is why the Elastic Stop Nut is different from other nuts.

When this nut is put on, the bolt threads press into the collar. It more than fits — it squeezes.

The nut can't wiggle, turn and loosen. It locks and holds tight—anywhere on the bolt.

Being elastic, the collar "comes back" after the bolt is removed. So Elastic Stop Nuts can be used over and over again and still lock.

Billions of Elastic Stop Nuts are being made today. And to our knowledge, not one in a million has ever failed.

After the war these self-locking nuts will make hundreds of things you buy safer, stronger, more durable. So watch for that red collar—it's the mark of these unusual nuts made by Esna.

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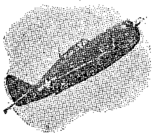
ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

WHERE ELASTIC STOP NUTS ARE GOING NOW



There are more Elastic Stop Nuts on America's planes, tanks and naval vessels than all other lock nuts combined. More than 12,000 of them go on the P-47 Thunderbolt. Two important applications show in the picture above.

1. **Just four Elastic Stop Nuts fasten the fittings that hold each wing.**
2. **Just four bolts held secure with Elastic Stop Nuts fasten the throbbing 2000-hp. Pratt & Whitney engine onto the ship.**

LISTEN: JANUARY 8, 1944

A substantial cross-section of the American public was accosted in a civil manner by one of our foremost researchers a couple of years ago and was asked a human question: *which recreation do you enjoy most?*

The answers, in the rank of his finding, said:

1. Listening to radio
2. Going to the movies
3. Reading magazines and books
4. Hunting and fishing
5. Watching sports
6. Playing games outdoors
7. Playing games indoors
8. Reading the paper
9. Going to a show

That may or may not point a moral in a nation in which Freedom of Choice is paramount, but if there is a moral, it is probably this: *If you insist on swinging a niblick in the living-room, mind you don't crack the radio or there will be hell to pay from the folks.*

★

Norman Corwin is coming back on the CBS air Tuesday, February 8 at 10 p.m. EWT in the first of a new regular series of half hour programs. Nobody but Corwin knows what they're going to be. Nobody but Corwin ever knows in advance just how he's going to push the frontier of radio technique back once more, but that's what he keeps doing.

He has been doing it since he joined the experimental CBS Workshop group almost 8 years ago—along with Orson Welles, Max Wylie, Archibald MacLeish, Irving Reis, William N. Robson and Vic Knight—a group of inventive people determined to find out what could be done with this astonishing new art-form. CBS gave them carte blanche to shove and haul and needle radio miles ahead, and most of them haven't stopped doing so—especially Corwin. *Life* calls him "radio's top genius," which is quite a load to carry. But remember *The Plot to Overthrow Christmas?* Remember *They Fly Through the Air With the Greatest of Ease?* Or the *Pursuit of Happiness* series—or *Ballad for Americans?* Corwin was up to his neck in all of them. Remember the prize-program *We Hold These Truths?* That one played on 4 networks to honor the 150th birthday of the Bill of Rights, on December 15, 1941—and it was followed by the President of the United States. Corwin thought that one up, too.

So his new series will be a true chain of important "first nights". First-line critics will now stand by...Corwin does not produce failures.

★

20 miles south of Kansas City on 69, just over the Missouri line in Kansas, there is a tidy stock farm. A registered herd of Aberdeen-Angus winds slowly o'er the lea. Some 70 pure-bred Hampshire sheep go bleating and lambing about the place. New Hampshire hens lay eggs, and Hampshire and Berkshire swine make with the ham and bacon that goes with the eggs. The fields yield hay and alfalfa and corn and soy and sedan grass and rye and wheat and flax and oats. The farm is a tabloid of the whole pantry of the U.S.A.

Three times a day, the farmer goes indoors, into his little "office", sits down for a few minutes at the desk. Otherwise his swivel chair knows him not. Phil Evans is a blue-jeans farmer. The only reason why he sits down at his desk is that he has each day three dates to broadcast. For the farm is operated by Phil Evans and KMBC, the CBS affiliate in Kansas City, as a practical laboratory-service to the entire and imperative farming industry—and to the Future Farmers of America, and the 4-H Clubs. Mrs. Evans helps Phil. The farm is open-house for everybody who comes for to see, and to learn, and to compare. Phil Evans, farmer, is known throughout the Middle West as a wise, helpful, straight-shooting realist, who knows his stuff.

Radio hasn't yet found the limits of its practical service to its communities . . . probably never will.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

catalogue to Marshall's "Common Legal Principles" and Henry Savage Landor's "China and Her Allies." In addition, he subscribes to twenty-one popular and technical periodicals, eight newspapers, and a Washington newsletter. Pictures and articles clipped from them go into a row of steel filing cabinets that takes up one of the studio walls. Caniff's files, which are indexed and cross-indexed, contain folders of material on approximately thirty-four hundred subjects, arranged alphabetically from "Abyssinia (Scenes)" and "Abyssinia (Types)" to "Water (Waves, Brooks, Rivers, Waterfalls)" and "Weddings (See Divorce)."

In preparing a recent sequence in which Pat Ryan was involved in a large-scale amphibious operation, Caniff felt obliged to read or at least consult thirty-eight books. He found in his library many of the references he wanted, such as Jane's "Fighting Ships" and Lovett's "Naval Customs, Tradition, and Usage," but he had to buy seventeen other books. A couple of the strips in the sequence dealt with the construction of a submarine base, so Caniff bought "Submarines," by Herbert Zim. Since a panel in a later strip was to show a field hospital, he bought the "Military Medical Manual," which shows how a field hospital is laid out. The climax of this series began when Japanese medium bombers took off from an aircraft carrier to bomb an American installation. This presented a serious problem. Do medium bombers, after leaving a carrier, turn to the right or to the left? Caniff thought they would turn to the left, as they do when they take off from the ground, but he wasn't sure, and there was no answer to the question in military or aircraft manuals because the only medium bombers that ever took off from a carrier were the Doolittle raiders that bombed Tokio. Caniff learned that Army Signal Corps photographers aboard the carrier had filmed the take-off and that prints of the picture had been put out as home movies by Castle Films. He dispatched an assistant to the city to buy the reel, and when he ran it off in his studio, he saw that the bombers turned to the left, as he had thought all along. When he came, a few panels later, to drawing a Navy chaplain, he found that none of his books could tell him whether the crosses on the chaplain's shoulder boards sloped inward or outward. Since his maid was already waiting to take the strips to the city, he gambled and drew the crosses sloping outward. Within a few weeks, he received letters from three Navy chaplains—one in the South Pacific, one outward bound from Seattle, and one in North Carolina—all of whom kidded him about his mistake. Caniff was not amused. "That hurt," he says. "When I fumble even some little thing like that, readers begin to distrust the strip. They lose faith. I can't have that."

ONE Sunday last October, Caniff devoted his entire page to a monologue delivered by Flip Corkin to Terry on the occasion of Terry's receiving his wings in the Air Forces. It was a kind of illustrated commencement address, full of patriotic sentiment and authentic flier slang. When Congress convened the next day, Representative Carl Hinshaw of California opened the day's proceedings with a speech about "Terry and the Pirates." The congressman expressed his admiration for the "finest and most noble sentiments" he found in Flip Corkin's lecture and suggested that it should be read into the *Congressional Record*. "It is deserving of immortality," he said, "and in order that it shall not be lost completely, I present it, wishing only that the splendid cartoons in color might also be printed here." After finishing with the funnies, the congressman and his colleagues went on to consider other legislative business.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DECEMBER 31, 1943

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

THIS is to correct an error in Miss Louise Bogan's recent review of my anthology, "The Triumph of Life." She wrote, "Mr. Gregory . . . not only cut but rearranged Wallace Stevens' 'Sunday Morning.' "

I did not "cut" or "rearrange" Mr. Stevens' poem. The "Sunday Morning" which I chose for my anthology is identical with an early version published for the first time in *Poetry* (Chicago) in 1915 and subsequently republished in a number of anthologies. Miss Bogan has reference to a later version, which appeared in Mr. Stevens' "Harmonium." Like many other excellent poets, including the late W. B. Yeats, Mr. Stevens has more than one version of a poem in general circulation—but the point of this note is that I have not mutilated anything that Mr. Stevens has written.

Sincerely,
HORACE GREGORY

treat yourself to...
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
...and soda
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
Paul Rand
buy war bonds first!

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y.
Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

THE THEATRE

NATIVE SON IN THE SOLOMONS

Howard Rigsby and Dorothy Heyward had some weighty things to say when they wrote "South Pacific," but I'm afraid that nothing much comes of it. In essence, their play is the story of a Negro sharecropper's son whose ship is torpedoed off a Japanese-held atoll near Bougainville. Obsessed with memories of persecution and with hatred for all white men, in the beginning he finds the little island a sort of paradise. For once he is the right color, since the island is inhabited only by natives and the invaders, and it is the white man who survived the wreck with him who is now a hunted outcast; he has the respectful admiration of members of his own race; he falls in love with a gentle, acquiescent girl; and, finally, the Japanese seem to him no more enemies than the Georgia crackers who drove his father to his death.

Mr. Rigsby and Miss Heyward establish all this convincingly enough, if with no especial inspiration, but the inevitable moral awakening that leads him to a suicidal attempt to aid an American landing is just too much for them. It takes talent of a pretty high order to reproduce the speech and behavior of an inarticulate man wrestling with fairly complicated abstractions. The vocabulary is a problem and so is the fact that simple minds have to think in simple, familiar images. In this case, the authors have made it so clear that their colored man has no image or memory of freedom, tolerance, equality, or any other virtue of democracy that his decision to die for it seemed to be motivated by little more than the moral requirements of the theatre. There is some attempt to account for his change of heart on the ground that the white man saved his life when their ship went down, but it isn't enough and his regeneration remains an arbitrary miracle, like the one that overtook Saul on the road to Damascus.

In addition to the weakness or implausibility of its writing, the play has an old-fashioned Belasco air about it, relying heavily on stage tricks, like the frequent introduction of brief, violent rainstorms to underline the mood on the stage, and a multitude of offstage sound effects, including tribal chants, tom-toms, gunfire, and military orders barked by invisible Japanese, to keep the audience in a state of agreeable excitement. I have no objection to any of these devices in a frank melodrama, but in a play that theoretically has something to say they just make me suspect that somebody is trying to take my mind off some possible lack of merit in the script.

Altogether, I guess the best thing about the exhibit at the Cort is the acting of Canada Lee, who essentially repeats his performance in "Native Son." As long as he is portraying a Negro in sullen rebellion against the white man's ways, he is magnificent, and even when he is asked to become an entirely different man for no dramatically valid reason, his honest, intelligent struggle with the part is impressive to watch.

Rose ("Outrageous") Franken skipped into the Bijou last week with another mess of pottage for her very special public. This one is called "Doctors Disagree," the rumor is that she has been fussing around with it for the past ten or fifteen years, and as a very temperate admirer of Miss Franken's works, I can only say that I wish she hadn't bothered. This time the busy authoress is concerned with a variation of the old career-versus-marriage dilemma; specifically, she wants to know whether a promising female surgeon has any business cluttering up her life with a husband, who in this case happens to be a distinguished sawbones himself. My answer to this would be an emphatic no; Miss Franken's is a qualified yes. A hen medic, she says, and the phrase is her own, can reasonably provide love and companionship for her mate but mustn't be expected to darn his socks after a hard day in the abdominal cavity. The point is probably debatable and we will leave it open, investigating only the playwright's method of dealing with her theme. Here, then, are a few typical scenes visible at the Bijou:

His
R. MACDONALD

In order to demonstrate her fitness to do a man's work, Dr. Margaret Ferris performs a trepanning operation said to be impossible by a fashionable and reactionary male colleague. On the stage, the odds against the success of this job were given as a hundred to one, but in my section of the audience even money was being freely offered, with no takers.

A man and his wife, driven apart by the wiles of the stylish practitioner mentioned above, are reunited by the illness of their child in a scene that has been written a hundred times before but never, I think, with quite such elegant, hothouse pathos.

The bad doctor, again, is so impressed by Dr. Ferris's courage and technique, as well as by her virtuous reluctance to be seduced that he goes for a long walk alone in Central Park, viewing himself objectively for the first time in his life. "I didn't like my own company," he confesses later to his nurse.

The operation also has its effect on Dr. Ferris's medical fiancé. He had been anxious to discourage her career but, confronted with the realization that she is a genius, he renounces her (temporarily, of course) in a sentence that would hardly occur to anybody but Miss Franken. "I love you too much to love you," he tells her as the second-act curtain blots him out.

As you can see, the creator of Claudia is up to her old tricks, only more so. With the exception of a few frank physiological references, the whole thing, plot and text, could have been transplanted almost intact from *Redbook* and, for all I know, it was. In fact, the only merit I can discern in "Doctors Disagree" lies in Miss Franken's handling of minor humorous characters who are often allowed quite funny and natural things to say. Unfortunately, they are a very small part of the recipe, and the rest is pure mush.

Since bad parts often give a misleading impression of bad acting, I won't discuss the performances given by Barbara O'Neil, Philip Ober, Dolly Haas, and Judson Laire as prominent waxworks in the Franken Musée. However, I would like to say that, having recently seen Ann Thomas in two very foolish plays, I hope that presently somebody will put her pointed face and fierce Brooklyn accent in something fit to act.

—Wolcott Gibbs

"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made on"...

Those immortal words from Shakespeare's *Tempest* express the intangible and indescribable character of Beauty—that which makes a woman's face stand out, remembered, beloved, across the miles, across the years. And Beauty, literally the stuff of dreams, can be so wonderfully enhanced by Elizabeth Arden's new Pink Powders. Renoir Pink for daytime, Paradise Pink for evening, each used over Mat Foncé to give incredible results, banishing the look of strain and fatigue that comes with modern living, adding new lustre to loveliness.

Renoir Pink Powder *for Daytime*, 1.75 and 3.00 . . . Paradise Pink Powder *for Evening*, 1.75 and 3.00
Mat Foncé *to use under them*, 1.75 and 3.00 . . . All Day Foundation Cream, Light Rosetta Bronze, 1.00
Radiant Peony Lipstick, 1.50 . . . Eye Shado, Opal Blue and Soft Brown, 1.25 each . . . Eye Cosmetique, Brown, 1.50
(prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

PROVING SOMETHING

IT was a little after the lunch hour when the drunk came into the Automat—say, about two-thirty in the afternoon—and there were only a few people scattered among the tables. These were mostly men, sitting dreaming over the remains of a bun and a cup of coffee, and it wasn't till he bumped into the woman that anyone seemed to notice him. He bumped into the woman; she was carrying a trayful of food, and the jolt spilled some of it; she gave a yelp of dismay, not loud, but somehow unexpected in the general flow of sounds around us. And then suddenly everyone—the people strung out before the cafeteria counter, the cashier in her glassed-in booth, the men at the tables—we had all stopped whatever it was we were doing and were standing or sitting, immobile with curiosity, staring.

Nothing would have happened, probably, if the drunk hadn't grabbed the woman's arm. He was a man of about fifty, I'd judge, though sometimes these bums look much older than they really are, and he had a tough little stubble-bearded face that was knotted in a really extraordinary grimace of drunken concentration. He was wearing a worn brown topcoat, very frayed at the cuffs and a little too big for him, and he had no hat and no necktie. I suppose he grabbed the woman with some idea of reassuring her or perhaps even of steadying her. But his touch, and the sight of his leering little face so close to hers, seemed to unsettle the woman completely. She screamed, and then things began to happen.

Even in the Automat, with its sober, respectable atmosphere, such eventualities as this one seem to have been foreseen. The cashier touched a bell, the manager appeared, said a word to a girl behind the steam table, the girl relayed his order back; with a rush, from a door leading to the kitchens, a short, stocky Italian appeared. He was hardly more than a boy, but powerful, and he was dressed in white jacket and trousers. An instant later he had the drunk in his grasp and on his way to the exit. He was very cheerful about it, but also he was very determined. He had seized the man in the classic hold for the bum's rush—one hand gripping his collar and the other his pants' seat—and he didn't relax it an instant all the way to the door. It was when the two reached the door, which happened to be a revolving one, that the trouble began.

THE fact is that it's hard to throw a man out through a revolving door. With an ordinary door, it's easy. You just open it, give your man the boot, and then slam the door on him. But with a revolving door, things are different. If you shove the man out one side, he can go right on around and try to come in the other. If you block him at that, he is still in the door, and the leaves of the door are between him and you. You can't get at him. He can push, you can push, and the thing comes down to a matter of strength, or, even more than that, to a question of who is willing to stay there longest, pushing. And you can't go outside after your man, of course. If you do, he'll come in.

Except that the boy had sense enough not to go outside, that's what happened in this case. The man went out one way and started back in the other. The boy blocked that, and the two wound up shoving against each other, the man's face contorted with rage and the boy's still grinning, and with only the glass of the door separating them. The boy might have got mad, but he didn't. He stood there just long enough to show he was as strong as the other or even stronger—he was holding the door with one hand, though the drunk was putting his full weight against it—and then suddenly he let go entirely and stepped back. The door spun and the drunk, caught off balance, came plunging helplessly into the restaurant.

He landed sprawling, but he pulled himself together at once, and when he got to his feet he seemed, for the moment at least, almost sober. He didn't sway at all, and his face was white now and pinched about the mouth. "Wha's a matta?" he demanded. The boy was standing solidly in front of him, barring his way. "What kin' place is this, anyway? Can't a man get some food here?"

"Ah, you're drunk."

"Ne' mind that. Can't a man get some food here? Huh? What kin' place is this, anyway? Can't a man eat here 'f he wants to?"

"Sure. Sure," said the boy. He had been looking the man over, and now, as if he had made up his mind, he stepped aside to let him pass. "Just don't make no disturbance," he said. "You can eat here, all right. You just watch yourself, that's all."

The drunk still wasn't mollified. "I watch myself, all right," he said. "You watch yourself."

The boy grinned, and then made his face stern, and then—he couldn't help it—he burst out laughing. "O.K.," he said. "I'll watch myself," and he turned and walked away.

"O.K. you too," the drunk said. Still grumbling to himself, he headed toward the change booth. We all watched him. He got change for a dollar there—he fished the bill, I noticed, from the watch pocket in his pants—then he took a tray and went over to the steam table. The few people who were lined up there gave him plenty of room. He paid no attention to them. A queer figure in his dangling topcoat, he shoved his way along the counter, pointing almost at random to the foods on display there and piling them on his tray as they were handed to him, paying out his nickels as the girls behind the counter commanded, and there was something so downright funny about him that first one girl and then another started giggling. They were laughing and we were all grinning by the time he had filled his tray and started back toward the tables.

The Italian boy hadn't gone back into the kitchens. He was leaning against the wall near the change booth and he was grinning too. The drunk walked right past him but paid no attention to him. Walking very straight, while we all turned our heads to watch him, he carried his tray down the aisle between the tables. He picked a table not far from where I was sitting, about halfway to the door, and then the odd thing happened. He gave a slow, cold, curiously blank look around at all of us, set the tray down so hard that the dishes rattled, spat on the food, and walked out.

IT happened so suddenly that we just weren't prepared for it. Our heads turned to follow him as he pushed through the revolving door. We were still grinning, vacantly now, as he disappeared into the street. Then the man at the table next to mine turned and looked at me. He was a small, round-faced man with black hair combed low over a low forehead and eyes that made deep V-shaped crevices between fuzzy brown eyebrows and plump, bulging cheekbones. He was the kind of man that, even when he was feeling

WHY RAYON MAKES BETTER SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRES

RAYON CORD, which has proved its worth in tires made of natural rubber on all the war fronts of the world, is now proving even more valuable in tires made of synthetic rubber.

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The story of the development of a special rayon yarn for tire cord goes back to 1936 when American Viscose Corporation established production of high-tenacity rayon yarns to meet tire manufacturers' specifications. Then, tests by a prominent bus line resulted in 300,000 miles on a set of rayon-cord tires with seven retreads!

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At present, high-tenacity rayon for tire cords is reserved exclusively for the armed services. When peacetime production is resumed, this development will mean added benefits in safety and economy in your driving.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Fashions have changed

What a golfer went around in, back in 1820

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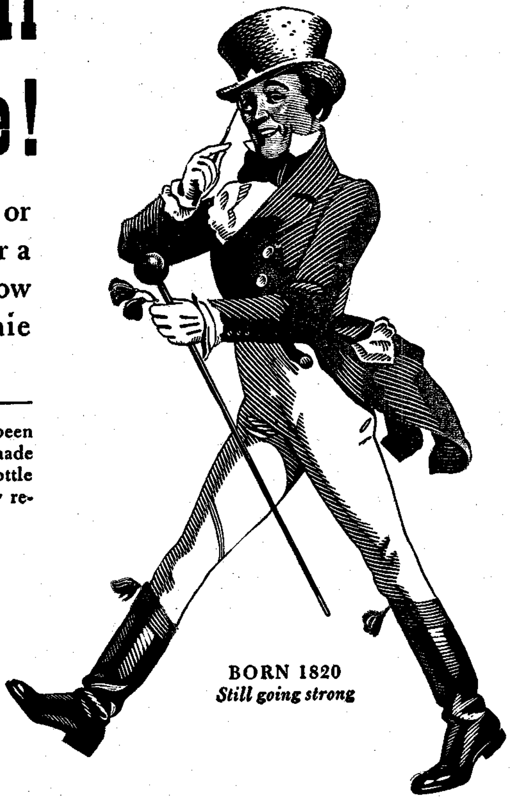
Still par for the 19th hole, or whenever the occasion calls for a distinctively smooth and mellow scotch whisky. That's Johnnie Walker.

Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle – but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.



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cheerful, would look sad. He was sitting over a slice of mocha cake, a dish of applesauce, and a cup of coffee, and he didn't speak at first. He just looked at me until he was sure he had got my attention, then he nodded meaningfully toward the door. "Well," he said, smiling slightly, "I suppose he figured that proved something, hey?"

I nodded. The man at the next table took a spoonful of applesauce and a bite of the mocha cake; while he chewed, he studied the abandoned tray on the vacant table. Then he fixed me with his eyes again. "Beans," he said. "And roast beef and potatoes and spinach. And potato salad and a hard-boiled egg. There's seventy-five cents, maybe eighty. Pie, ten cents. And coffee. Why, there must be ninety-five cents in food there." Still staring at me and still chewing, he reached out for his coffee. "And he didn't touch a mouthful of it," he said. "You notice that? Not a mouthful."

He took a drink of his coffee and swallowed. "Well, you run into all kinds nowadays, don't you?" he said. "Ain't it true?"

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "I Predict for 1943," a symposium of prophecy in Look for January 12, 1943*]

Hitler will offer an all-out spring offensive—a peace drive, possibly launched through Spain or Italy. Should this fail, he will—in a last desperate gamble—let loose a gigantic assault on the British Isles.—*Pierre Van Paassen, author and foreign correspondent.*

Tokyo and the Japanese industrial cities will experience regular bombings. —*William L. Shirer, C. B. S. commentator and author of "Berlin Diary."*

Japan will be bombed.—*Paul Schubert, military news analyst for Mutual Broadcasting System.*

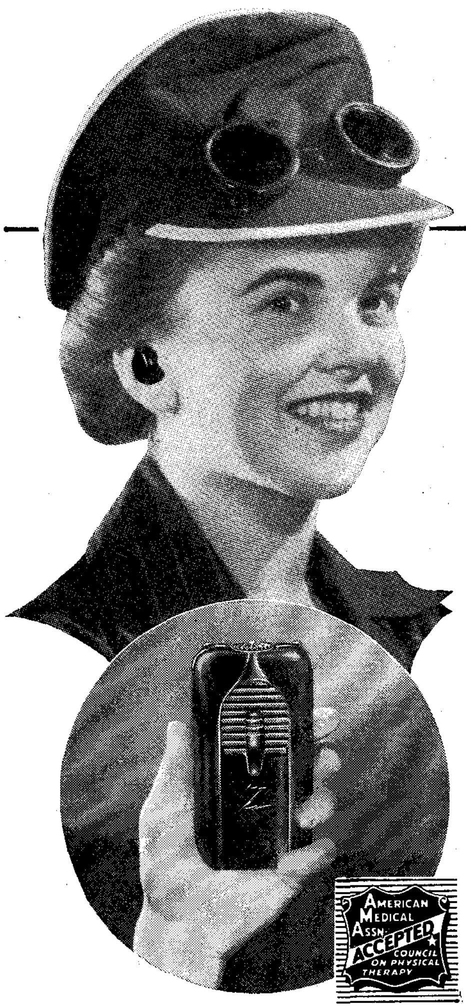
The year 1943 should bring civil war in France . . . a United Nations offensive for Burma.—*Major George Fielding Eliot, newspaper and radio military analyst.*

Two great battles will dominate 1943: First, the battle of transportation, in the European and Pacific theaters. Axis submarines will force us into the air. —*Frazier Hunt, war correspondent and radio commentator.*

American troops will take part in fighting on the soil of Europe in battles that will equal in intensity those of last summer and fall in Russia.—*Robert St. John, radio commentator and "expert on the Balkans."*

You owe it to your Uncle Sam!

He needs manpower—every available person. A hearing deficiency may keep you out of the armed forces... but you can do your fighting on the home front... in war materiel plants. A good hearing aid enables you to go all out in the war effort. The movement is growing. In our plant today are workers wearing hearing aids and contributing as competently as if their hearing were normal.


AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL THERAPY

You owe it to your friends!

They want to enjoy your company as much as you do theirs. Your hearing aid means as much to them as it does to you.

Are you really doing your part?

That question only *you* can answer. *Think!*

Report on a Revolution

Zenith recently started a revolution—to reduce the *cost of hearing*. After years of research and preparation, the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now offered to the public.

The price—$40—(about one-quarter that of other good vacuum tube instruments). Complete—ready to wear—with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries—liberally guaranteed.

Inquiries from everywhere have flooded the mails—telephone calls—telegrams.

A sales volume—unheard-of in this field—is gaining daily momentum—and is a demand created by self-evident merit of the instrument itself. Today our problem becomes one of production and distribution—to as quickly as possible make the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid available in all localities.

We are doing our best to furnish additional manpower for Uncle Sam's production forces. And—in the doing—we are experiencing that rare satisfaction born of directly contributing to the welfare of individuals.

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ACCEPTED
By American Medical Association
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Complete—with Radionic Tubes—
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Zenith has built the best that modern knowledge and *radionic* engineering make possible into this $40.00 hearing aid. It has no other models... *one* model... *one* price... *one* quality.

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

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THE LA PLATA RIVER WHICH SEPARATES URUGUAY AND ARGENTINA IS BROADER THAN IT IS LONG (125 MILES WIDE AT MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY'S CAPITAL).
BALLOTS FOR BELLES! FIRST SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY TO ALLOW WOMEN TO VOTE, URUGUAY ADOPTED WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN 1921.
"GARDEN SPOT"--COMPARED TO TOTAL AREA, URUGUAY HAS FAR MORE FERTILE LAND THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY IN THE WORLD (ABOUT 90%). IT HAS NEITHER MOUNTAINS, DESERT NOR JUNGLES. DROUGHTS AND FROSTS ARE UNKNOWN
GREEN PASTURES--60% OF URUGUAY'S AREA IS DEVOTED TO ITS BIGGEST INDUSTRY--SHEEP AND CATTLE RAISING. IN SOME PLACES GRAZING GRASS GROWS A YARD HIGH!
WINTER SUMMER RESORT! ITS IDEAL CLIMATE DURING OUR WINTER SEASON MAKES MONTEVIDEO A FAVORED SUMMER RESORT FOR VACATIONISTS FROM NEIGHBORING NATIONS.

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OF ALL THINGS

FOR the first time, Hitler has announced that there will be no winners or losers in this war. One can understand that a man who has seen his army kicked from the Volga to the Bug might be willing to settle for a tie.

•

The big British contribution to the sum of human happiness last week was the sinking of the Scharnhorst. This noble battleship is a welcome addition to Germany's sea-bottom fleet.

•

The Postmaster General's order depriving *Esquire* of its second-class mailing privileges will be appealed to the courts. It will be up to them to decide whether or not Frank Walker's appreciation of the Varga girl constitutes the law of the land.

•

Douglas MacArthur, through no fault of his own, has become the subject of a whispering campaign. Republicans in several states have formed clubs to say nice things about him behind his back.

•

Pierre Laval has appointed a committee to suppress underground resistance by French patriots. He deplores the growing tendency to blow up railroads, bridges, power stations, and Pierre Laval.

•

Franco denies that his government has recognized Mussolini. The Generalissimo will not even admit that the fellow's face is familiar.

•

The population of Sing Sing has declined forty-three per cent during the four years of war. It is obvious that you can't get away from the manpower shortage no matter where you go.

•

The Treasury is discontinuing the minting of those troublesome steel pennies. They look like dimes but, unlike dimes, they will not buy a nickel's worth of anything.

•

Many workers in aircraft plants wisely postponed their New Year's celebrations from Friday to Saturday night. That gave them all day Sunday for rest, meditation, and vain regret.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Oaks from Little Acorns Grow

As fast as good ideas for movies can be thought of, bad movies can be made from them. In a great many cases of pictures about the war, for instance, the conception has been fine, but oh, the execution! A handy working example is "Government Girl," which can be described truthfully but deceptively as a comedy about an office girl caught up in the swollen whirl of wartime Washington, containing, to boot, a certain amount of valid criticism of the motives of Senate investigations. Nothing the matter with that idea, you might say, and you might skip eagerly off to see the thing, in which case you would skip into a steel trap. Mistakes too numerous to mention have been made in the execution of the idea, but I will mention some of them anyway.

For one, Olivia de Havilland, who is not a comedienne, has been made to be a comedienne. For another, it was thought that it would be rather piquant to have her run around in her stocking feet, and it isn't. For another, it was thought that a good rowdy motorcycle ride, somewhat in the Keystone tradition, would have a place in the picture, and it hasn't (no final choice, in fact, is ever made in this film between slapstick and genteel comedy). For one more, the whole point about Senate investigations is shot full of holes when the girl romps into one in which the hero is being persecuted and brings the investigating committee over to his side in a speech that is remarkable for its irrelevance, incompetence, and immateriality. The hero, incidentally, is a production expert, hired at a dollar or so a year to speed up the output of planes. He is played by one Sonny Tufts, a large, new, blond actor who doesn't do badly but is pretty well swamped by the vagaries of his vehicle. The girl, played by Miss de Havilland, is his secretary. In her speech in his behalf at the end of the picture, she is assisted by the sudden appearance outside the window of a number of bombers, which persuades the senators, who have apparently been

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The Shrimp

Ne-ver be-lit-tle the lit-tle shrimp,
Just be-cause he's small;
It is-n't wise to judge by size—
With Sni-der's Sauce he's quite a prize,
Pleas-ing to one and all.*

OLD SALT SNIDER can't help singin' about Snider's Cocktail Sauce . . . the sea-food sauce that's fit for a king! Adds zest and tangy flavor to fish in any form. Real tasty on meat, too—*when* you happen to have meat!

The Snider Folks

* **For instance—try PARSLEY FRIED SHRIMP**

Use 18 large cooked shrimps (1-1/2 cups). Dip one at a time, into mixture made of 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1/8 teaspoon salt, and dash of pepper. Then roll in 1/4 cup cracker crumbs mixed with 2 tablespoons minced parsley. Sauté in 2 tablespoons fat until golden brown. Serve on toast triangles. Garnish with **Snider's Cocktail Sauce.** Makes 3 to 4 servings.

Snider's COCKTAIL SAUCE

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SNIDER'S COCKTAIL SAUCE

THE WEDGWOOD ROOM
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
XAVIER CUGAT
his Orchestra
and Choir
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and his Orchestra
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THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

From Your Heart to Hers
VALENTINE
Neck 'Kerchief and Hanky

A set she'll love! Her name on the 'kerchief—initial on hanky. Swiss lawn—royal blue, emerald, raspberry, chartreuse, scarlet, lemon, salmon, taupe, coral, brown, or apricot.

The set—$5.00 (postpaid)

Don't delay. . . . Enclose her first name with address.

MOSSE
659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

doubting it, that some planes are being built in this country after all and therefore the defendant must be innocent. He has been charged, up to that point, with hampering production, but the senators figure that there must be all of thirty-five airplanes out there, so they acquit him.

A NEW British picture, "Courageous Mr. Penn," pays tribute to the celebrated Quaker in simple, straightforward, but rather tedious fashion. Penn's life from young manhood on is handled with a minimum of thrills, the chief dramatic excitement having been created by making the good characters extravagantly good and the bad characters simply horrible. The only exception is Charles II, who is represented as being outwardly a mess but actually a fairly good egg. The latter half of this estimate may be open to some discussion, but at least it provides the man with a third dimension, which nobody else in the film has. Most of the action takes place in England, and the author has made no bones about the period's having been a very sorry one over there. Penn is played by Clifford Evans, who is strangely coy at times, and Mrs. Penn is played by Deborah Kerr.

"RAVAGED EARTH," which I didn't see when it was around a year or so ago, is back again, and I've been to it at the risk of losing my appetite for the duration of the new year. It's the one that was made by an American businessman in China at the time of the Japanese attack on Shanghai and Nanking. The atrocities are all there for you to examine, if you have any doubts about them. —DAVID LARDNER

•

Melt 2 teaspoonsful of butter, blend with 2 tbsp. of flour, then stir in slowly ¼-cup of scalded milk and cook until it boils. Melt 3 oz. of chocolate, then add one-third cup of sugar, 2 tbsp. of hot water, and the yolks of 3 eggs, slightly beaten. When cold, add the beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a greased mold and bake 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven. When you would relish something light and tasty, for lunch or for supper, this way of fixing oysters will suit you, I'm sure. —*Washington Times-Herald.*

Don't be so sure of yourself.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Gypsy, Gypsy," by Rumer Godden*]

She grew redder and her cheeks seemed to swell under her tight black blouse . . .

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New—made from oysters and other flavorful ingredients. Gives a gourmet's touch to seafood, meat, soups, vegetable entrees.

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TABLES FOR TWO

Easy Does It

SOMEDAY, years after most of us night owls have gone to our reward ($10,000, dead or alive), a committee of antiquarians will, with appropriate ceremonies, place a commemorative plaque beside the entrance of No. 4 East Fifty-sixth Street. This plaque will say something about the Ruban Bleu and a few of its alumni—people like Paula Laurence, Casper Reardon, Richard Dyer-Bennett, and Maxine Sullivan, to name names. There will not, of course, be room to deal with everyone, because it has evidently been the theory of the management that all the acts on a given bill, and not just the headline act, might as well be as good as possible. Occasionally, it is true, you will encounter a conventional slightly tired lady singing slightly tired songs about slightly tired worldlings, but in a moment along comes someone who will make you forget all about her. There are on hand now, for example, such veterans as Maxine Sullivan and the Herman Chittison Trio (who not only play on their own but provide her with as fine a background as any rhythm singer could wish) and Day, Dawn, and Dusk, three Negroes who sing spirituals, ballads, and plain nonsense in a style which can be accurately described as both good and inimitable. One of the club's newcomers this season—Señor Corey, a small, sad young fellow who has helped brighten a rather trying winter with his dumb-show, one-man performance of "Figaro," to a phonograph accompaniment, and his completely free-associational chamber-of-commerce speech—has unfortunately finished his stint and departed. However, in his place there is another newcomer, Ilse Bois, who is, in the pleasantest sense of the phrase, a traditional Continental revue artist. Unlike a great many of her fellow-expatriates, Mlle. Bois has gone to the trouble to learn the dismal, oafish tongue of Shakespeare and Emerson, and she is enough at home in it to be not only idiomatic but comic as well.

The Ruban Bleu has finally given up those pink drapes and angels and replaced them with blue hangings and tricolor festoons. Otherwise, it is still the same small, low-ceilinged, casually slapped-together room. The ventilation, too, remains as rudimentary as the décor; when the cigarette smoke gets too thick, someone just opens a door and lets that old French mistral that haunts East Fifty-sixth Street whip around your ankles for a few minutes.

THE Blue Angel, having completed an extensive shakedown cruise, seems finally to have found itself. Not that the place looks any different, but the entertainment, which for a long time was a rather too painstaking match for the sombre if handsome decoration and lighting, has brightened up considerably and acquired a very definite change of pace. As you come in, through the bar, you are apt to find Bunty Pendleton slapping a piano around for the delectation of her young following and, beyond the glass curtain which separates the bar from the main room, Mme. Claude Alphand singing, and nostalgically is the word, about Paris. I don't know about Mme. Alphand. She sings with skill and taste and even a certain gaiety at times, and her audience is appreciative, but she is, I'm afraid, singing about a Paris that we have seen for the last time. Presently you get George and Gene Bernard, two of the world's most circumscribed specialists, who are devoting their life to a pantomimic dissection of the Andrews Sisters. The necessary noise is supplied by records from the Andrews portfolio, the costumes and the countenances are determinedly Early Attic, and the intent and execution are merry and murderous. There is also Stuart Ross, who, staring glumly at what must be the most stupefying piano throw ever devised by man, provides as good interlude piano music as you'll get anywhere.

YOU would have to look twice to figure out what change has taken place at El Morocco, because the change is almost imperceptible. It's just that those lighted coconuts that used to hang from the date palms have disappeared. Just the same, El Morocco is still the best-looking, most comfortable, and smartest naval base on the Atlantic seaboard. In a town which at the moment abounds in good rumba bands, Chiquito's stays up around the top. Chauncey Gray's band, the other incumbent, carries on with quiet cheerfulness. If you've been wondering what has become of old standbys like "Just One of Those Things," Gray's boys still knock them off as en-

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LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

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The *one* American-made cheese that's famous the world over.

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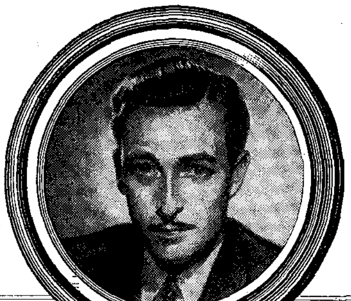

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PLUS A GREAT ALL-NEW

ICE SHOW

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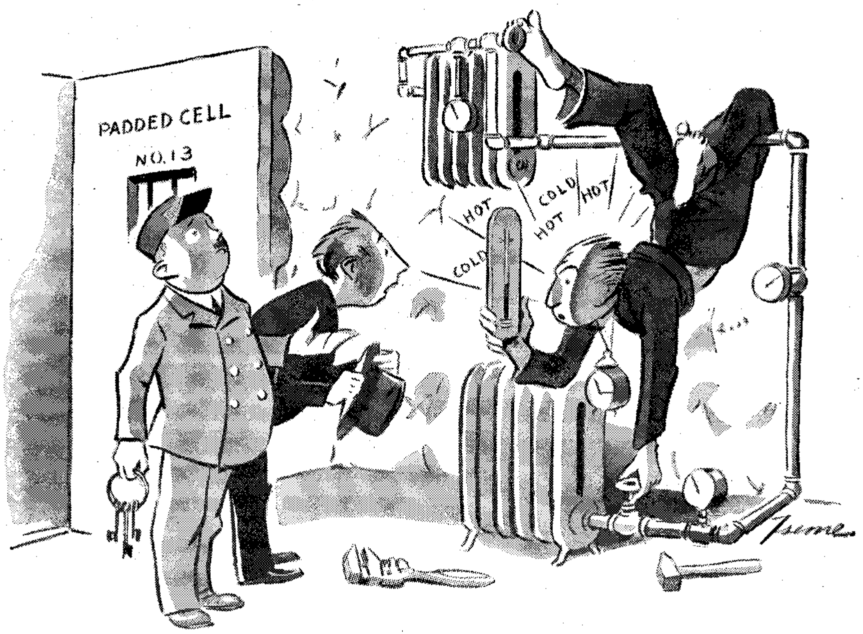

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"Too bad he went nuts before he heard about that new system of personalized heat control developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell, the heating and air-conditioning control people. Gives every apartment-dweller just the brand of heat he wants—when he wants it—automatically. No more sweltering, then freezing until some guys become raving maniacs."

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Words alone cannot describe the true excellence of Teacher's Scotch. But a single sip will show you at once the reason for its superiority . . .

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TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
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thusiastically as if they'd written the numbers themselves only last week. I hope the notion catches on here and there.

AIR FORCES men exiled to Texas will tell you that the only tangible tie with their dear, dead New York past is the ice show at the Hotel Adolphus in Dallas. This winter, there are three ice shows around town to make New York nice to come home to, and they're all ensconced in hotels. The airmen are there along with them, too. The St. Regis trundles a little pan of ice onto the floor of the Iridium Room at midnight and puts on a perfectly plain ice show so simply and deftly that you find yourself liking it. All the standard equipment is there—the ballet, the adagio, the comic drunk, the Hans Brinker sort of music—but it's handled in a quiet, dreamy, downcast-eyes fashion that's completely effective. Perhaps the cold smoked salmon and hot crab flakes the management has thought up to replace the traditional suppertime bacon and eggs have something to do with the customers' complacent state of mind. . . . The Biltmore has stepped off the deep end with an ice show that has a book. Never mind the book. Eat up all the nice dinner, look at the new pale-green walls and the big, splashy white medallions around the room, watch Joan Hyldoft—a great big beautiful bisque French doll of an ice skater—do her very fine act, and go away before the orchestra, as inevitably happens, starts being comic. . . . The large and elaborate ice show at the New Yorker has a slight case of book poisoning—something to do with Indians, of what breed it is hard to say, for the orchestration dashes from "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water" to the "Indian Love Call" and the "Kashmiri Song" without any apology. The costumes are no help at all in solving the mystery either. The skaters, though, do a neat job when they're left alone, which doesn't happen often enough. —R. E. M. W.

•

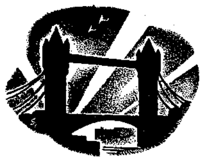
WHICH COLUMN ON PAGE FIFTEEN OF THE WINDSOR "STAR" D'YA READ?

TORONTO, Dec. 2.—Insistent Queen's Park reports that Premier George Drew is planning a trip to England in the immediate future were discounted today by those close to Progressive Conservative circles.—*Windsor (Ont.) Star, page 15, column 6.*

TORONTO, Dec. 2.—Premier George Drew arrived in England today by bomber, it was announced at Queen's Park by Acting Premier T. L. Kennedy.—*Page 15, column 8, same edition.*

LETTER FROM LONDON

JAN. 2 (BY CABLE)



WITH the Scharnhorst sunk, the magnificent Russian victories piling up, and the reassuring photograph of Mr. Churchill zippered up in his fire-fighting suit again, Londoners felt that the new year was getting off to a good start. Their enthusiasm over the naval triumph was heightened by the feeling that at last an old score had been paid off, for Britons have never forgotten the day in February, 1942, when the Scharnhorst, along with the Gneisenau and the Prince Eugen, steamed down the Channel right under their affronted noses. "If we'd got the Scharnhorst," people were saying then, "it would have been something." Well, they've got it, and it certainly is something.

The immense din of outgoing bombers which the capital recently heard on more than one fine morning provided a very inspiring sort of overture to 1944, too. All the same, Londoners who saw the year in by storming one of the packed places around town or by bringing out the precious bottle of Scotch or Algerian wine at home couldn't wish each other a happy new year with a completely light heart. Now that the invasion seems so imminent, the conventional salutation sounded faintly ironic. There have been many other occasions when everyone you met confidently told you that the invasion of Europe would start next Wednesday at the latest, but the announcement of the new team of commanders appears to have really convinced the public that things will begin to move before their new calendars shed many more leaves.

Londoners seem to feel that things will get hot again at home just as soon as they warm up elsewhere, but their attitude remains nonchalant enough to annoy Doctor Goebbels. When a taxi had a particularly noisy blowout the other day, one of the apocryphal London hawkers, now peddling rare bobby pins and rarer elastic to Oxford Street matrons, is supposed to have said to a customer, "Hit must be the secret weapon, lidy."

Another slight clue to just how happy this new year may turn out to be was provided by the government's announcement that repairs to gas masks will be made free of charge for the next

Tested

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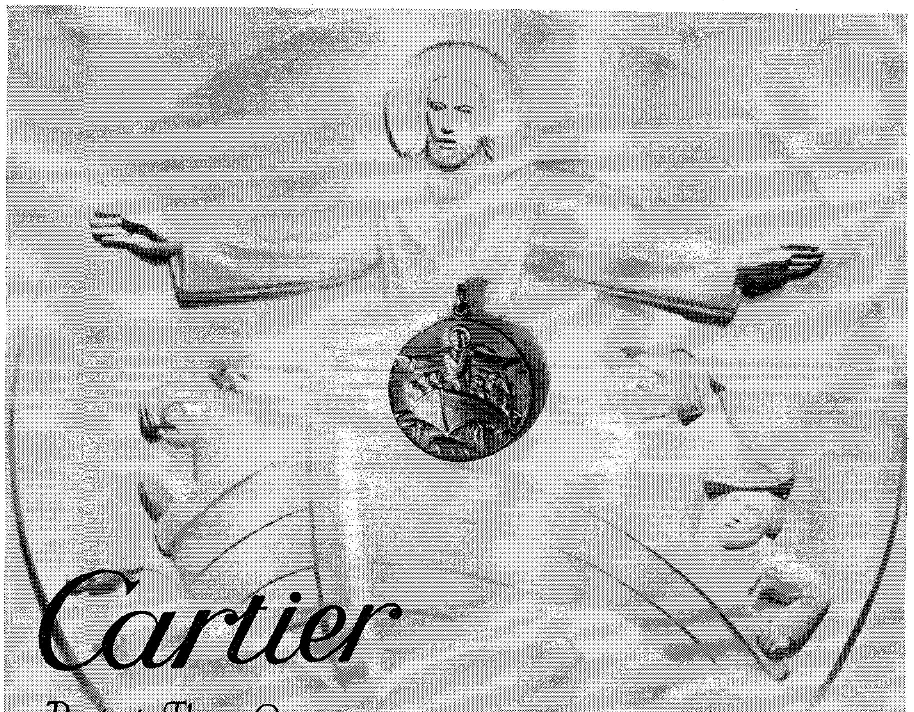

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two months. Though this precaution possibly belongs in the knock-on-wood category, Britons thoughtfully hunting up their almost forgotten masks felt that it might also be an official hint that the Nazis have a few more tricks to try before they are forced to give in.

THE latest attempt to remedy the coal situation, which still remains serious, is meeting with some criticism. Mr. Bevin's scheme for drawing numbers out of a hat, and putting all the youngsters with the corresponding numbers on their national registration cards to work digging coal for King and country, went into operation last week. As a result, many youths who may have wanted to pilot a Spitfire or drive a tank will soon be going down into the pits in the coalfields. This is a fairly stiff dose of democracy for England to swallow, and one which may have as healthy an effect on its class psychology as on its coal production, for boys from all ranks will wield picks and shovels together without any distinguishing marks other than a fine, democratic film of grime.

There have been complaints, however, from pre-service training units, which point out that their cadets, instead of being allowed to enter the services for which they have been pointing, are now likely to be snatched away willy-nilly and sent to the mines. This situation can be avoided only if the young men plump for one or another of the services before they reach registration age, and apparently nothing can help any of the present batch of disappointed intending Montgomerys or Tedders who will shortly be turning up in the mining villages. Whatever the effect of all this upon the social future of England may be, the rate of production is not likely to be increased immediately, for miners can't be made overnight. Luckily, though, this winter so far has not added to the Ministry of Fuel's worries by turning in any temperatures low

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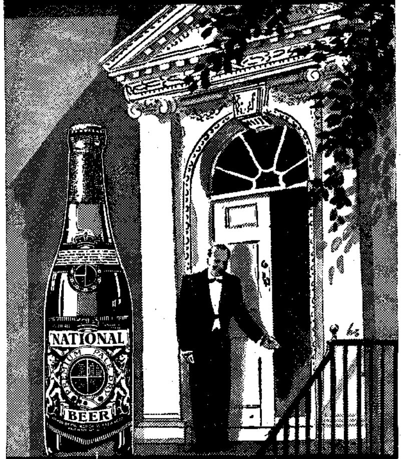
FROM COAST TO COAST

MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER



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PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT

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enough to make householders, shivering as they are, particularly lavish with the coal scuttle.

THE return of children to London has been very noticeable lately. Pantomimes ring with juvenile whoops again, harassed parents herd their young through the shops, and altogether it's a lively contrast to the days when rusticating mothers smuggled their young into town to visit the dentist and gave a sigh of relief when the risky outing was over. Nobody claims that it isn't still risky, but at least the mass homecoming is a cheerful sign of greater confidence. This year may turn out to be a notable one for all English children, incidentally, as it is expected that the long-awaited education bill will be passed by Parliament as soon as its members get through digesting their Christmas dinners. If only because it provides that children cannot leave school until they are fifteen and promises to continue the milk and hot dinners which have been such an admirable feature of the government's wartime job of looking after its younger citizens, the bill has struck thoughtful Britons as the most hopeful bit of reconstruction offered them since the Beveridge plan disappeared into the mists of officialdom. The shortage of teachers, however, is apparently critical enough to threaten most of its reforms, even if they should become a part of English law as speedily as most people hope.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

NOTE ON A PERIOD

Yes-and-no opinions dally
And are damned as shilly-shally.

Orthodox opinions flock
Like booby gannets on a rock.

Soft opinions go unheard
Or rather rudely get the bird.

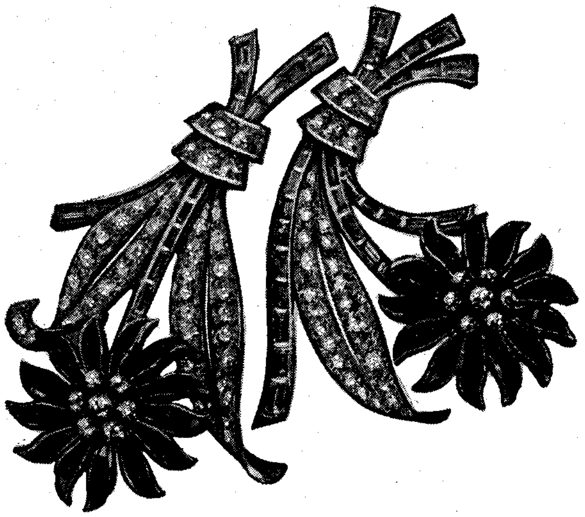
But when the loud opinions blow,
Down come the walls of Jericho.

—VINCENT MCHUGH

•

Please feel free to call at the Bank—the attendant at the Information Desk will direct you to the proper officer. Or write for the booklet, "Flying Blind," which describes our services as Executor and Trustee.—*Adv. of the Girard Trust Company in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

You're very frank, anyway.



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a double clip of sapphires
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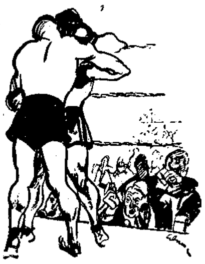
NOTES ON SPORTS

A Lightweight and a Scholar



IT has been said a number of times in the public prints that Beau Jack, one of a couple of world's lightweight champions, is immune from the draft because he is illiterate. There are two flaws in this notion. The first is that nobody has been exempted for a long time because he is illiterate, the Army's policy being, in the case of a man who is unable to read or write, to have him taught. The second is that for all practical purposes Jack is as literate as the next man. He can read uncomplicated English prose and it is well known around Mike Jacobs' office that he can endorse checks. It's difficult to say why a man should be content to be called illiterate when he's not, but Jack has apparently made no fuss about it. Maybe his literacy isn't so complete that he knows what the word "illiterate" means. His manager, Chick Wergeles, when consulted recently by this department, said, "Why, the boy could talk to a college professor! Why, he's bright and witty!" He added that Jack, who is twenty-two and has unpunctured eardrums, is in 1A and is waiting to be called.

While we're on the subject of boxing, or close to it, you will find in Nat Fleischer's "All-Time Ring Record Book" that on May 13, 1912, in St. Louis, a lightweight named Ray Bronson fought himself eight rounds to no decision. If it wasn't himself, it was another man named Ray Bronson, and in any case betting on the fight must have been heavy, since it looked as though all you had to do was name your man and you had a sure thing. It's lucky there was no decision, because otherwise the bookmakers would have had trouble paying off.

ONE of those basketball games that demonstrate why the sport is Madison Square Garden's biggest attraction was played last Saturday night. It was between Long Island University and Duke, and although there probably weren't any more old L.I.U. or Duke grads in the crowd than you could count on the fingers of a two-toed sloth, hysteria was rampant. The lead changed hands nine times in the first half and

Heinz Mustard
-just a little bit-
When spread on
spareribs makes a hit!
This condiment
sure has the knack
Of pepping up
a meal - or snack!

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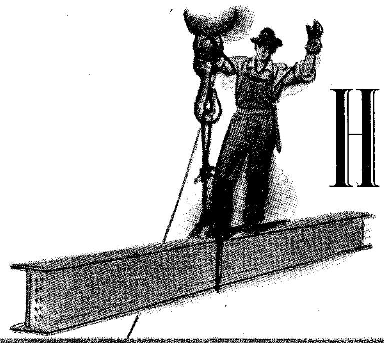
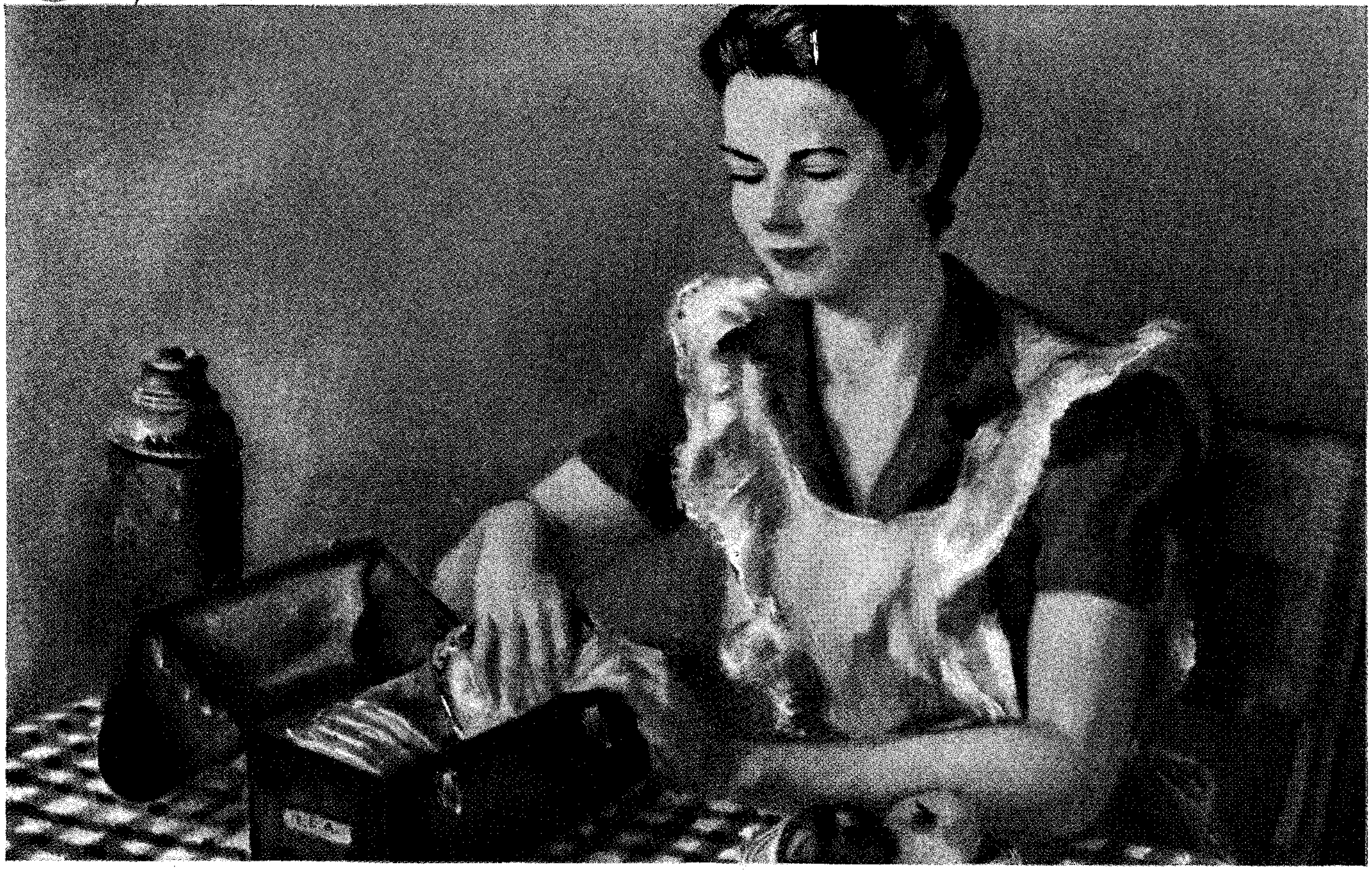


HE *provides with his strength*



Painted for McCall's by Jerry Farnsworth, N. A.

SHE *provides for his strength*

In no other country in the world are the separate roles in life of men and women so highly developed as they are in America. For in America, men and women have specialized in their separate jobs. Therein lies the strength of the family partnership. On it our country was built. On it we will endure.

That America is so physically fit is due, in no small part, to the American woman's intelligent recognition of her responsibility for the health and well-being of her family. No casual thing, this, as evidenced by the high readership which women give to the meal planning and nutrition articles in McCall's.

For, as the American woman's interests and responsibilities are different from the man's, so also her reading interests are different. That is why no other magazines published can approach women's magazines in their interest *to women.* That is why the pages of McCall's live so vividly in the minds of *one* out of every *five* American Women.

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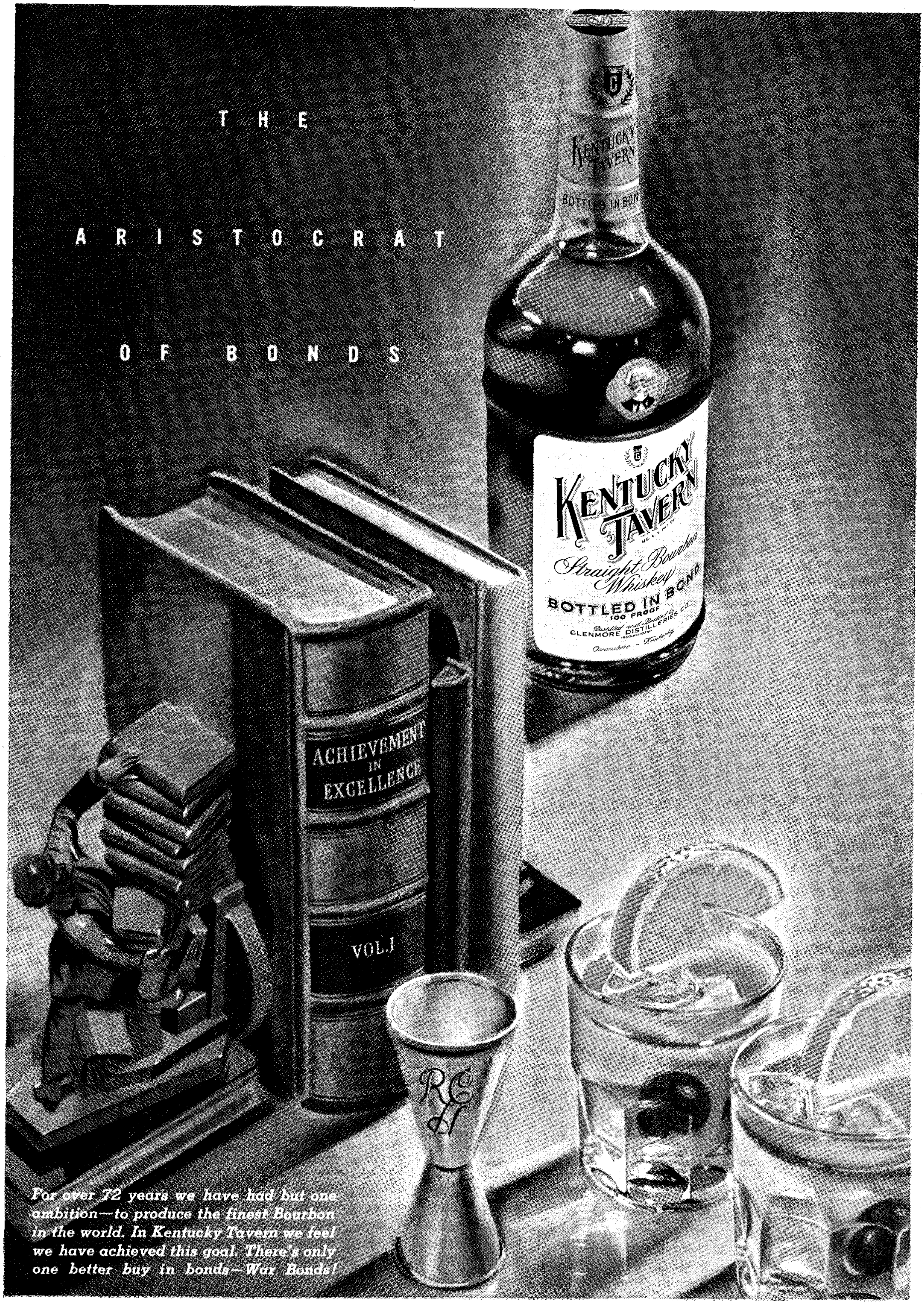
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For over 72 years we have had but one ambition—to produce the finest Bourbon in the world. In Kentucky Tavern we feel we have achieved this goal. There's only one better buy in bonds—War Bonds!

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY the score was tied three times in the second. With thirty seconds to play, Duke scored and went ahead by two points, and with one second or less to play, L.I.U. tied it up again. In a five-minute overtime period, L.I.U. scored three times and then Duke scored twice, and the game ended at 59–57 for L.I.U. to the sharp, staccato sound of snapping nerves.

TO the list of New Year's Day Bowl games, which already included the Rose, the Orange, the Sun, the Cotton, the Sugar, the Oil, and the Flower, was added, last Saturday, the Arab, which was played in the San Philipe Stadium in Oran by a couple of informal teams representing the Army and the Navy. The Army won, 10–7. The Arab Bowl game was touch instead of tackle football, and it was not broadcast by enthusiasts for Gillette Blue Blades, but it attracted a crowd of fifteen thousand, and probably the only spectators who were obliged to stifle a yawn or two were some of the native population. There was also a Potato Bowl game last week, played by two infantry teams in Belfast, which ended in a 0–0 tie. You can see what American youth gets to thinking about wherever it happens to be on New Year's. By next January all the arrangements will probably have been made for a Pretzel Bowl game. —D. L.

•

Wendell Willkie went to South Carolina, some time ago, to visit some friends at their plantation. Josephine Pinckney, who has known Willkie ever since his days as a utilities official, lives nearby. She learned of Willkie's arrival, and wrote to his hosts—a noted couple—and invited them to bring their guest to her house... The hosts didn't reply, until Willkie had left for home. Then they sent a message, stating that since Wendell was tired they couldn't bring him over... The message arrived while Willkie was at her house. He had left the plantation long before train-time, so that he could visit his old friend. And he hadn't told his hosts about this... Josephine Pinckney read their message, while Willkie was in the room. Then the true Southern hostess tore it up, and didn't let Willkie know.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

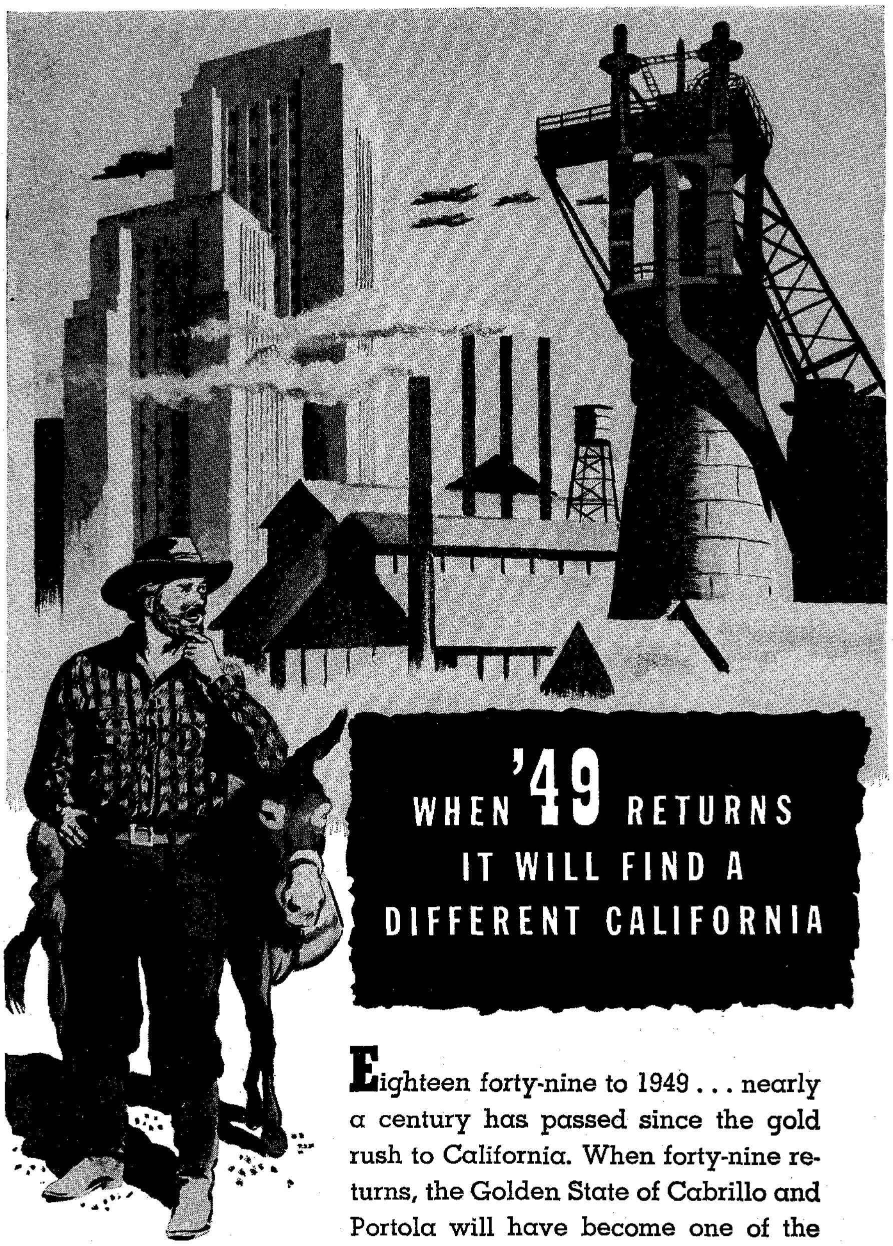
Mum's the word, eh, Josephine?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Weymouth (Dorset, England) Southern Times*]

I phoned for the N.F.S. and they were here in three minutes. They did a wonderful job. The first and second floors are gutted, and the shop is a shambles.



Eighteen forty-nine to 1949... nearly a century has passed since the gold rush to California. When forty-nine returns, the Golden State of Cabrillo and Portola will have become one of the great industrial areas of the Nation. This transformation, effected largely in the past ten years and now accelerated by total war, makes California a major consumer market of 7,500,000 people and a vital industrial as well as agricultural producer.

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Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott

MAX GORDON *presents*

RUTH GORDON in a new comedy

OVER TWENTY-ONE

By RUTH GORDON

Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS. & SAT. at 2:40

"The funniest show we've seen in three years." —*Walter Winchell*

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ELISABETH BERGNER in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS

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SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE · Tommy WONDER · Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN

Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

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Winged Victory by MOSS HART

Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp

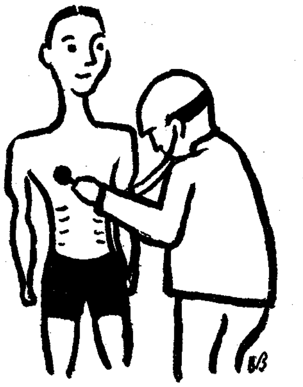
44TH ST. THEA. Every Eve. Except Mon.—Mats. Wed. & Sat. — No Mail Orders Accepted

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 58

WEDDING BELLS, WITH A CYMBAL CRASH

MARRIAGE, as I remarked the other afternoon at my club, is nothing but a great many words mumbled over you by the June issue of *Harper's Bazaar*. What I was doing with the June issue of *Harper's Bazaar* is my own goddam business, but anyway, after I had cut out all the pictures of naked women and pasted them in my album, I found myself reading some prose. It was by Elinor Guthrie Neff and was about the preparations a wartime bride should make for what Mrs. Neff aptly called "the moment when she must look more beautiful than ever in her life." That "must," incidentally, is the keynote of the piece. "On two weeks' notice, she has plenty of time and not a moment to lose," Mrs. Neff says crisply. Any foolish virgin who just coasts along until one morning she wakes to find a tousled head on the pillow beside hers can turn in her subscription to *Harper's Bazaar* and get her money back.

Mrs. Neff offers her suggestions under a series of stark subheads: "TWO WEEKS TO GO," "ONE WEEK TO GO," "THREE DAYS TO GO," "TWO DAYS BEFORE," "THE DAY BEFORE" (I'm going to *scream*), and "THE DAY." Two weeks before the wedding, we learn, the bride should get a permanent, start using hand lotion ("everybody will be asking to see the ring"), and decide on one all-pervading fragrance for perfume, soap, cologne, powder, and sachet. This uses up seven of our fourteen days (we're on a really tight schedule, you see), after which Mrs. Neff comes right out and advises the bride in so many words to wash her face. "Even though you don't usually use soap and water on your face," she says, "try it now—followed by an emollient if your skin is dry—every night for a week before the wedding. You can get your face clean with a cream, but plain washing will give the skin a clear, fine-grained look."



If I may digress for a moment, I'd like to point out that this is a turning point of some kind. Ten years ago it was a mark of *vrai chic* for Milady to cleanse her face without water. Since then, however, all the shopgirls have taken to cleansing their faces without water, and now, by a mysterious decree of Dame Fashion, *eau de Croton* has again come into its own. You will notice, however, that Mrs. Neff doesn't start her little charges washing with soap and water fourteen days before the wedding. No; seven days is plenty, especially in wartime, when luxury must be curtailed.

The final three days before the wedding are a misty dream of pedicures, wax depilatory treatments, facial masks, and paraffin baths, all calculated to leave the bride looking real natural, as old-fashioned people used to say at funerals. Mrs. Neff's final advice to the prospective bride is to go for a good brisk walk, if she finds herself nervous on her wedding morn, "by yourself or with a dog, but not with any other human being." This just shows how much Mrs. Neff knows about dogs. Dogs are always as nervous as brides, Mrs. Neff. The usual preparations for a wedding—visits from the caterer's men, fittings, rehearsals, the banking of flowers by the fireplace—take as much out of a dog as they do out of a person. The fidgety little bitch who graces my household, for instance, would react very badly to an invitation to go for a walk with the bride. She would take it as a transparent and contemptible attempt to get her out of the house, and somebody would get bitten. My advice, for whatever it's worth, is not to ask any favors of a dog until meat rationing blows over.

AS it happens, I too worked out a two-week training period for a bride-to-be, for the benefit of a little cousin of mine who recently got married:

TWO WEEKS TO GO. All the rugs in the house should be taken up. This will prepare the bride for hotel lobbies, railroad stations, and other uncarpeted areas that will have to be walked over during the wedding trip. To further prepare her for hotel life, have one of her brothers grow a small mustache, dress in a black coat and striped trousers, and remain in the lower hallway of the house, addressing the bride when she goes in or out by the name she is soon to assume.

ONE WEEK TO GO. Learn French.

THREE DAYS TO GO. Run two miles every morning, preferably on a board track. Try to lengthen your stride, but do not worry about speed. Speed comes with perfect form.

TWO DAYS BEFORE. Wash all over with soap and water, paying particular attention to behind the ears.

THE DAY BEFORE. Make sure you want to marry this person, because tomorrow it will positively be too late. And scrub the tip of your right little finger. It's got rouge on it—has had ever since you were sixteen years old.

THE DAY. Stay away from dogs. If you must go for a walk, make arrangements to be accompanied by a professional dog-walker, who will doubtless be willing to make an exception in your case. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

LOVE SONG TO A WASHINGTON REAL-ESTATE MAN

In Georgetown, old Georgetown,
Dear God, please help me find
A darling little house there
With painted door and blind.
How happy I could be there,
My table set for six,
How smartly I could dine there
Although I'm from the sticks.

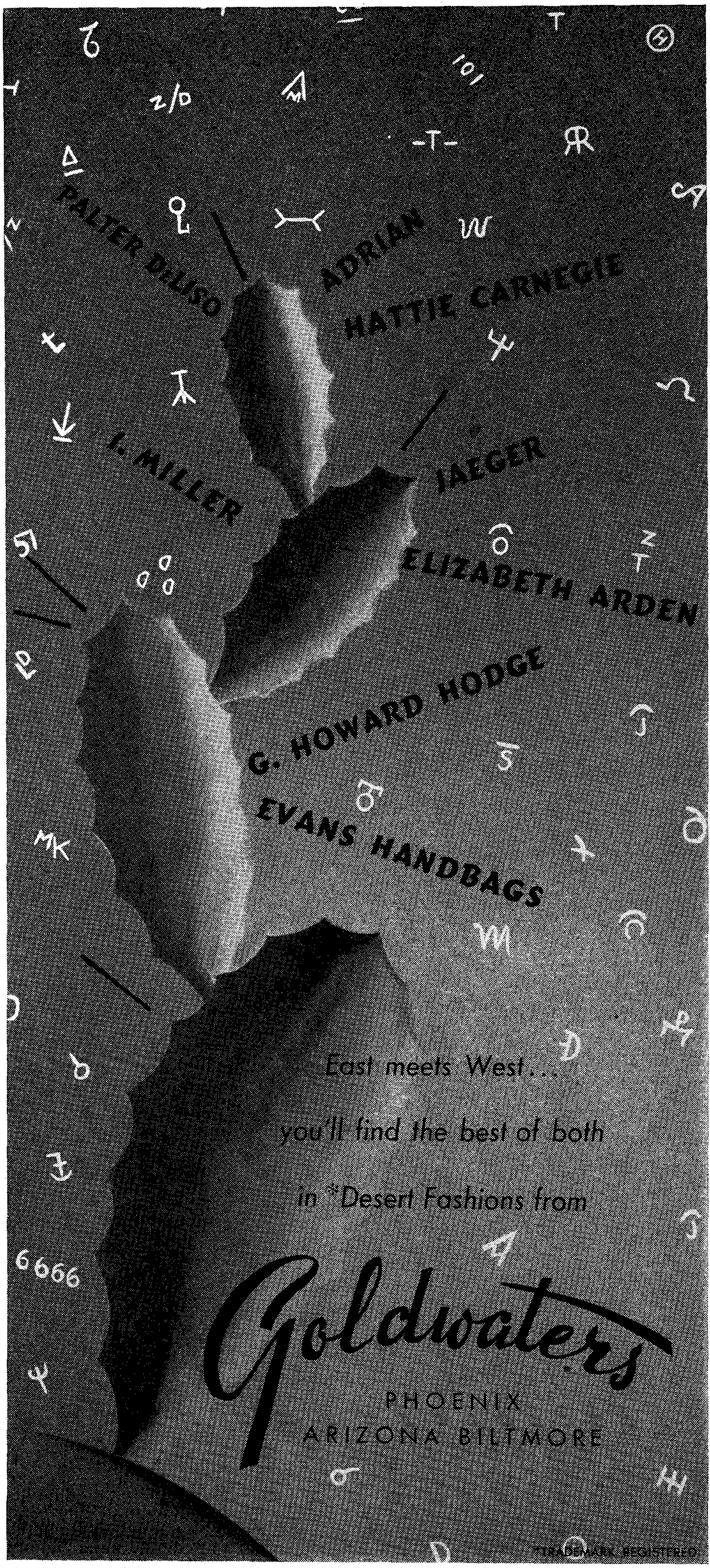
In Georgetown, dear Georgetown,
Such lovely people drink
Behind Venetian blinds drawn
As splendid thoughts they think,
With Sheraton to sit on
'Midst pale, correct décor
In shades of beige and eggshell
With cedars at the door.

In Georgetown, old Georgetown,
The realtors' delight,
Where shanties into dwellings
Are converted overnight,
The Hopkinses are moving in
And Evalyn McLean
Asks in a hundred big shots
For turkey and champagne.

In Georgetown, the residents
Hang out their doorway lamps
To light in Georgian fashion
Potomac dews and damps.
As up to Q walks Lippmann,
Dark-browed, a column cooking,
A bus deposits Frankfurter,
Eye-glassed and forward-looking.

In Georgetown, from foxholes
Attractively bechintzed,
The warriors come forth at morn
The foe to fight aginst,
From foxholes where Audubons
And Waterford hang high.
Oh, realtor! a henhouse there
Restyled would do for I.

—AGNES BURKE HALE



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HATTIE CARNEGIE
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East meets West . . .
you'll find the best of both
in *Desert Fashions from
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PHOENIX
ARIZONA BILTMORE
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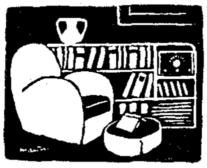
BOOKS

Santayana: A Boyhood Between Spain and Boston

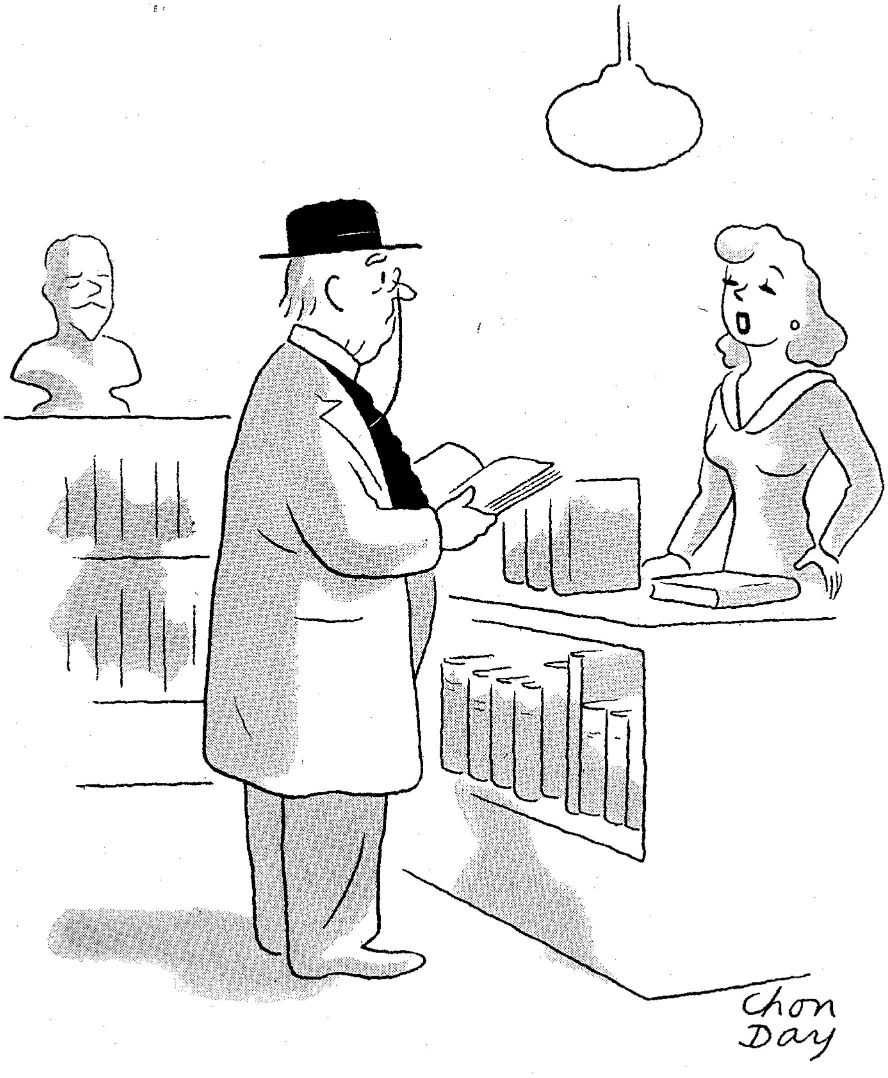


THE first volume of George Santayana's autobiography, "Persons and Places" (Scribner), is the most remarkable book of its kind since Yeats's "Autobiographies." It belongs, in fact, to a class which includes very few examples. Few first-rate writers have done stories of their lives which are among their major productions: as a rule, they have already put so much of their feeling and thought and observation into their work of other kinds that what is left for their autobiographies—as in the case of Edith Wharton or Wells—is likely to be disappointing. One can think of only Yeats's memoirs and "The Education of Henry Adams" to compare with this book of Santayana's. It is not quite so great a piece of literature as Yeats's or of quite the intellectual importance of Adams'; but, like them, it gives us something that the author had not got out in his other works: not merely the facts of his career but a searching and subtle study of the meaning for him of his experience.

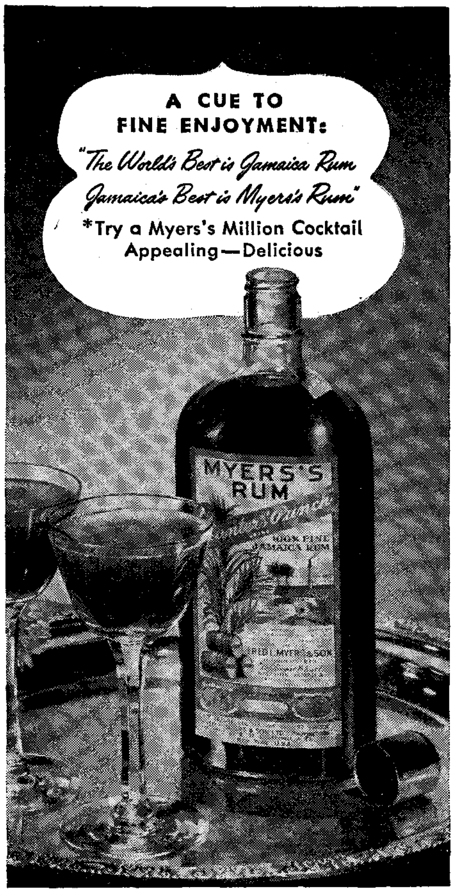
The facts here must be largely new even to people who have read "The Last Puritan." We have known Santayana from the Cambridge end; but hardly from the Spanish end. There has even been a notion current that he was half Spanish and half American, whereas, actually, he is wholly Spanish. The queer story of his life is as follows. The father of Santayana's mother was a freethinker and apparently a republican, who fled abroad when the French invaded Spain, and eventually migrated to Virginia, where he became a respected citizen. But Andrew Jackson sent him back to Spain in 1835, when a liberal change of government had occurred there, as our consul at Barcelona; and at the end of ten years, he left the American service for the Spanish, and was sent as an official to the Philippines, where, missing the post he had hoped for, he found himself assigned as governor to an island inhabited exclusively by natives. He had left his wife in Spain, but he had brought with him a nine-year-old daughter. This daughter, Santayana's mother, grew up in the Philippines and was left an orphan at twenty. She first made a living for herself by selling hemp to Manila; then, when the new Spanish governor arrived, she married a young man named Sturgis, a member of one of the great Boston merchant families, who had come out there in connection with the family business. She had several children, visited Boston; then her husband suddenly died, just after they had returned to Manila, and she came to live in Boston for three years, till the beginning of the Civil War, when she went back to Spain and there met and married the Spaniard who had been sent as the new governor to her father's island in the Philippines just after her father had died. He had retired from the service and turned painter.

Thus George Santayana was born in Madrid; but, for some reason which he has difficulty explaining, he was named after his mother's first husband, and, after staying in Spain eight years, his mother, dissatisfied, one gathers, with the seediness of her husband's family and the middling kind of life he imposed on her, took her Sturgis children to Boston, leaving her Santayana son behind. After three years with his father, however, he joined her for eleven years of Boston, and so began that strange series of alternations between the United States and Spain which continued through the next forty years of his life, and have made him, in his cultural rôle, a solitary and unique figure.

IT must be partly to these alternations that we owe Santayana's capacity for interpreting intellectual systems in terms of the nations that have produced them, and for entering sympathetically into mutually antagonistic philosophies while at the same time preserving the detachment of a clear individual point of view. Just how great a dislocation was caused by these shifts back and forth between Boston or Cambridge and the Old Castilian town of Avila, the birthplace of Santa Teresa, which was where the Santayanas lived, it would be impossible to imagine without following Santayana's



"Well, I liked it, but of course our tastes may be different."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adventures. These shifts involved the sharpest kind of contrasts between a modernized mercantile society and a backward feudal one; between the Protestant and Catholic religions and the manners and morals they implied; and between, on the one hand, the solid position of the Sturgis connection in Boston and the respectable academicism of Harvard and, on the other, the precarious gentility of Avila, sometimes vaguely involved with the nobility, sometimes entangled with the lower classes, which at one point of Santayana's boyhood let him in for an uncomfortable sojourn in the half-illiterate and frankly incestuous household of a brother of his father's. Santayana had to create, for comprehension, for balance, for serenity of mind, a special kind of self-sufficiency. You get the impression that he was alienated from his father and his mother both, and he tells us that his affection for his half sister Susana was "the strongest" of his life. Susana, part Sturgis, part Spanish, was tragically perplexed and tormented by the discrepancies of her mixed personality. In the States, she made an attempt to become a nun in a convent in Baltimore; but she ended by marrying in Avila one of its substantial citizens, who had paid her court as a girl.

The drama of these alternations is presented by Santayana with an artistic effectiveness so sure that he might have been writing novels all his life. He is able to immerse us so thoroughly in each of the social milieux in turn that the change is like a physical sensation. I have the impression, though I have not checked it, that Santayana's writing has improved in these later years of his life; that where it used to be sweet and a little unreal, it is now both sharper and richer. This book is, especially, *darker* than anything else of his I have read: you get the darkness of the old Spanish town with its churches and mansions and bastions, and the quite different darkness of New England in winter with its slush and its dingy schools. And you get also something of the darkness of human grief and doubt, so much absent from the early Santayana, on whom nothing seemed to cast a shadow. In any case, his prose is here at its best. It is sometimes the privilege of a foreigner who has learned English to write it with a kind of brilliance that a native could hardly achieve. He scrutinizes the words and stores them up as treasures; he slips less easily into the instinctive banalities; and he is aware of values in the language which habit has obscured for the native. This was true of the Pole Conrad; it is

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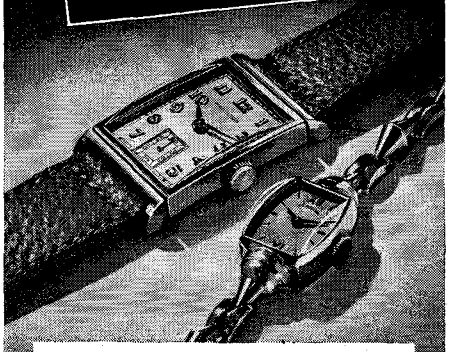

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true of the Russian Vladimir Nabokov; and it is true of the Spaniard Santayana, who learned English in Boston at eight. It was somehow the English-speaking tradition in the family that got the upper hand.

THERE has always been something slightly baffling about the completeness and the perfection of the sphere in which Santayana dwells. That he should have been able to produce this book, so full of color and wit and displaying so precise a memory, when almost eighty years old and in a war-distracted Nazi-run Italy, seems almost an intellectual miracle. His only recognition, so far as I know, of recent events in Europe has been to write an additional chapter for the new edition of "Egotism in German Philosophy," in which, after presenting, by his familiar method, the Nazi point of view as a logical development of German thought and one of the many possible ways of interpreting the world, he quietly waved it aside as a way that was not acceptable to him. Now he is said to be living in a nursing home in Rome where he is taken care of by nuns. Through the bombing of Rome, our struggle with the Germans, and the political chaos of Italy, he has no doubt been proceeding unperturbed with the next volume of his autobiography. It is one of the astonishing anomalies of the time that, at the moment when all human purpose seems to have been reduced to the coercion of the body through violence, this aloof and luminous mind should be able to go on living in a realm of contemplation and persuasion that no crashing of bombed cities can jar, and that his loom should keep turning out fabric of the finest color and weave without a dropped stitch or a rip.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SUNBURST, by Mauricio Magdaleno, translated from the Spanish by Anita Brenner (Viking). A small, desperately poor Mexican village, after centuries of brutal oppression by Spanish conquerors and Diaz republicans alike, hails as its savior a native-born revolutionary politician. The betrayal of the peasants' hopes by the very forces with which they have aligned themselves makes an ironic and pitiful story, which is told with admirable restraint. Recommended to those who can enjoy a sombre and uncompromising talent.

THE SIGNPOST, by E. Arnot Robertson

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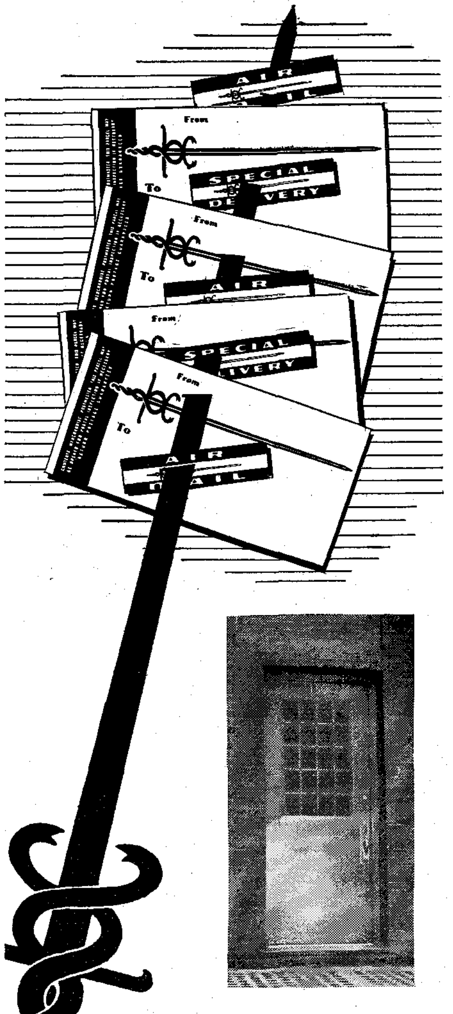

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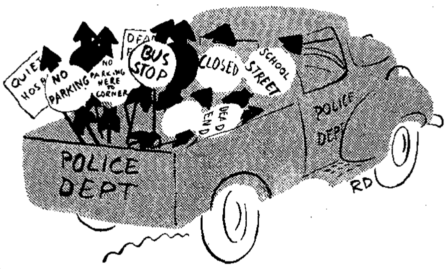
(Macmillan). A wounded English aviator on leave and a French refugee girl, both of whom have been plunged by their experiences in the war into intellectual misery and muddle, meet by accident and spend an idyllic week camping in Ireland. They make friends with a number of intensely sociable peasant families, and the author, lending the hero and heroine a share of her own cool humor and warm feeling, eventually extricates them from their personal hells. The book has all the common sense and wit that we have come to expect of Miss Robertson.

GENERAL

FROM SHAKESPEARE TO JOYCE, by Elmer Edgar Stoll (Doubleday, Doran). A random collection of "studies," as the author calls them, and not the rounded discussion promised by the title. Professor Stoll, one of our most energetic Shakespearean scholars, uses the subject-hopping, or pogo-stick, method to get from Falstaff to Finnegan. He covers a lot of territory this way, taking in most of the famous names in English literature, but he doesn't always keep his equilibrium, especially when he reaches Joyce.

WINNING THE PEACE IN THE PACIFIC, by S. R. Chow (Macmillan). The problems of postwar planning in the Pacific, discussed by an eminent Chinese scholar. Professor Chow puts forward a general program rather than a hard-and-fast blueprint, based on the idea that there should be a regional organization, controlling the Pacific area, composed of all members of the United Nations whose interests are involved and ultimately including Japan. Such an organization, the author thinks, should be formed as soon as the war ends and, if a world organization later comes into being, subordinate itself to it. A modest and level-headed program which, to many people, will make a great deal of sense.

CARRIER COMBAT, by Lieutenant Frederick Mears (Doubleday, Doran). A first-hand account of action



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in the South Pacific, including the battle of Midway, the occupation of the Solomons, and the battle of Stewart Island. The author, a Navy flier who was killed in action last June, writes better-than-average journalism and has a good eye for detail, but his attempt to weave the adventures of the members of his squadron into an integrated picture of group experience doesn't quite come off.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Arrow Pointing Nowhere, by Elizabeth Daly (Farrar & Rinehart). Someone in the Fenway house, in New York City, keeps tossing notes intended for Henry Gamadge, detective, out into an areaway. By the time one reaches Gamadge, he not only has to figure out who sent it but has to solve a number of murders as well. There's a very good twist at the end, which should appeal to readers who like their homicides politely presented.

Design in Diamonds, by Kathleen Moore Knight (Doubleday, Doran). Margot Blair, a public-relations counsellor turned detective, takes a trip to Mexico City in order to turn over a fortune in diamonds to a young Dutch refugee whose father had left them with her before the outbreak of the war. Nazi agents frequently trip up Miss Blair, making one wish that her partner, Felix Norman, hadn't gone to war, since she is entirely too trusting to make an adequate or even persuasive detective.

•

In the Middle West nylon stockings are being sold for $10 a pair on the black market. Anybody who sells or buys in the black market is a rat and a traitor.—*E. V. Durling in the Journal-American.*

End of essay.

•

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—*Adv. in the Bridgeport Times-Star.*

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•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "The Psychology of Normal People," by Joseph Tiffin, F. B. Knight, and C. C. Josey*]

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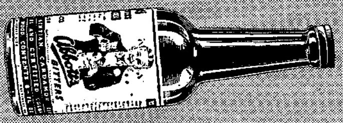

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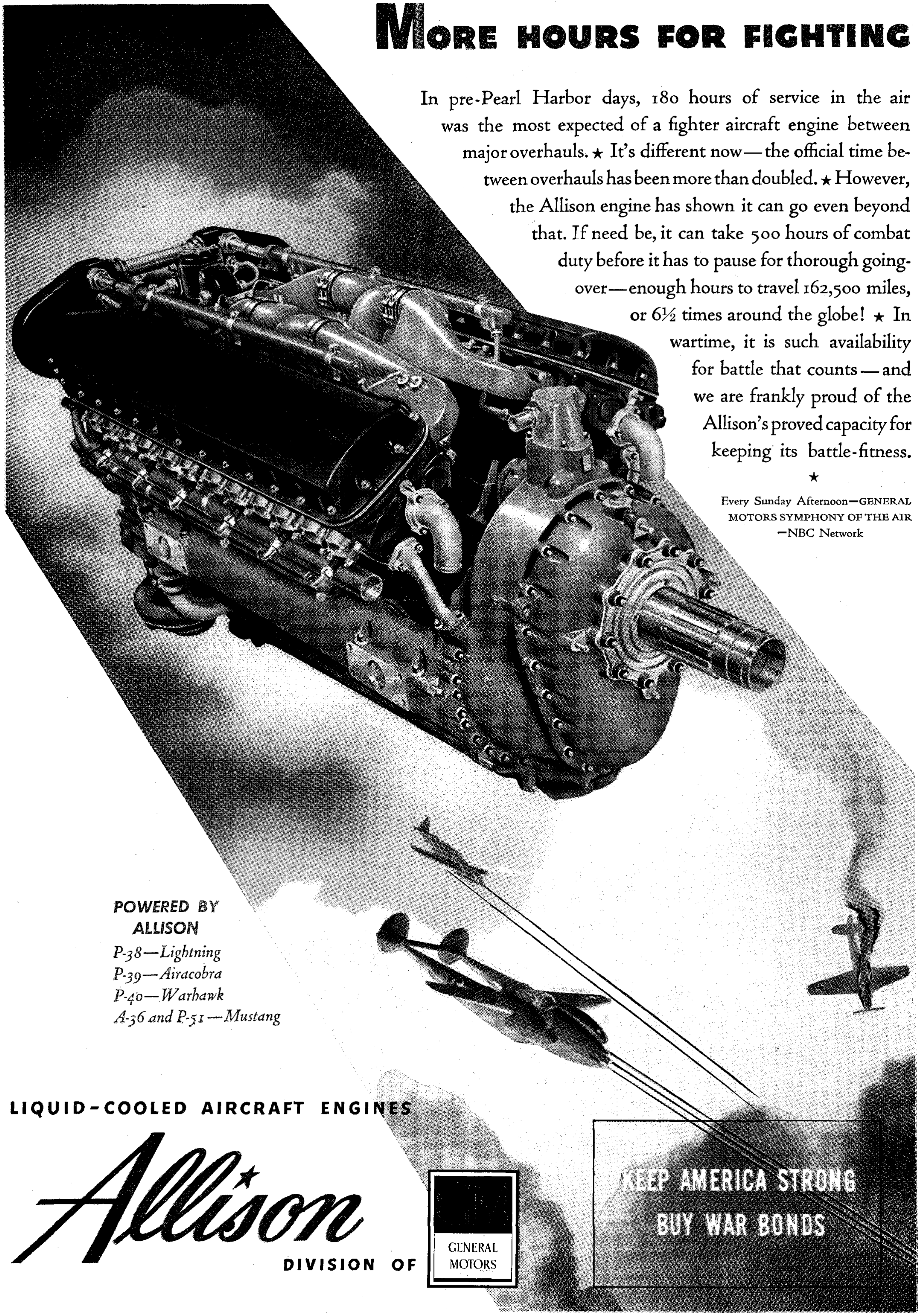

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